Oct. 7, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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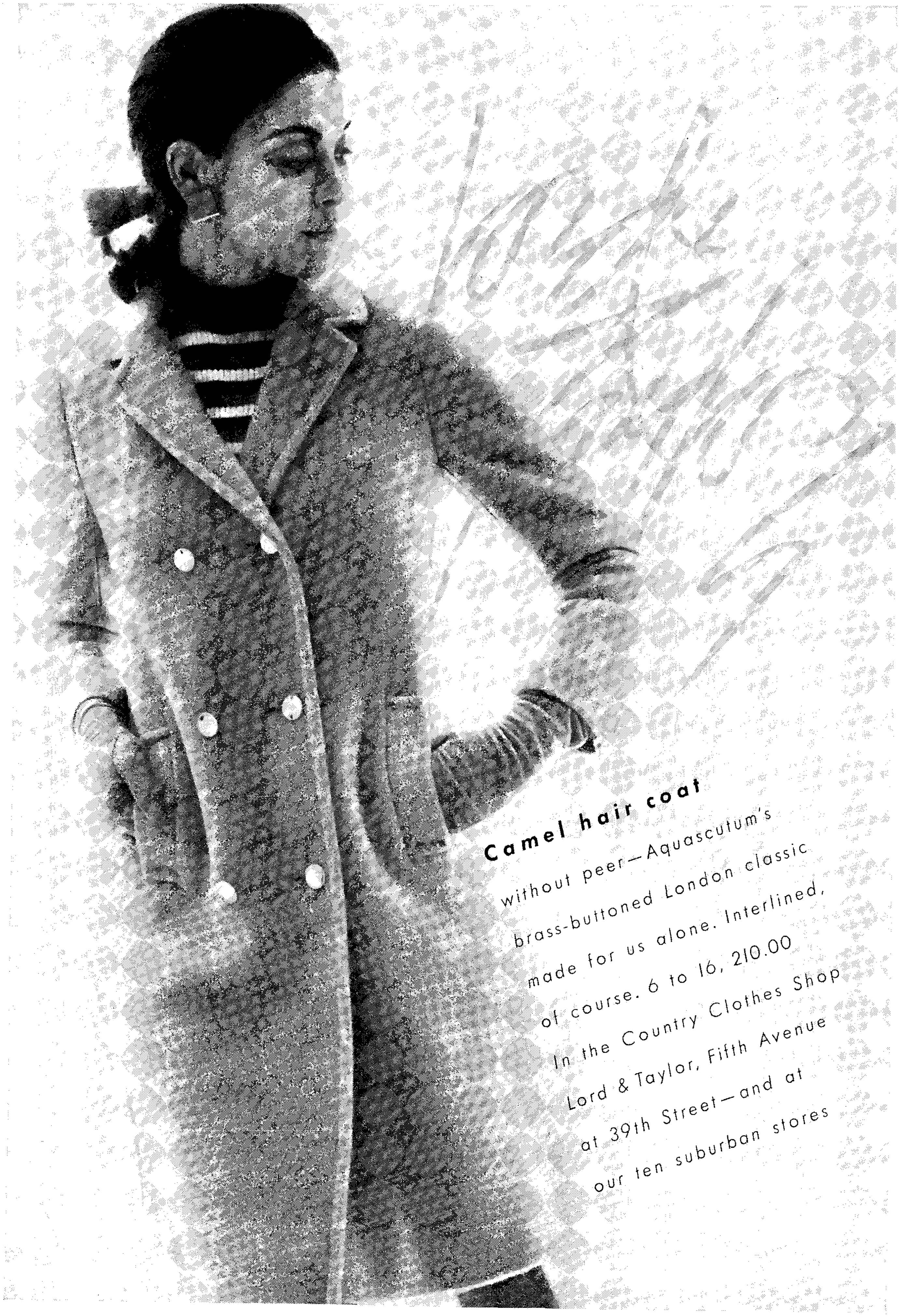

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—What goes on in South Kensington when the lights go out. A curtain-raiser, "White Lies," is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Oct. 11, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's description of homelife in a North London ménage run by an eccentric widower who unexpectedly finds himself playing host to his eldest son and the son's wife, a girl of vast accessibility. The play is a rickety affair, but the actors who perform in it are uniformly admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 14.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. That of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, is especially good. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Oct. 11, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Oct. 11, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **don't drink the water:** Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass in Woody Allen's farce concerning a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Birthday Party—Harold Pinter's British play, with Ruth White, Henderson Forsythe, and James Patterson. Alan Schneider is the director. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—The ups and downs of a Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voice and a boy who has brains—in the course of more than half a century of struggling against a culture that gives them little heed. Arthur Laurents's book is drab, but there are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, with satisfactory lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Leslie Uggams, Allen Case, and Billy Dee Williams head an excellent cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the apple tree:** Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer played out by Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **cabaret:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Eusapia Palladino. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **i do! i do!:** Mary Martin and Robert Preston make up the entire cast of this version of "The Fourposter." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)... **mame:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Minor Adjustment—A Canadian comedy by Eric Nicol; the cast includes William Redfield and Austin Willis. Staged by Henry Kaplan. Previews through Thursday, Oct. 5. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 6. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Johnny No-Trump—A comedy by Mary Mercier, with Pat Hingle, Sada Thompson, and James Broderick in a cast under the direction of Joseph Hardy. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 7. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 8. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. A six-week engagement that starts Monday, Oct. 9, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

After the Rain—A London import by John Bowen, in which Alec McCowen appears. Directed by Vivian Matalon. Previews Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, at 8:40, and Sunday, Oct. 8, at 3. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 9. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Daphne in Cottage D—Sandy Dennis and William Daniels are the entire cast of Stephen Levi's play. The director is Martin Fried. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 9-10. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 11. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

By George—Max Adrian as Bernard Shaw in a three-week engagement of a one-man show devised by Michael Voysey. Previews on the evenings of Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 9-11. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 12, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 4:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Oct. 7: **the magic flute**, in English.... ¶ Starting Friday, Oct. 13: **la bohème.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5-6, at 8:30 (previews): **h.m.s. pinafore.**... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 4 and 8:30 (previews): **the mikado.**... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 8, at 3 and 7:30 (previews): **iolanthe.**... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 10-11, at 8:30 (previews): **the gondoliers.**... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 12, at 7:30 (opening) and Friday, Oct. 13, at 8:30: **patience.**... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 4 and 8:30 (previews): **h.m.s. pinafore.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's

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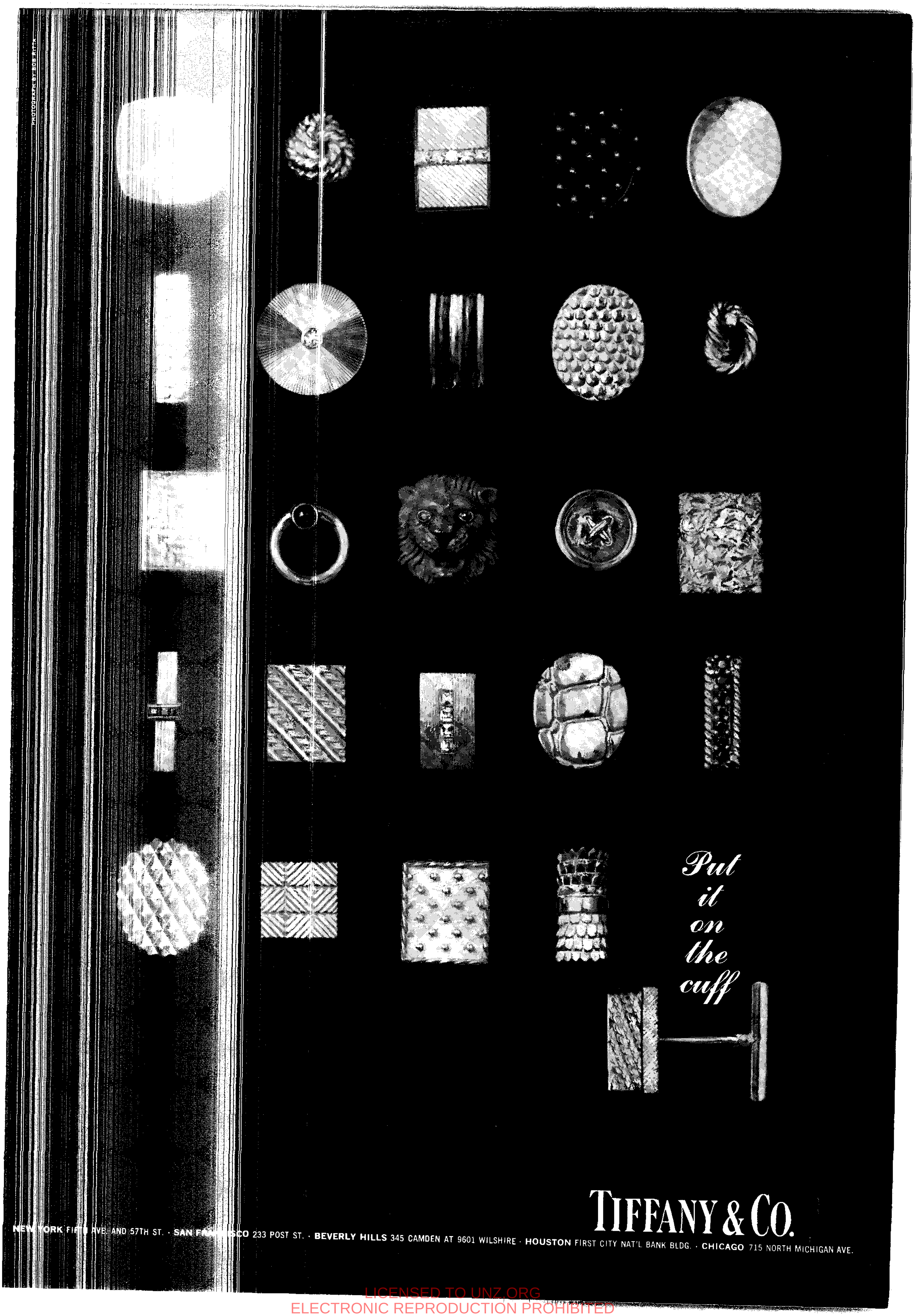
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—If you change your name, notify the nearest Social Security Administration Field Office immediately. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fragments—A pair of one-act comedies by Murray Schisgal, starring Gene Hackman. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jonah!—A comedy by T. J. Spencer. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Niggerlovers—Viveca Lindfors and Stacy Keach in a play by George Tabori. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical with book and lyrics by Gretchen Cryer and a score by Nancy Ford. Directed by Word Baker. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, Oct. 5.)

Stephen D.—Stephen Joyce and William Prince in the adaptation by Hugh Leonard of two of James Joyce's autobiographical novels ("A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Stephen Hero"). Originally seen in Dublin. James D. Waring is the director. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Lado, Yugoslav National Dance and Folk Ensemble—A company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians, appearing here for the first time, in a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 15.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Cantabile," "Giselle Pas de Deux," "Dance for Three People," "Devanagari," and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

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MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated big top, with Igor Kio the illusionist, a juggler on horseback, stilt jumpers and acrobats, bike-riding bears, and dancing dogs, among other performers of feats of skill and daring. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday, Oct. 5, at 7:30; Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 7, at 11, 3, and 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 8, at 1:30 and 5:30; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 9-10, at 7:30; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 11-12, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, Oct. 13, at 2 and 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 14, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Oct. 15, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Julie London, who has given up being Becky Thatcher in favor of being Cleopatra, and a gloriously orchestrated one, dresses her ballads in a costume that makes use of a fair amount of belting. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a credit to its chosen profession, is likewise on hand in the Royal Box, and for most of the evening; she is on hand at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—This interesting geographical phenomenon (it's on the corner where Broadway crosses Sutton Place) gets its energy from Dolph Trayman's small band, which works out from nine until two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Peace on earth is the principal commodity of the restaurant, where the only things that stir, aside from a Cliff Hall band, are dignified couples gliding along the parquet. On Tuesday, Oct. 10, Ernie Warren's band replaces the Halls. The music plays from eight to one through the week, and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays are silent nights.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—History was made at night in this barony, and the rooms in which decisions were reached that proved turning points in the nation's progress (shall we buy a yacht for the winter or buy Acapulco?) are thrown open to the public. Lester Lanin himself, and not on tape, runs one band, George Anaya runs another, and their office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There is no squaring of the social circle that lies within the Café Pierre. The society notes are turned out by the hand-picked men of Ben Cutler's best band, which is supplemented, between sets, by Brazilian guitar and song. Business as usual every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Nancy Ames, who visits the Persian Room during the dinner and supper hours, fulfills three requirements for life-after-dark: she is (a) a girl, (b) a pretty one, (c) a soprano. Other times, the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen collected by Mark Monte do their best. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more *travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the* Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The horn of Jonah Jones speaks not with forked but with furious tongue when his foursome takes the podium of this well-appointed spaceship. This commences at nine, but the trio of Phil Wayne, a good man at a piano, sets to at seven. Curfew is at two, and all night Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The drums of Buddy Rich, whose big band is in residence, come up like thunder, but (in common with the conversation pieces he tosses at his audience) they are, for all their electricity, completely under control. His no-dancing sets happen around nine and twelve through the week (and again around two on Saturday); the prancing is done to the tune of Frank Foster's likewise big band, which loves myrrh and frankincense. They check out on Saturday, Oct. 7. Buddy Morrow's squad will cavort on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 9-10, and on Wednesday, Oct. 11, there'll be a further change: Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Marni Nixon, whose voice has been borrowed by more than one leading lady of Hollywood, is now singing in her own right in the Maisonette at dinner and supper. George Cort's Jack-in-the-pulpit band and Quintero's cluster of Latinos do music all evening long. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—There are empty saddles in the old corral only when it rains or freezes; otherwise, a pair of small dance bands chatter away in the real open air from seven-thirty until half past twelve or a bit later. No music Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, Gilbert Bécaud is arguing the case for liberty, fraternity, and equality on behalf of both male and female with such authority and eloquence that his songs (practically all in French) take on the texture of command-performance. On Monday, Oct. 9, the Empire Room will go from the sublime to Eddie Fisher. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo will be staying on to deal with him. Closed Sundays and Friday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley leads a less spectacular life—piano for cocktails and dinner every night but Saturday and Sunday; dance tunes by the triad of Horace Diaz from eight or nine until one or two during the week, from five until ten on Sunday, and not at all Monday or Tuesday.

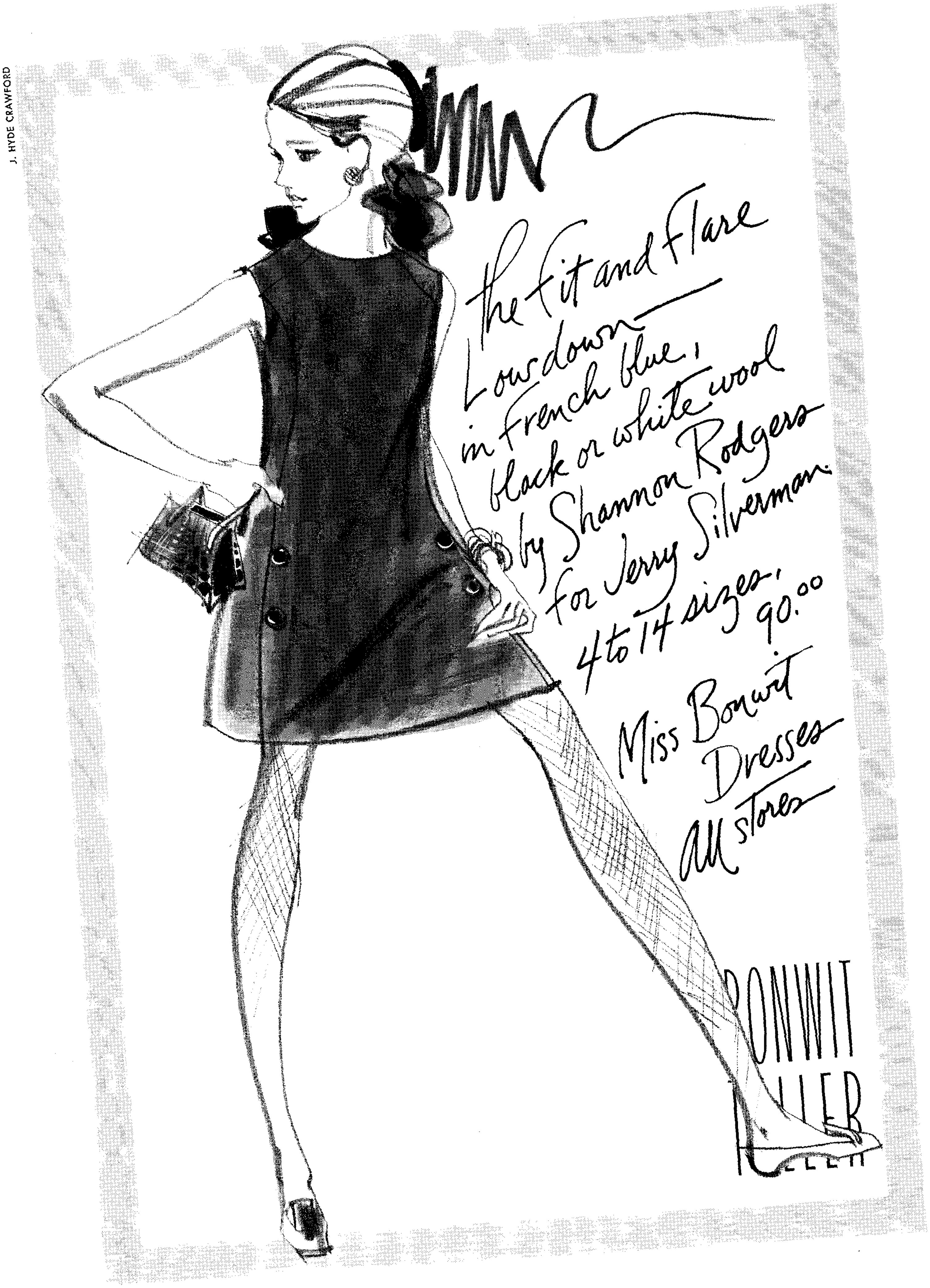
Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the fox-trot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Visiting privileges are freely granted, since everyone seems to have known everyone else in this country club forever. The professors at the cheerful pianos are Goldie Hawkins, proprietor, and his right bower, Wayne Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Now and then, everybody who remembers the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander (sometimes Lord Inventor, sometimes Lord Superior) begins chanting those Basic English ditties of the West Indies between eight and nine during the week, and calls a halt between one and two. Sundays, he operates only from seven to twelve. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck

J. HYDE CRAWFORD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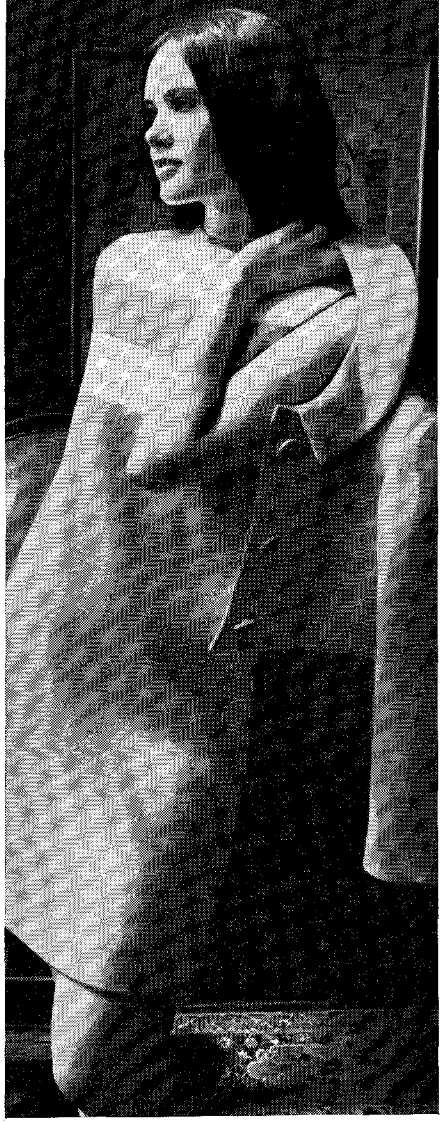

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in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in operation as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Outer Mongolian landscape, but from eight-thirty until about one-thirty you *can* hear dance music—a bit roustabout, it is true, except on Mondays, when Billy Rubenstein's trio has the floor. From six to eight, Monday through Friday every week, Allan Haig contributes well-tempered, well-chosen piano études. Sundays everyone is at rest. . . . **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one should do. It encases an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Roman Pub, there is footwork on the small floor from five-thirty until seven-thirty and from nine-thirty until one-thirty, but the early-bird dance set is omitted on Saturdays. The wherewithal is provided by a soft-spoken trio led by Joan St. James, whose piano has a neat, meticulous, Juilliard sound. The dining is no more than snack. All quiet Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every man jack of the staff has an ambition (and a by no means secret one) to burst into song as the next Caruso or Gigli. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap from dinner until late every night but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its townhouse days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is plied from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant, but not on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has the use of the mannerly piano in one corner of the Hotel Westbury's Polo Bar, the main-floor restaurant. His stint is nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): None of the runs that Steven Weltner applies to the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park, where he is on view from six-thirty until one (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), are run-of-the-mill. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as Rodgers & Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates not on Sunday.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No-room-at-the-inn is a standing (or standing-room-only) problem, so make known your coming. Brace yourself, too, against the music (the living, breathing Third Bardo), for it has the fury of a March wind and the ides of the same month. The reward: a look at the fashions (in clothes and in conduct) of our gilded lilies and their consorts. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The citizenry here is rather more senior than is customary in the trade. This statement does not apply, though, to the disc jockey (crisp and pungent is his tape measure) or to the tempestuous, loud-spoken threesome of the Brazilian Walter Wanderley, which is halfway between South and North America (at, say, the Gatun Lock of the Panama Canal). A set of full-time chefs works behind the scene. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which young ladies who will be goddesses if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The flash in the pans of the very young, the very mini, who inhabit this bold new world comes from the strobe lights that make up the ceiling; the music, never out of sight (it's produced by real people) but definitely out of mind, is ceaseless and chaotic. The clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. The barkeep believes that a soft drink turneth away wrath. . . . **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The wheels within Wheels revolve inscrutably on their sidewall pinions, the turntables spew forth inscrutable rhymes and rhythms, but what matters most is the advent to New York night life of Amanda Ambrose, the sort of electric (and eclectic) singer *cum* piano with which we are so rarely blessed anymore. Further live ammunition is supplied by the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): That's how the kookie crumbles, and the hippie, too. Music for them to crumble to comes from unearthly spheres; the light in which they disintegrate comes from an aurora borealis that is man-made, man! Dancing, or watching, from eight-thirty until three or four; lofty, cool (in every sense), *alkoholfrei*, and fun. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is null and void.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Red-hot mother knows best, say the sensuously recited cantatas of Peggy Lee, that big and beneficent American blonde. She is attended by a humorist, a set of Copa ballerinas (beautiful and bemused), and the eager ears of all within range. Dancing for the customers, too, and no nights off. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The lovely resident dryads come streaming from the wings not to bury Sid Caesar, the reigning comedian, but so outnumbered is he that he must call upon all his skill to conquer. Showtime for the ample

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extravaganza—christened "Maid in Paris" (what else?)—is dinner and supper. Dancing.

CABARETS

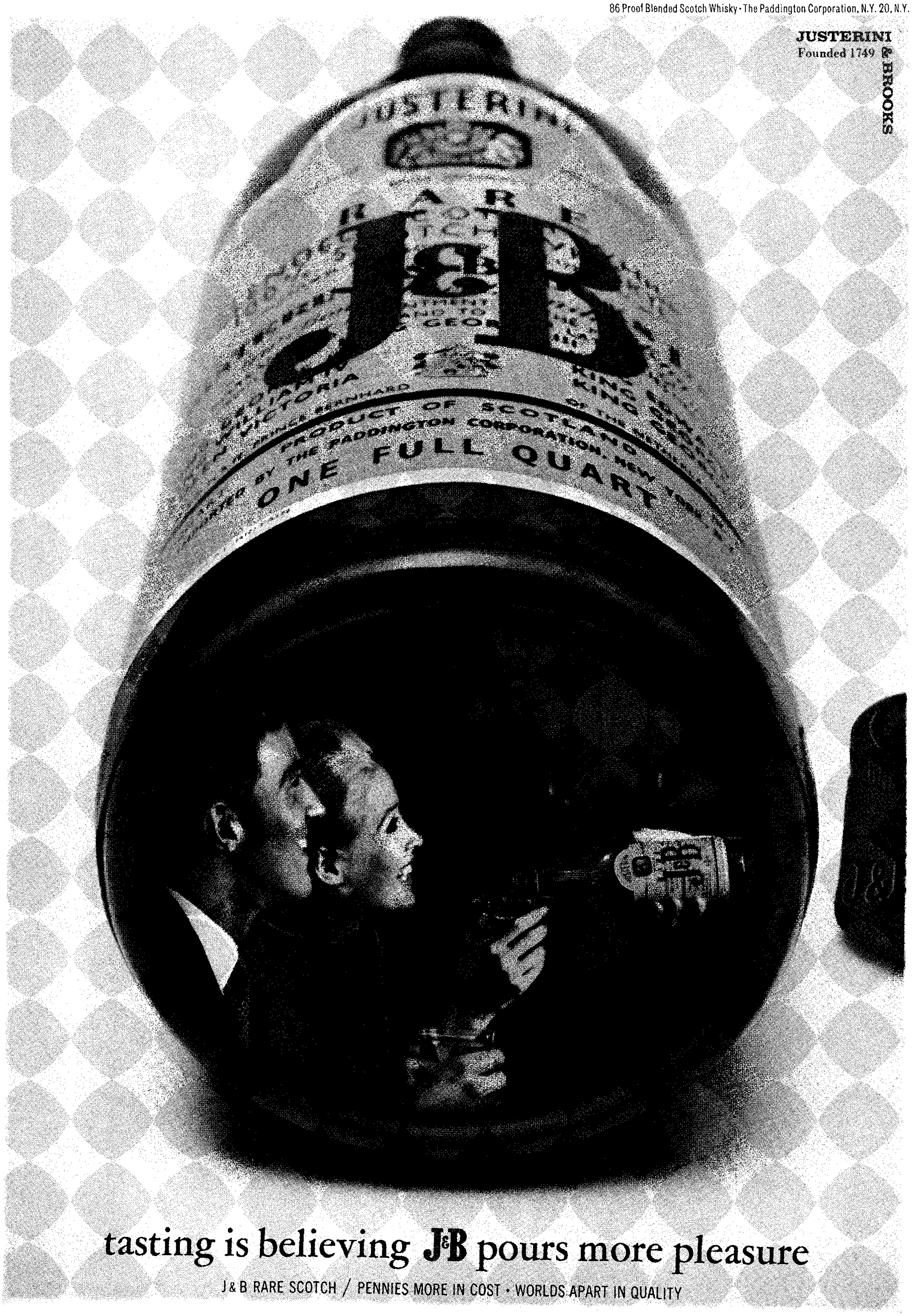
(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): On Monday, Oct. 9, the learned Julius Monk should be setting in motion "Four in Hand," his revue for this season. Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Liz Sheridan, all graduates *cum laude* of the Monk academy of the fine arts, plus a single newcomer, Ralph Purdum, will comprise the cast; the pit band will again be the pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; Baldwin Bergerson will be the interlude pianist. Nine and eleven-thirty will be the hours. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The campfires of Los Chavales de España, Iberia's most mobile army, burn high and warm as they run through their musical maneuvers. Though, as loyal Spaniards, they believe in male supremacy, they come equipped with a set of activist ballerinas. Dancing, too, for the patrons, who are a match for nearly any pro. Closed Sundays....¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Vaughn Meader, friend and severest critic of our body politic, signs off on Friday, Oct. 6, and so does Joanne Morgan, a singer too good to be true for one of her minor years. Next evening, the return of the native, Joan Rivers, and her bumptious lessons in self-analysis. Nothing happens here before ten. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Half a dozen players are involved in "Dark Horses," a canapé-size revue that is having its trial fling at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.... **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The angular piano of Thelonious Monk (its angles are all acute, never obtuse) is the foundation upon which his quartet is built; the piano of Mose Allison (swift as the wind, to keep well ahead of the times) is the anchor for a trio. On Tuesday, Oct. 10, a change of plan is due. Mondays, as is the custom here, the sixteen-man squadron of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis does the romping.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Dick Gregory, home from the Crusades, will do the talking in the bargain basement on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, and Gloria Lynne, an impetuous creature, will do the singing. Every Monday, Symphony Sid parades a collection of Latin musicians....¶ On the ground floor, Johnny Lytle's threesome, which is heavily wired for sound, makes outer-space vibrations every evening but Tuesday.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, leading what sounds like his best trio ever, does the levitating here, lifting his piano a good three inches off the ground when he really gets going. Between sets, Fran Thompson inherits the instrument. Dining. Silence on Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays.... **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the heart of the low-rent district, but what matters is the intent listening of the junior-grade audience and the effort at music of the moment—to wit, the new faces of Sonny Red's quintet, with which Bobby Timmons and Tommy Turrentine are concerned. On Mondays, Sun Ra's crew of ten undercover operatives takes over. On Tuesday, Oct. 10, Wynton Kelly's quartet will replace the Reds....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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

POOKIE'S PUB, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The prize sight is Elvin Jones, surrounded by the tools of the drummer's trade, reaping his own mighty and complex whirlwind at the head of a group in which Billy Greene is thoroughly involved. The band is in session every night but Monday. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Enormous sit-ins are planned for the premises—Friday through Monday, Oct. 6-9, Howard McGhee's seventeen-man band. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Permanent Fourth of July, with all the concomitant explosives—washboard, tuba, and such. Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, Ruth Crews' blockbuster voice is added. There's also a Sunday session (by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band), four-thirty to nine. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night, and from as early as five on Sundays. . . . **THE FRAMMIS,** 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): No shock treatments, just placid jazz, by Joel Shulman and whoever sits in with him on the podium of this chophouse. No music on Sunday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The Village's most promising coffee *finca*. Blues by Lori Burton, rock-and-rave by the quartet known as the Dickens. They perform every night but Tuesday. Dr. Richard Ireland begins the night's work at six with a two-hour voyage through the lush byways of ESP, employing his audience as a sort of QED. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A reminder of Bermuda before the days of four-engine jets—the Talbot Brothers, re-creating, every Sunday afternoon from five to nine, their easy way of musical life. Dining.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Eye-tricking paintings and constructions by a well-known Op artist; through Oct. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

BEN-HUR BAZ—Hyper-realistic drawings and paintings; through Oct. 21. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BUSH—Recent works by a Canadian color-field painter; through Oct. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Paintings, drawings, stone-rubbings, and reliefs; through Oct. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

CYNTHIA CARLSON, WILLIAM SCHWEDLER, AND WILLIAM WILEY—Paintings by three young artists seeking "a new metaphysics;" through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

RONNIE ELLIOTT—Abstract paintings created in response to jazz music; through Oct. 21. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT FINK—Drawings by a well-known printmaker; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Large painting-constructions, hinged together and movable; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

SUZI GABLIK—Collage-paintings of visionary landscapes; through Oct. 21. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD GOLDSTEIN—Expressionist paintings and sculptures protesting against the war in Vietnam; through Thursday, Oct. 12. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 5:30.)

GRIS, KLEE, AND PICASSO—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM HARRITON—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by a veteran American artist; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

THEO HIOS—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by a faculty member; through Oct. 31. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 9 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 9 to 5.)

JACQUES HURTUBISE—Abstract paintings in repetitive patterns; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

DONALD KAUFMAN—Geometrical abstractions in one color but with variations in tone; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

JOHN LOBELL AND MICHAEL STEINER—An "environment," by an architect and a sculptor, that treats the gallery as a musical instrument responding to the movement of spectators through corridors; through Friday, Oct. 6. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St.)

DAVID LUND—Abstract landscapes in oil and pastel; through Oct. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE MCNEIL—Paintings containing figurative elements by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

WARREN OWENS—Sculptures of rusted machine parts in unlikely combination with shaped blue-white styrofoam; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

MARIA LUISA PACHECO—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAVLOS—Everyday objects represented in swirling strips of paper, some encased in plastic; through Oct. 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROLAND PETERSEN—Landscapes and figures in heavy impasto by a California painter; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

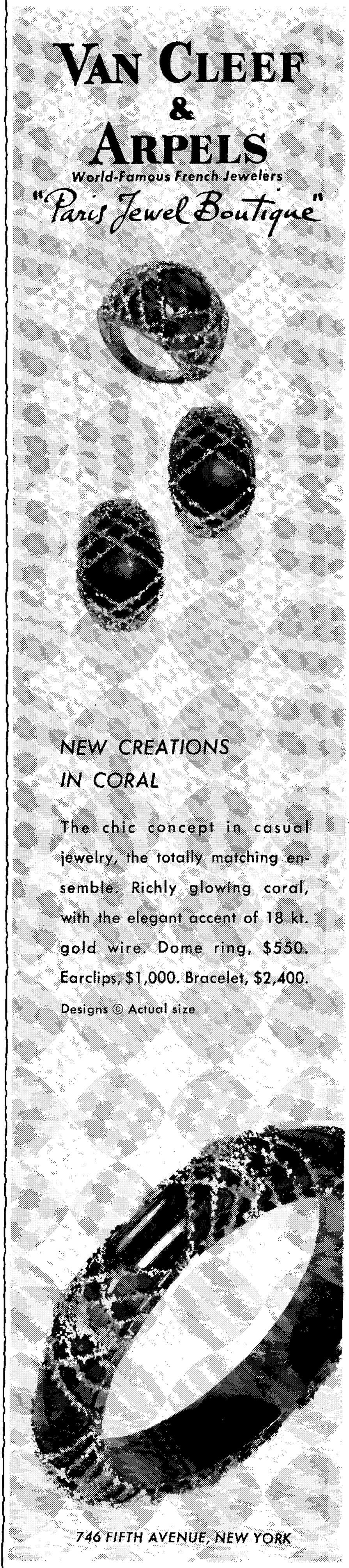
ELLEN SELDEN—First sculpture show by this painter, consisting of semi-abstract figurative bronzes; through Oct. 18. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

LENORE TAWNEY—Constructions, collages, woven forms, and drawings, with a leaning toward mystical concepts, by a former student of Archipenko; through Oct. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDERS ZORN—Thirty-nine etchings by the Swedish artist who died in 1920; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

SCULPTURES—Marble and bronze pieces by Manzù, Viani, Consagra, and Somaini; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty oil paintings and five drawings and prints representing outstanding movements among "Precursors of Modernism" from 1860 to 1930; through Nov. 12. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **DOWNTOWN,** 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: The forty-second anniversary exhibition, including new works by George L. K. Morris, Robert Osborn, Abraham Rattner, and Ben Shahn; through Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Homer, Eakins, Bearden, Gwathmey, and Shahn are among those represented in a benefit show entitled "The Portrayal of the Negro in American Painting;" through Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: "The New York Painter: A Century of Teaching—Morse to Hofmann," a benefit exhibition featuring works of New York artist-teachers and their students from the eighteen-thirties to the nineteen-thirties; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists, both unknown and familiar, chosen by well-known collectors, critics, and curators; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by Burliuk, Sol Wilson, Hartley, Kerkam, Walkowitz, Joseph Stella, and others; through Nov. 15. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Early twen-



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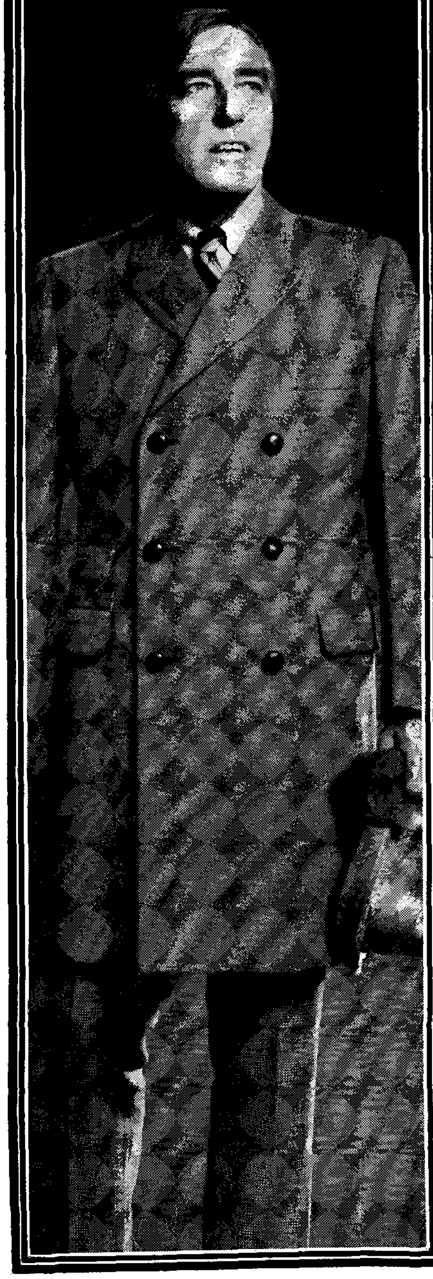

tieth-century drawings by Davies, Sargent, Soyer, and Nadelman (to mention a few); through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings from the sixteenth century on down to Edwin Dickinson and Fritz Glarner, celebrating the gallery's hundred-and-tenth anniversary; through Oct. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Loeb Student Center**, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway: Thirty-eight recently acquired works, by such artists as Joseph Cornell, James Wines, Adolph Gottlieb, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, Norman Bluhm, and Paul Burlin; through Monday, Oct. 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1:30 A.M.; Sundays, noon to 8.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Adria Art Gallery**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Tapestries by Yugoslavian artists and by six modern masters, including Arp, Klee, Miró, and Picasso; through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **Wally F. Galleries**, 17 E. 57th St.: Modern French Post-Impressionist paintings by, among others, Chagall, Dufy, Laurencin, Rouault, Utrillo, and Vlaminck; through Tuesday, Oct. 10. . . . **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of sixty paintings and twenty-five sculptures from a private collection, covering modern art from van Gogh, Renoir, and Cézanne through Soutine, Matisse, and Picasso; through Nov. 4.

Note—Eighty-eight sculptures by Chaim Gross, Joseph Konzal, Ezio Martinelli, Dorothy Dehner, Doris Caesar, and others are being shown in Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St., through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight giant pieces of sculpture by such contemporaries as Chryssa, Calder, Liberman, Marisol, and Nevelson have been set up in various parks, plazas, and building setbacks, ranging from City Hall Park to the Low Library forecourt—all adding up to what must be New York's first city-wide outdoor sculpture exhibition. Through Oct. 31. For information about who is where, call RE 4-1000.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and historical prints from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Middendorf II; through Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Oct. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—As a feature of the New York Cultural Showcase Festival Fortnight, a showing of sixty-five works with New York as their theme by outstanding artists from the beginning of the century to today; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of eighty-nine works, including oil and canvas collages, collage drawings, metal collages, and aluminum sculptures, by Conrad Marca-Relli; through Nov. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and one American and European paintings, including works by Courbet, Whistler, Eakins, and Chase, assembled under the title of "Triumph of Realism;" through Nov. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—The first exhibition of Japanese art of the Heian Period (794-1185), comprising paintings, sculptures, calligraphy, metalwork, and ceramics, through Dec. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Portraits of "figures in the arts"—Braque, Lipchitz, Calder, de Kooning, Aldous Huxley, Stravinsky—by René Bouché, who died in 1963; through Nov. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Items purchased for the Library by the late John P. Morgan after his father's death in 1913, and now on display, amount to a wealth of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, Rembrandt etchings, and autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents; through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, except Thursday, Oct. 12, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A colorful display of present-day tapestries and wall hangings from a number of countries contrasted with miscellaneous historical needlework; through Nov. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Rubbings of relief sculptures that record the gods, warriors, and mythical creatures of the Classic Maya period (200-900 A.D.), made by Merle Greene in the jungles of Guatemala and southern Mexico; through Nov. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 5: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Fedora Barbieri, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 6: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Flaviano Labò, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 7: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 7: "La Traviata," with Montserrat Caballé, George Shirley, and Cornell MacNeil. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 9: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Nancy Williams, Bruno Prevedi, Sherrill Milnes, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 10: "Roméo et Juliette," with Jeannette Pilou, Franco Corelli, Marcia Baldwin, John Reardon, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 11: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Mirella Freni, Teresa Berganza, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 12: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Roberta Peters, Patricia Welting, George Shirley, Jerome Hines, Theodor Uppman, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 13: "La Traviata," with Bruno Prevedi and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 14: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Fedora Barbieri, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 14: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Mirella Freni, Teresa Berganza, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Placido Domingo, Romano Roma, David Smith, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Brooks, Frances Bible, Georg Schnapka, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Joan Summers, Norman Treigle, Nico Castel, and Noel Jan Tyl. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Lee Venora, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 8, at 1:15: "Carmen," with Zoe Papadaki, Joan

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Patenaude, Judith Anthony, Michele Molese, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 8, at 7:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Jerome LoMonaco, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Zoe Papadaki, Joan Patenaude, Judith Anthony, Michele Molese, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Francesca Roberto, Carol Bayard, Placido Domingo, William Ledbetter, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eileen Schauler, Marguerite Willauer, Anne Elgar, and Georg Schnapka, and David Clatworthy. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

AMERICAN NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY—Three performances by this new company—Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:45: Berg's "Lulu" (in English), with Patricia Cullen. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2: "Falstaff" (in English), with Peter Glossop. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30: "Tosca" (in Italian), with Marie Collier. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 25—A Mahler-Ives program on Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 9, at 7:30 (all with Jeannette Zarou, soprano); and a varied program on Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 13, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 16, at 7:30 (all with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, and Walter Berry, baritone; Karl Böhm will conduct one work on Thursday).

VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 8, at 8:30, a Schubert-Mahler program; and Monday, Oct. 9, at 8:30, a varied program.)

CZECH PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall—Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8:30: Ladislav Slovak conducting, with Bruno-Leonardo Gelber, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30: Karel Ancerl conducting; no soloists.

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting the American première of Busoni's opera "Turandot" (in concert form), with Hanne-Lore Kuhse, soprano; Jean Sanders, mezzo-soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; and Guus Hoekman, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of "Turandot" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, Oct. 8, at 2:30.

RECITALS

KAREN SHAW—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

SERGIO FRANCHI—Tenor, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

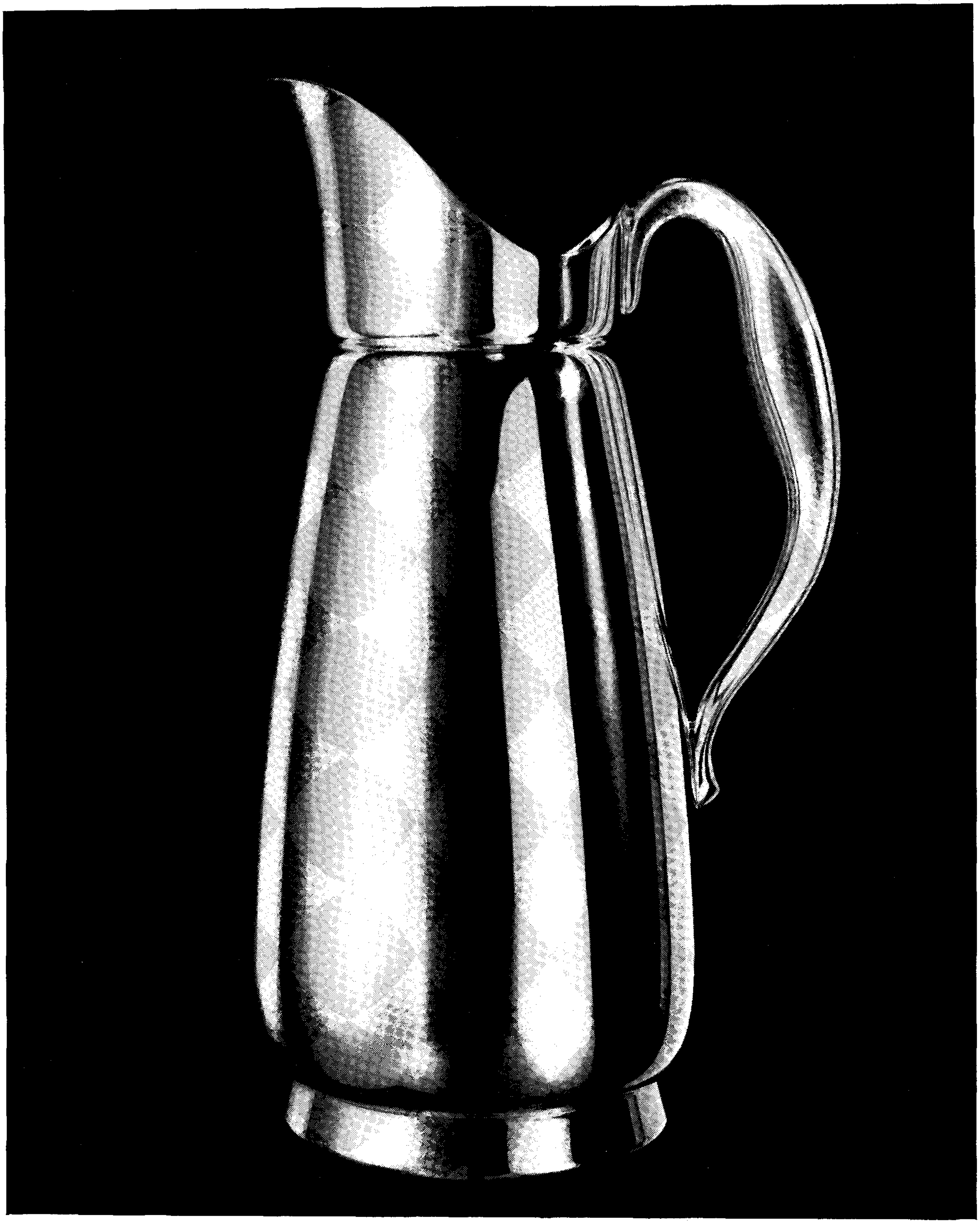
LASALLE STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

HENRI HONEGGER—Cello, in the second of two all-Bach recitals. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 5:30.)

RALPH KIRKPATRICK—Harpsichord. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 7 and 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ/FOLK/POP—Toshiko, solo piano, and with a trio and sixteen-piece orchestra. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Dionne Warwick, who is as much folk as jazz. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Charles Aznavour, French singer. (Car-



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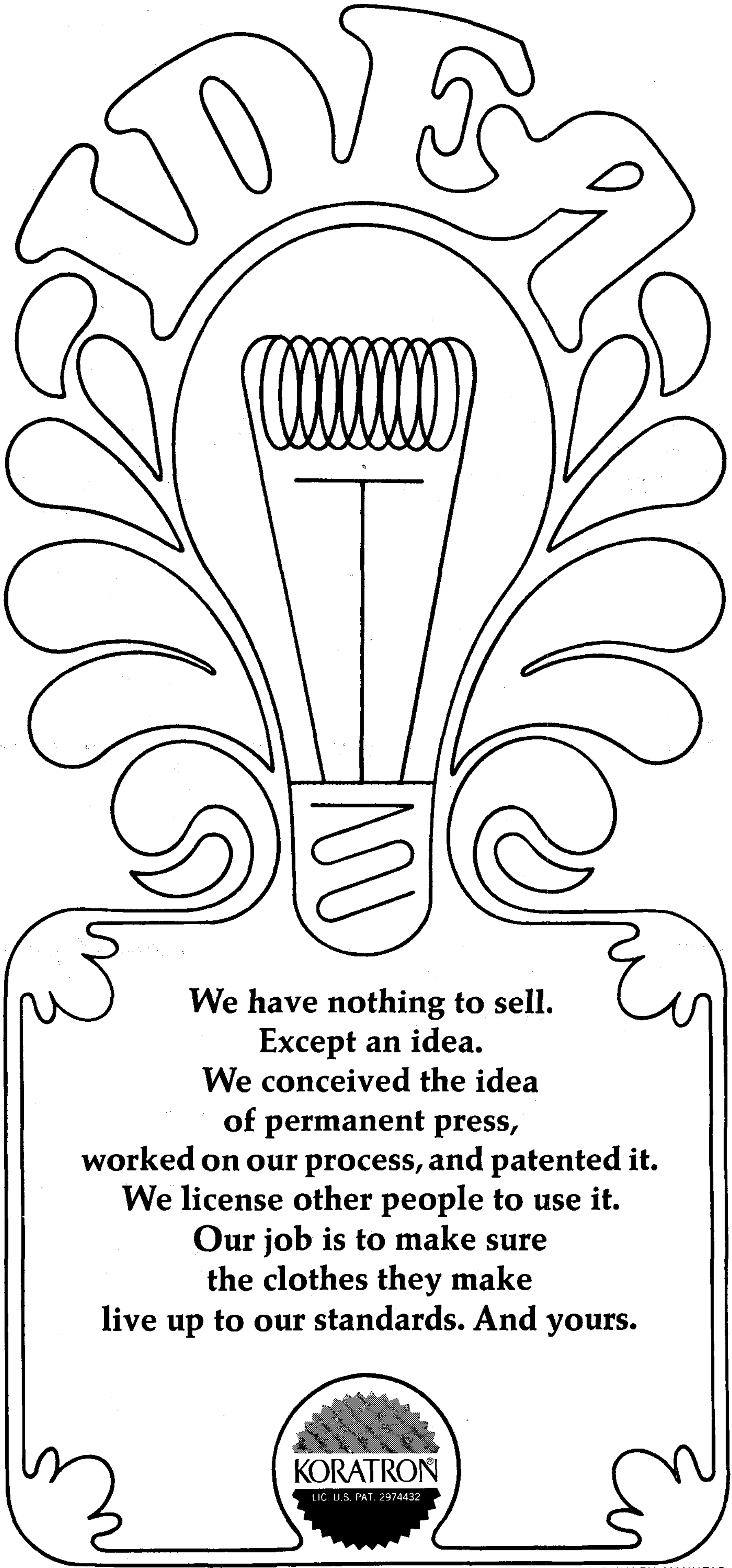

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negie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 9:15, and Sunday, Oct. 15, at 3 and 8.)

SPORTS

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 7.)

College Football—saturday, oct. 7: Army vs. Duke, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **saturday, oct. 14:** Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Washington (Mo.), at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 2.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Oakland Raiders. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 7:50.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. New Orleans Saints. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 8, at 1:30.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 7.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club,** Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo field,** Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—belmont-at-aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30. The Cowdin, Thursday, Oct. 5; the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 7; the Discovery Handicap, Monday, Oct. 9; the Manhattan Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 12; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, Oct. 12. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, Oct. 14, through Saturday, Nov. 18.

Sports-Car Racing—At **watkins glen:** Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2. . . . **lime rock park,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 14, at 10.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **american children's theatre:** "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For tickets, call 787-4749.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack:** "King of the Cowboys," Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Princess and the Frog," Sunday, Oct. 8, and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **taubenslag productions:** "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 7-8, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Adventures of Peter Pan," Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 7-8, at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The City That Reaches the Skies." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Karl Shapiro reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Thursday, Oct. 5, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Galway Kinnell and Robert Peters reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Oct. 6, at 10:30 and 1:45: Oriental art, including early dynastic pottery and porcelains, Chinese and Japanese ivory carvings, snuff bottles, and Chinese jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings; collected by Mrs. Beulah M. Snowden and others. ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 10:30: A collection of a hundred antique watches.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations and Oriental rugs; from various owners.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 10:30: American and English literature, from several collectors.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 12, at 1:45: English and Continental furniture and decorations, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 7.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 12, at about 3: A benefit auction of two decorative paintings and four relief sculptures from the old Metropolitan Opera House. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 7.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Oct. 5-10: Six programs of short Yugoslav films.... ¶ Oct. 11: "Dédée d'Anvers" (1947), in French, with Simone Signoret and Bernard Blier. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.)... GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Through Oct. 8: A program of excerpts from Albert Lewin films.... ¶ Starting Oct. 10: A program of excerpts from Rouben Mamoulian films. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.)... NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

Note—Columbus Day is Thursday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 86th Street, starting at noon.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 17, 21, 24, and 28, and Nov. 9, 11, and 14.

Professional Football—At SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Houston Oilers, Oct. 15.... ¶ Jets vs. Boston Patriots, Oct. 29.... ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Nov. 12.... YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, Oct. 22.... ¶ Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Oct 29.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 18, 22, 25, and 29, and Nov. 8 and 12.

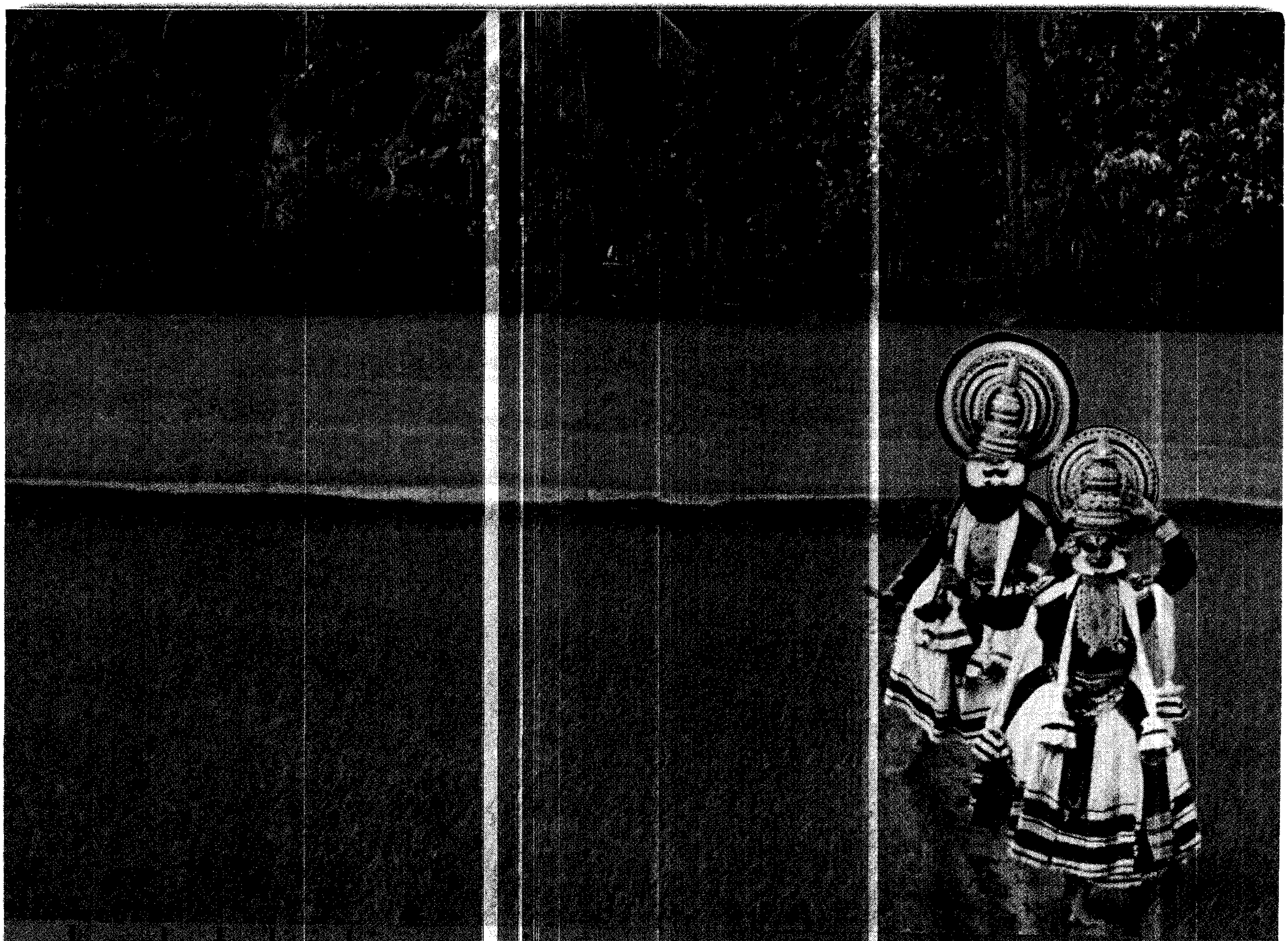
Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg. Oct. 14-21.)... ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Oct. 23-29.)... ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 31-Nov. 7.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 21.)... ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 28.)... ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 4.)... ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 11.)

Racing—UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT: Oct. 26-27. ... LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 28-Dec. 30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Oct. 19-Dec. 15.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 20.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424):



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 17 and Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Oct. 18 and 20. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Hyman Bress, violin, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Master Virtuosi of New York, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Nov. 10. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 16, 22, 29, and 30. . . . ¶ Teatro alla Scala Orchestra and Chorus, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Julian Bream, guitarist, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ French National Orchestra, Oct. 22-23. . . . ¶ Yomiuri Nippon Orchestra, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Pierre Fournier, cello, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Nov. 9. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Laurel Hurley, soprano, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Ali Akbar Khan, sarode, Oct. 28-29. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Oct. 31. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Lili Kraus, piano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Walter Berry, baritone, Nov. 2. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, and Walter Berry, baritone, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Renaissance Quartet, with Hugues Cuénod, tenor, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Boris Goldovsky, piano, Nov. 1 and 8. . . . ¶ Abbey Simon, piano, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ New York Pro Musica, Nov. 10.

BALLET—Harkness Ballet, at the Broadway Theatre, Oct. 31-Nov. 19. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 14-Feb. 18.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "What Did We Do Wrong?," a comedy by Henry Denker, with Paul Ford. . . . ¶ Tom Stoppard's London play, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," in which Robert Eddison, Brian Murray, and John Wood will appear. . . . ¶ Gig Young, Barbara Ferris, Jon Pertwee, and Rita Gam in "There's a Girl in My Soup," a comedy by Terence Frisby imported from London. . . . ¶ "Mirele Efros," by Jacob Gordin, and Brecht's "Mother Courage," will be presented during an eight-week engagement by the Jewish State Theatre of Poland, a Yiddish company of twenty-four headed by Ida Kaminska. . . . ¶ Revivals by the City Center Drama Company of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse's "Life with Father," with Dorothy Stickney and Leon Ames, and Paddy Chayefsky's "The Tenth Man," with John Kerr and Muni Seroff. . . . ¶ A musical, "Henry, Sweet Henry," based on the novel "The World of Henry Orient," by Nora Johnson. Nunnally Johnson wrote the book and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Don Ameche and Carol Bruce. . . . ¶ The first production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will be a revival of Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes," with Anne Bancroft, Richard A. Dysart, Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, George C. Scott, and Maria Tucci. . . . ¶ Jean Arthur in a comedy by Richard Chandler called "The Freaking Out of Stephanie Blake." . . . ¶ Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical drama, "More Stately Mansions," starring Ingrid Bergman, Arthur Hill, and Colleen Dewhurst. . . . ¶ Dyan Cannon, Martin Milner, Ruth Ford, and Walter Abel lead the cast in "The 90 Day Mistress," a comedy by J. J. Coyle. . . . ¶ "Halfway Up the Tree," Peter Ustinov's new comedy, in which Anthony Quayle and Eileen Herlie are the principal players. . . . ¶ "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald," by Amram Ducovny and Leon Friedman, with Peter Masterson in the title role.

POETRY READINGS—Robert Lowell. (Hunter College Playhouse. YU 8-6783. Oct. 26.)

OTHER DATES—New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 16-21. . . . ¶ A total eclipse of the moon will take place on the night of Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Fall Flower Festival, at Essex House, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Veterans Day is Saturday, Nov. 11.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a domestic melodrama made all the more intense by being laid in the peaceful English countryside. Directed by Joseph Losey, from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 11.)

The Battle of Algiers—An exciting account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. The large cast has but a single professional actor. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Arthur Penn's lucidly observant story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, ex-waitress; Warren Beatty is the debonair Clyde Barrow. One of the very few genuinely thoughtful movies in the use it makes of photographed violence. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652. . . . ¶ Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through Oct. 10.)

The Climax—A delightful comedy about a model husband, lover, and father whose only failing is to spread his virtues too thin. Starring Ugo Tognazzi and directed with charm and spirit by Pietro Germi, who helped write the screenplay. In Italian. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Don't Look Back—Bob Dylan goes on a concert tour of England recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. Pennebaker's great gift as a film-maker is that he simply lets things happen. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Enter Laughing—A callow stagestruck lad is groomed by José Ferrer to appear in an unspeakable melodrama. Elaine May imparts her own real funniness to a fairly conventional comedy, adapted from the Broadway stage play. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Oct. 10.)

The Exterminating Angel—The great Luis Buñuel has made a clumsily acted but engrossing metaphorical comedy about a posh dinner party. The guests mysteriously can't leave, and revert to primal instincts in crumpled evening clothes. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Father—A touching and sometimes humorous story of the relationship between a lonely little boy and his dead father. Written and directed by István Szabó. In Hungarian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Guide for the Married Man—An odd little comedy, brought to life by Walter Matthau, who can do no wrong. Directed by Gene Kelly. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 10.)

Luv—Clive Donner's overexerted version of Murray Schisgal's Broadway play, with Jack Lemmon and Peter Falk. Worth it for the weird interest of every move and salty moment from Elaine May. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 11.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 11.)

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

My Sister, My Love—Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle in a sad, vivid story of forbidden love. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 11.)

Point Blank—A brutal, visually stunning account of a crook who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. With a superb performance by Lee Marvin. John Boorman is the director. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Privilege—A jagged vision of England in the grip of show-business idolatry and shady power games. Paul Jones is a pop singer; Jean Shrimpton, as his girl friend, fights for the last vestige of private life in a world of P.R. men, agents, and flesh-trading hacks. Startlingly photographed and edited, and directed by Peter Watkins, with an unmistakable passion for film-making. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Oct. 10.)

Robbery—Stanley Baker as the ringleader of the gang of crooks who, in real life, held up and robbed a British mail train of nearly three million pounds. Directed by Peter Yates. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Oct. 9.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Oct. 11.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Tiger Makes Out—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson working hard and sometimes humorously as a pair of eager, aging misfits. Directed by Arthur Hiller, from a screenplay by Murray Schisgal. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Ulysses—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 8. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Beauty and the Beast (1947)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 7-10.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 11.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 5.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 10.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A documentary about surfing. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 6.)

Gambit (1966)—Michael Caine and Shirley MacLaine as a pair of droll scamps in a melodrama directed by Ronald Neame. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 10.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; starting Oct. 10. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Ipcress File (1965)—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 10.)

The Italian Straw Hat (1927)—Directed by René Clair. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 5.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau; directed by François Truffaut. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 10.)

King and Country (1966)—An account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War. Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 11.)

The Leather Boys (1965)—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a scrutiny of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 11.)

The Leopard (1963)—Directed by Luchino Visconti, with Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 5.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 6.)

Loves of a Blonde (1966)—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 6.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 6-9.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 7-8.)

Monkey Business (1931)— The Marx Brothers, on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 7-8.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 5.)

La Notte (1962)—A portrait of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 6.)

Orpheus (1950)—Directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 7-10.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 6-9.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this movie about a pianist in a Paris café. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 10.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 10-11.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya. In German. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 6.)

Tom Jones (1963)—The Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 11.)

Topkapi (1964)—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Oct. 10.)

The Train (1965)—How the Nazis attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Oct. 10.)

Variety Lights (1950)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 10.)

Film Libraries—See "Et Alia," page 18.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ROBBERY.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
POINT BLANK.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Oct. 10: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From Oct. 11: "Reflections in a Golden Eye," Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Bobo," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Oct. 9: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 10, at 8: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. For information about tickets, call MO 1-0900.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
Through Oct. 9: "Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.
From Oct. 10: "Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 10: **TOPKAPI**, revival; and **THE TRAIN**, revival.
From Oct. 11: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 10: **PRIVILEGE.**
From Oct. 11: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
TOM JONES, revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 10: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival.
From Oct. 11: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish); and **THE LEATHER BOYS**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 10: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and "The Slender Thread," revival, Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.
From Oct. 11: **LUV**; and "Rage," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 10: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and "The Quiller Memorandum," revival, George Segal, Alec Guinness.
From Oct. 11 (tentative): "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney; and "A Countess from Hong Kong," Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
DON'T LOOK BACK.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Games," Simone Signoret.

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8	9	10	11			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 9: **ROBBERY.**
From Oct. 10: "Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Day the Fish Came Out," Tom Courtenay, Sam Wanamaker.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Oct. 8: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**
From Oct. 9: "Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
POINT BLANK.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE TIGER MAKES OUT.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Oct. 10: **JULES AND JIM** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
From Oct. 11: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and **TOM JONES**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Oct. 10: "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.
From Oct. 11: "Reflections in a Golden Eye," Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 9: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.
From Oct. 10: "Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 8: **ULYSSES.**
From Oct. 9: "The Fear" (in Greek).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 10: **ENTER LAUGHING.**
From Oct. 11: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 5: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and **THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT** (silent).
Oct. 6-9: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French), revival; and **REPULSION**, revival.
From Oct. 10: "Dialogue" (in Hungarian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 10: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and **VARIETY LIGHTS** (in Italian), revival.
From Oct. 11: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish); and **KING AND COUNTRY**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 6: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival.
Oct. 7-10: **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST** and **ORPHEUS** (both in French and both revivals).
From Oct. 11: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 10: **ENTER LAUGHING.**
From Oct. 11: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 10: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney; and "Caprice," Doris Day, Richard Harris.
From Oct. 11: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE CLIMAX (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 8: "The Titicutt Follies," a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.
From Oct. 9: "Passages from Finnegans Wake," Martin J. Kelley.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
FATHER (in Hungarian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Oct. 10: **PRIVILEGE.**
From Oct. 11: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Oct. 7: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French).
From Oct. 8: "The Sucker" (in French), Bourvil, Louis de Funes.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 6: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.
Oct. 7-8: **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival; and **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival.
Oct. 9: "Bird Man of Alcatraz," revival, Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden; and "The Killing," revival, Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.
Oct. 10-11: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival; and "Modesty Blaise," revival, Monica Vitti, Terence Stamp.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 10: **GAMBIT**, revival; and **THE IPCRESS FILE**, revival.
From Oct. 11: **LUV**; and "Rage," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 5: **THE LEOPARD**, revival; and **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival.
From Oct. 6: **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, revival, a Czechoslovakian film; and **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 10: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and "A Countess from Hong Kong," Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren.
From Oct. 11: **ACCIDENT.**

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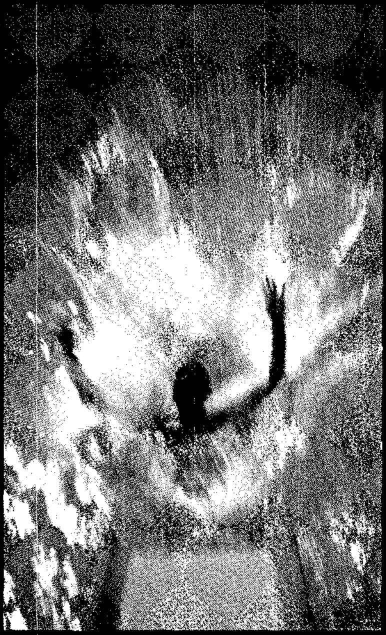

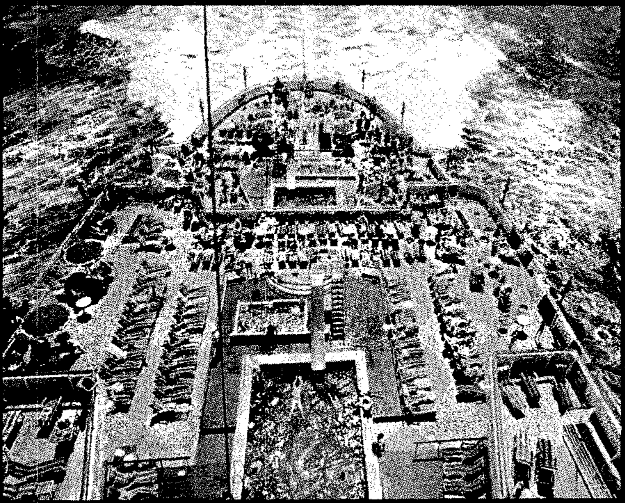

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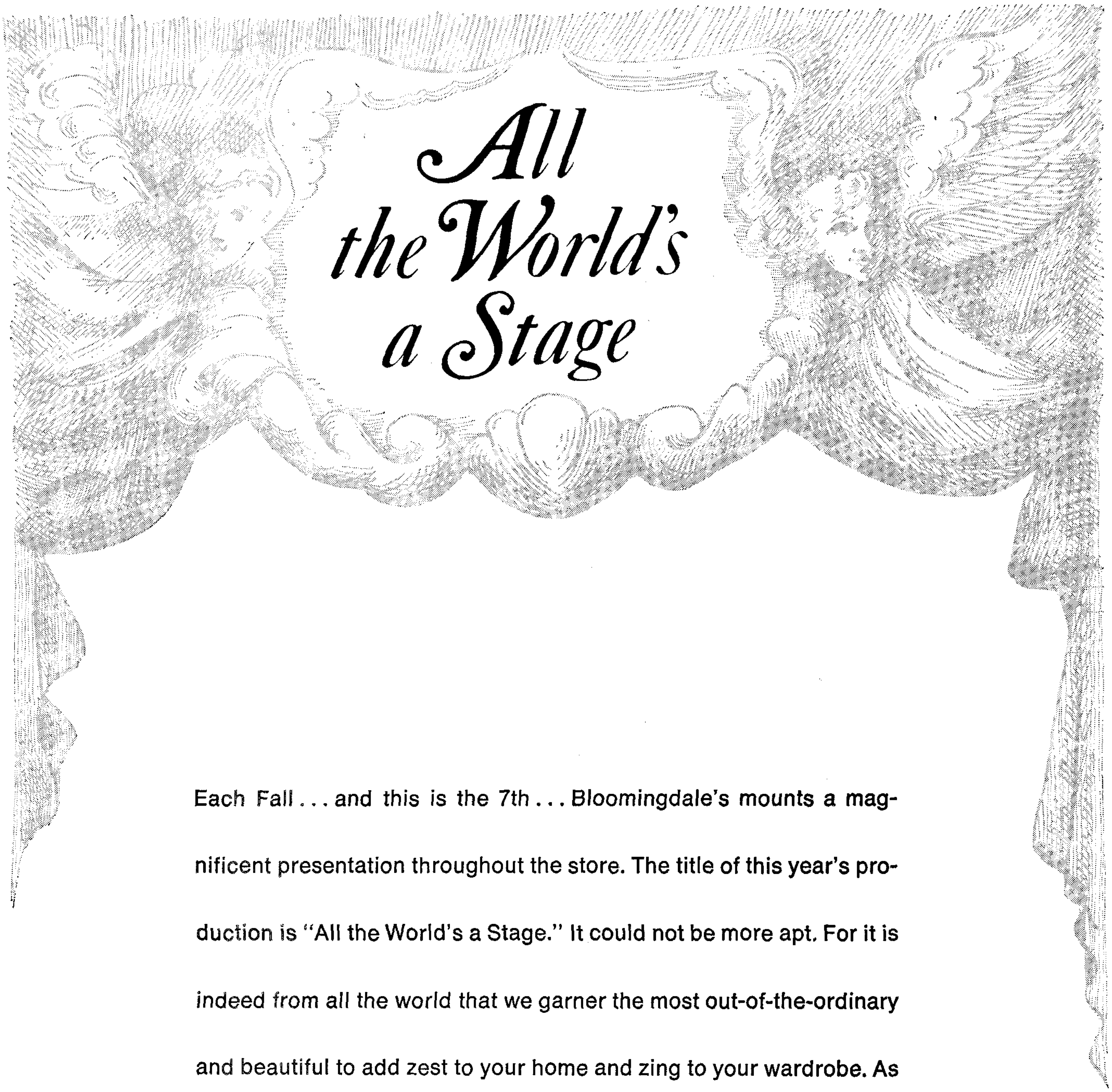

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Before you take sides, one last point for us. Snow Beach isn't sandy.

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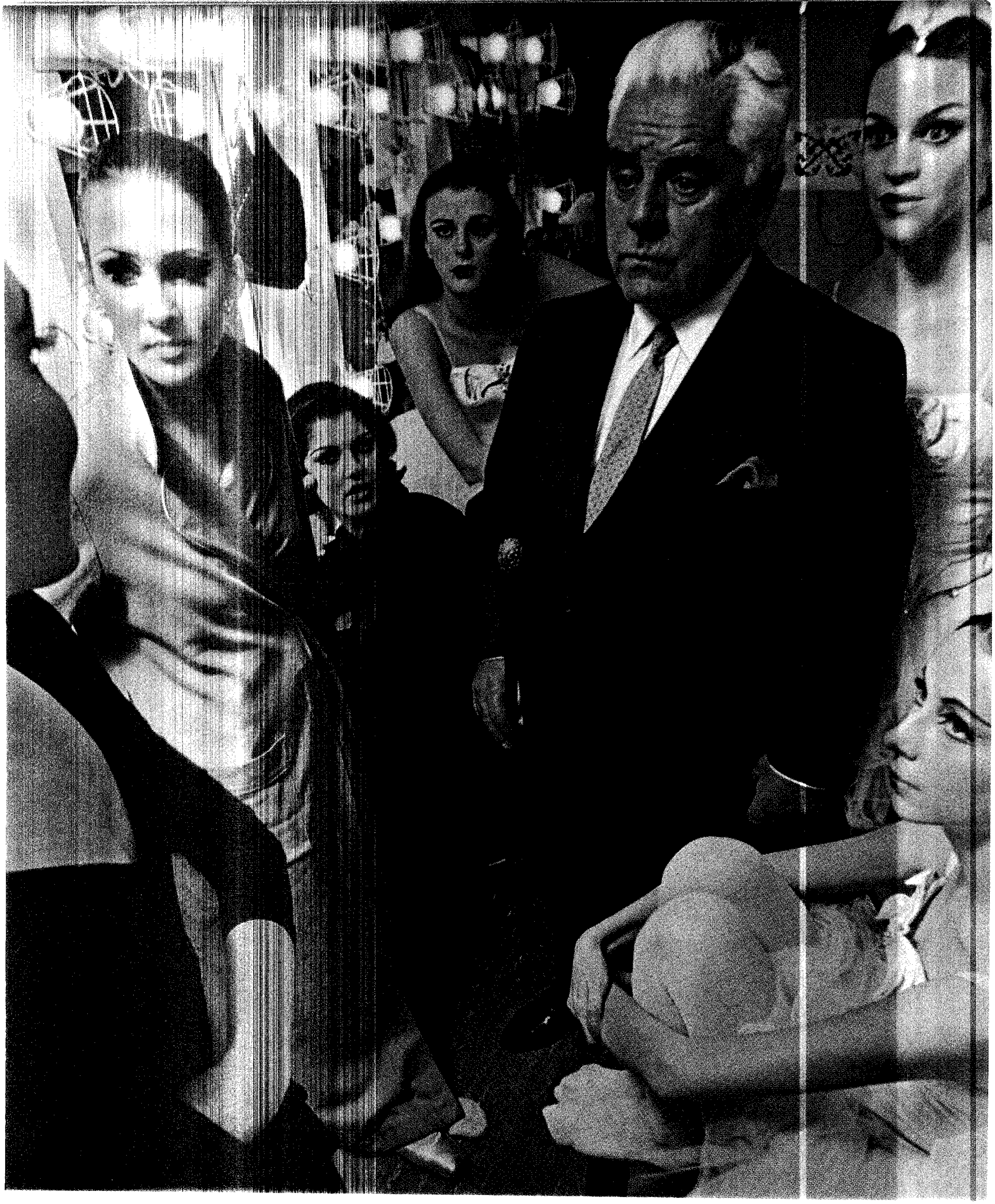
SWISS-CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

* 14/21 day *economy excursion fare, valid Mondays through Thursdays.* ** *Price based on Group Inclusive Tour basing fare; minimum* 15 persons.



[illegible]/Stern makes a long, lean suit for short, fat men.

Michaels [illegible] mean it can make you [illegible] thinner.

No magic [illegible] tailoring.

The buttons [illegible] here they can't tug at [illegible]

The straight [illegible] down lines all but make your belly disappear.

Narrow lapels are part of the trick too. And so is the fabric, a dark, subtle worsted called "Medallion." (It's a 10-month worsted. Light enough for June, warm enough for January.)

Eat, drink and be merry. Don't change your ways, just your suit. There's really nothing to it. Simply stride into your favorite tailor's today and drop the right name:

MICHAELS/STERN

[illegible] WRITE DEPT. 26A, 87 NORTH CLINTON AVE., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14602. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA AND AUSTRALIA. PURE VIRGIN WOOL

Ron Rico. Didn't he play opposite Nita Naldi in "The Loves of Satan"?

RONRICO
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
DISTILLED
PUERTO RICAN RUM
RONRICO CORPORATION

A very human mistake. After all, Ronrico is a smooth Latin. Fan clubs and all that.

But Ronrico's not an old-time movie star. Ronrico's a rum. Very light, very dry. Perhaps the smoothest tasting rum ever to come out of Puerto Rico.

Once you've tried it, it'll be hearts and flowers forever. Like in the movies.

Ronrico. A rum to remember.

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NYC, 80 PROOF

...in one basket?

Why not? You can be perfectly sure when the flatware you choose is solid sterling silver. Double sure when it's Lunt. Note, for instance, Lunt's lovely "Alexandra". Here is a pattern so solidly founded on tradition...so changeless in its good taste...so lasting in its worth that it will be one of the wisest investments you will ever make. And this assurance, of course, you have with every Lunt design. Each is designed to endure...sculptured to hold the gleaming beauty of each graceful detail for all time. Whatever your choice of Lunt's many sterling designs ...

you'll live proudly, happily with it through all your days

LUNT
STERLING

If you wear your Gleneagles raincoat to the stadium is it a stadium coat?

As of that moment, yes.

We're as bugged as you are with this silly business of a different coat for every different activity.

Who started it anyway?

We make 30 coats. And every last one will take you anywhere you want to go in perfect taste. In rain or shine.

But we call them all raincoats. Because raincoats are our business.

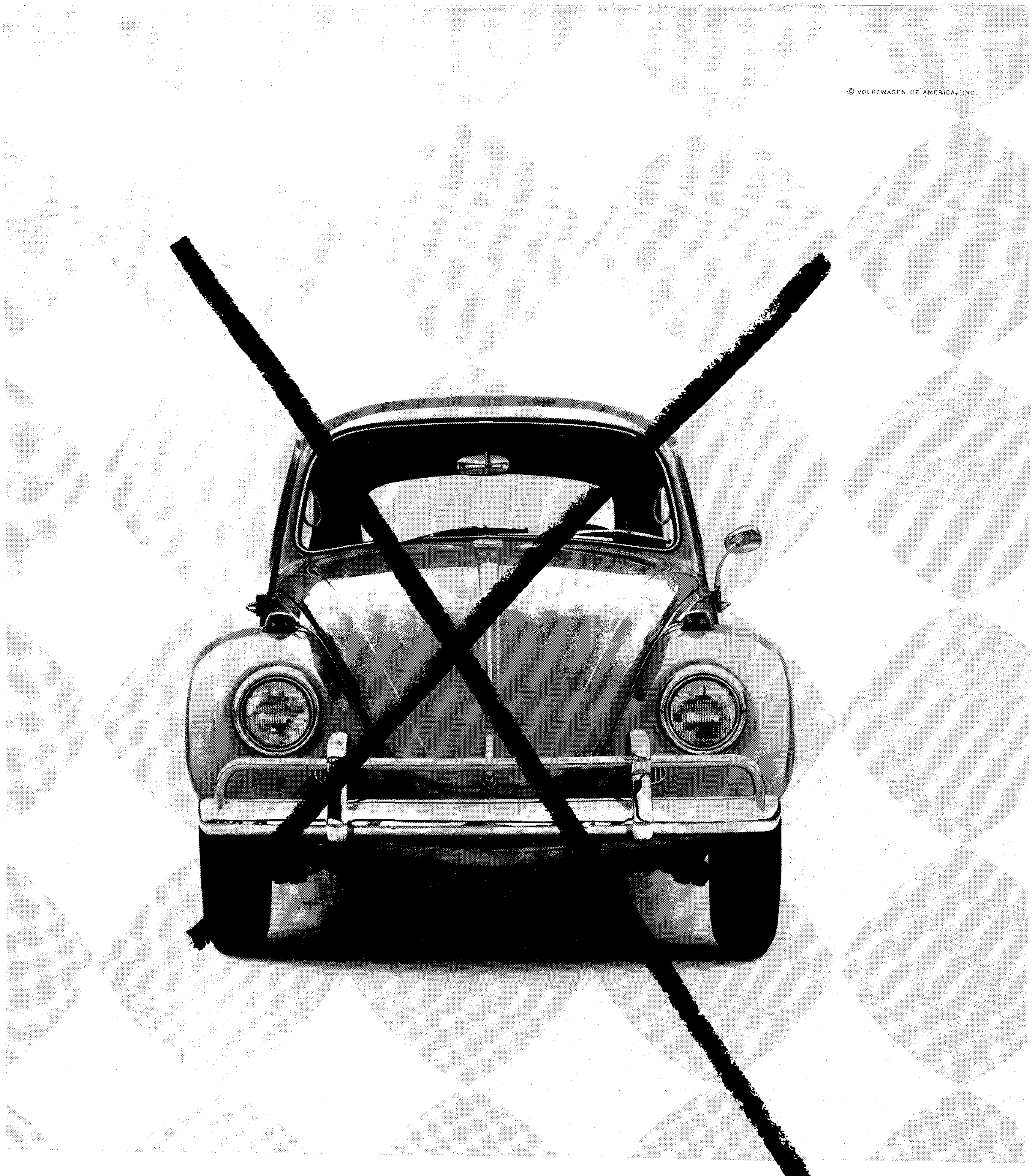
However, if you want to wear one around campus and call it a "Campus Coat," or to work and call it a "Work Coat," or to the stadium and call it a "Stadium Coat"—we figure that'll have to be your business.

JETS
New York
NEW YORK JETS

Gleneagles.
One of the world's great raincoats.

The Glenshire, $50. 100% imported cotton. Wool plaid lining with Thermosatin sleeves. Protected against rain and stain with DuPont **ZE PEL**® fabric fluoridizer. Gleneagles raincoats for men and women at well-informed stores, or write Gleneagles Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C.

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.



It's been replaced.

For the 19th consecutive year, we've replaced the bug.

With another bug.

To those of you who expected something fancier, sorry. (The '68 looks just like the '67 crossed out above.)

To those of you who now own a VW, congratulations. (Once again your model has not gone out of style.)

To those of you who've been thinking about buying a new one, nice thinking.

The front seats are more comfortable. (They have built-in headrests.)

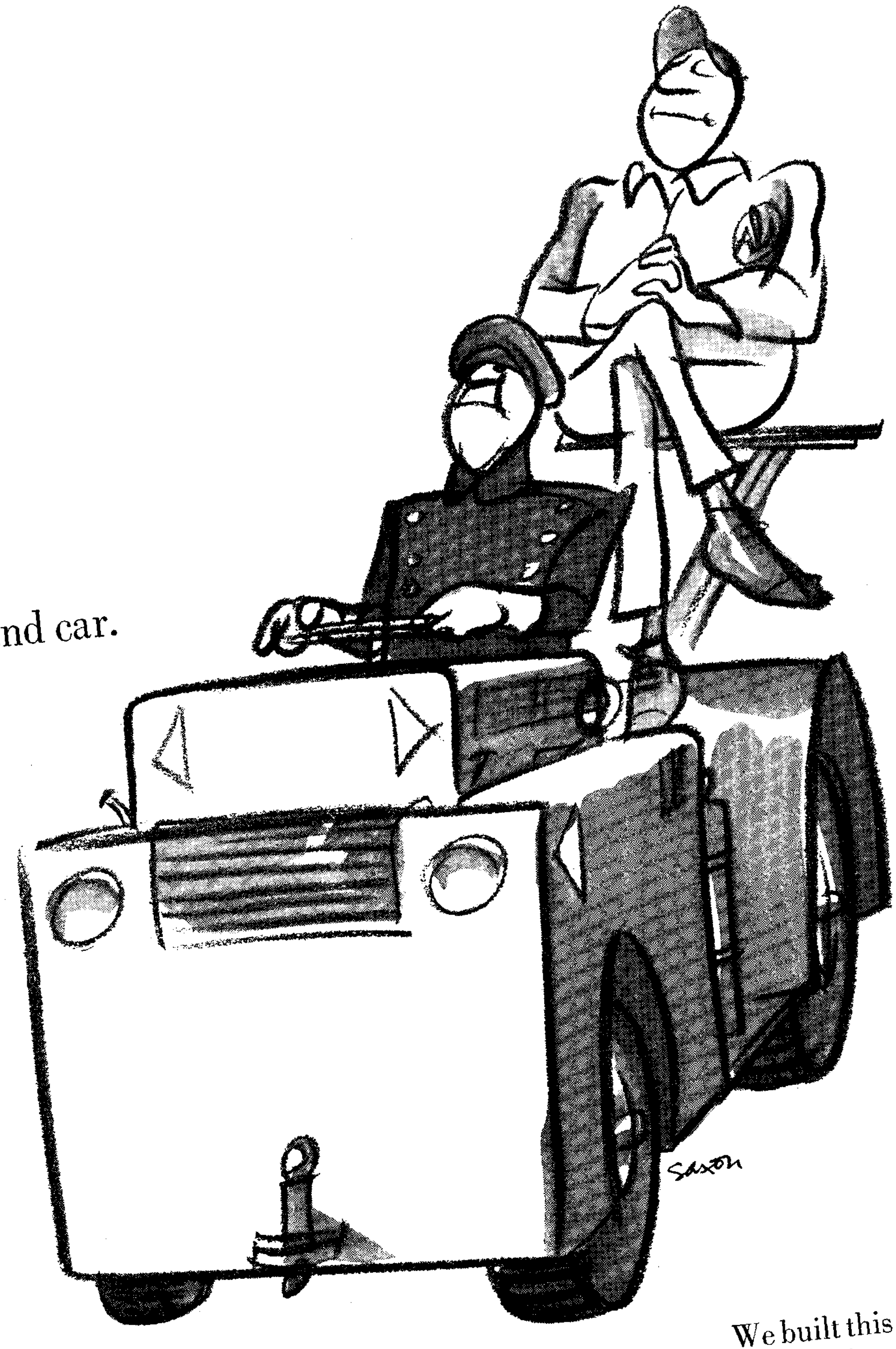
The windshield wipers are much more efficient. (They're larger.)

Even the shifting is easier. (We put a decal on the window to show you how.)

All in all, we feel that the 36 nice little changes on this year's Volkswagen make it the best ever.

Of course, every year we build the "perfect" Volkswagen. And then we do a masterful job of proving ourselves wrong.

Our command car.



This is our man in charge of saying "No."

No to Captains. No to Vice-Presidents. And even no to The Chairman of the Board.

Which is just what a good mechanic ought to say.

He thinks nothing of keeping a 7 million-dollar airplane in the hangar because a 10¢ part needs replacing.

Or checking the burbling air in a fan-jet 20 times—until he's satisfied it's burbling just right.

All of which, we're proud to say, has made American one of the most dependable airlines in the business.

We wouldn't dare be otherwise.

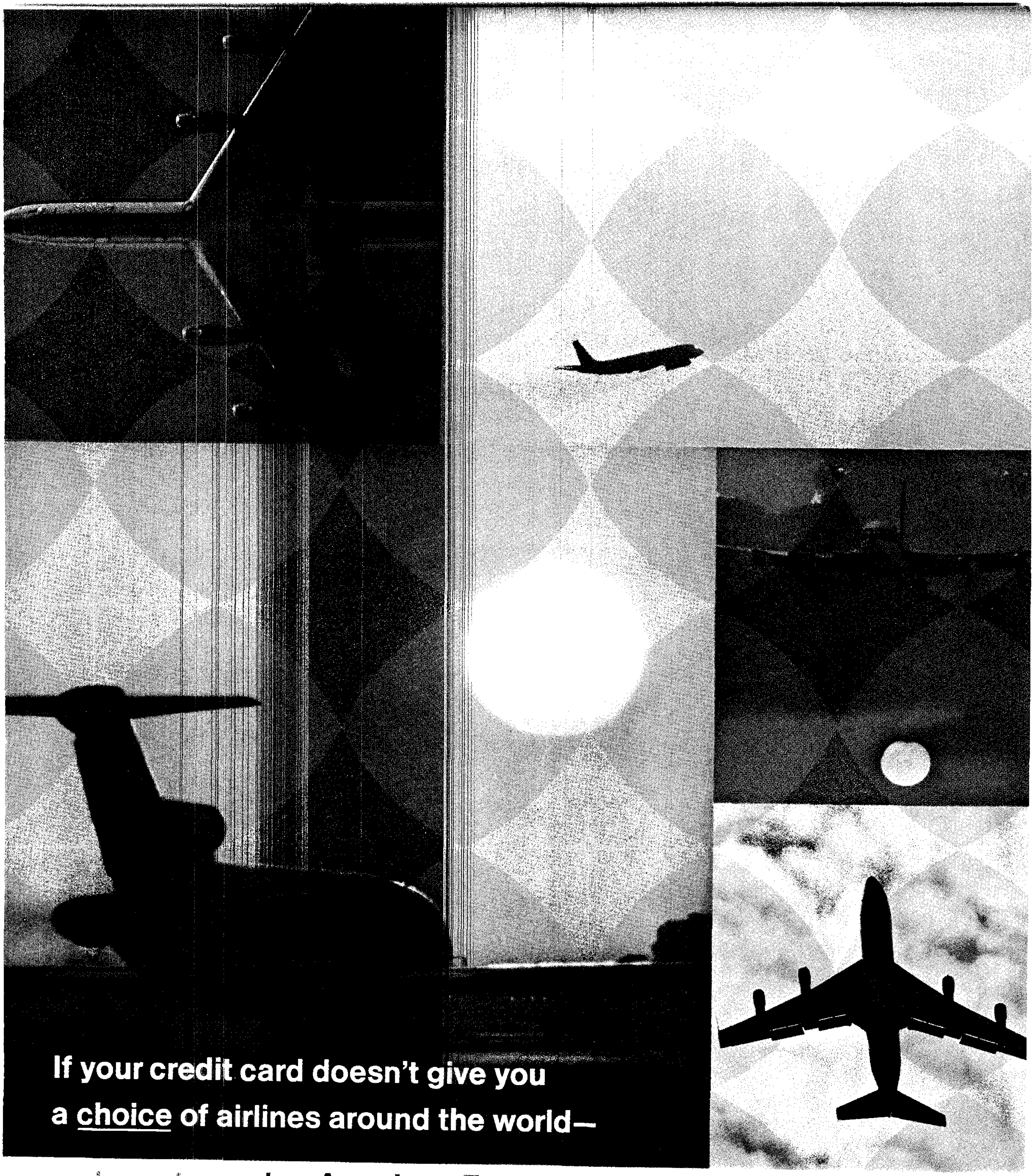
We built this airline with the professional traveller in mind—the man who rates an airline on the service it gives, not how glamorous it looks.

And if his plane is late on Sunday, we know his Travel Agent won't be calling us for tickets on Monday.

Or yours, either.

American Airlines

The airline built for professional travellers. (You'll love it.)



If your credit card doesn't give you a choice of airlines around the world—you're not carrying American Express

What do you need with so many airlines?

Are you going to charge a ticket to Khartoum? From Elkins, West Virginia to Zanesville, Ohio?

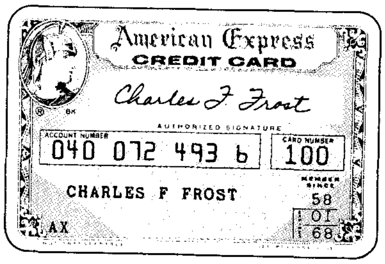
Maybe not. But the *choice* is there with American Express. Fly where you want, when you want, on the airline you want.

Even if you only use it to charge tickets on *one* airline, the American Express Card gives you a choice. Pay for your tickets on your next bill with *no* service charge—or take three, six, nine, or twelve months.

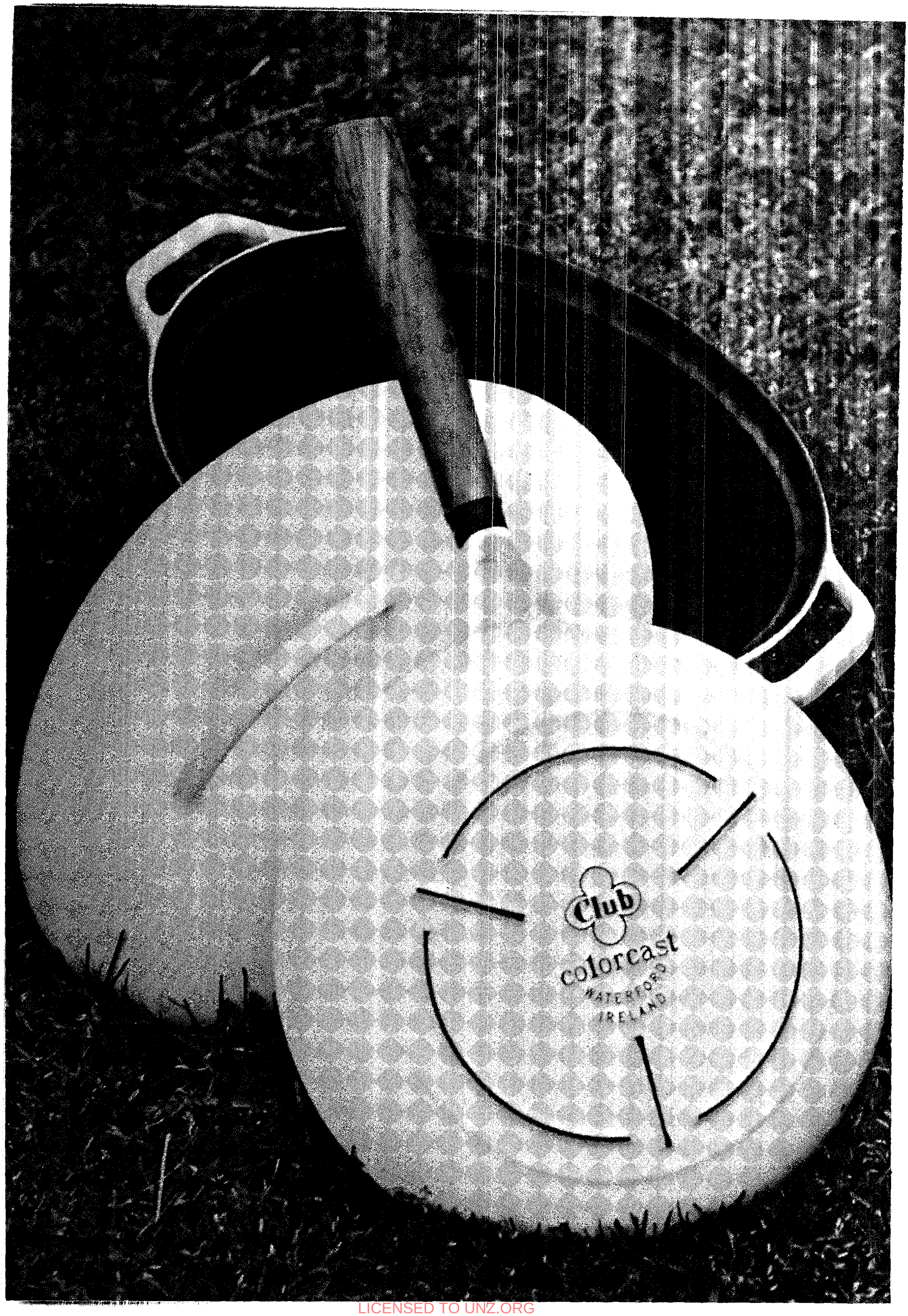
Comparison shopping tip: Every credit card that gives you a year to pay for airline tickets has a service charge.

American Express has the *lowest* in the business—nearly 40 percent less than another major credit card plan.

With a card like this, who needs others?


American Express
CREDIT CARD
Charles F Frost
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
ACCOUNT NUMBER
040 072 493 6
CARD NUMBER
100
CHARLES F FROST
MEMBER SINCE
58
01
68
AX

Unquestioned credit at airlines, restaurants, hotels, motels, rent a cars, shops—worldwide.


Club
colorcast
WATERFORD
IRELAND

Take cast iron, white porcelain, black Teflon, Siamese teakwood and Irish hands.

If you ever cooked with iron, you know the marvels of it. It takes little heat and cooks the food so gently and evenly that every bit of the flavor simmers in the pot. And then some.

But there used to be a catch. Or two.

1. It wasn't such a beauty.
2. What a pain it was to clean.

It took the Irish to take the catches out of cookware.

Out of cascades of fire, the Emerald Isle gives birth to the Iron Age of Cooking.

Every piece of Waterford Club Colorcast is made with love on the banks of the River Suir. The Irish sculpture each pot and pan in cast iron and enamel it in white porcelain, plying their art under a banner, "Lest we forget, one quality only, the best."

Take hold of the Siamese teakwood handle. What you see is an original beauty, the wood pattern one of a kind. What you can't see is the steel core that reinforces the form with function.

Beauty and The Best.

As for catch #2, the Irish have figured out how to apply Teflon of such toughness, you can practically hit it with a shillelagh. The London Sunday Telegraph tried it and said, "Deserves the highest praise. The inner surface is like hard velvet, pitch black and proof against the most careless cook." And the Reader's Digest (in England) swooned, "Absolute bliss to possess."

It looks as good as it cooks.

And cooks as good as it looks.

We call it Colorcast.

Even though it's black and white and Irish all over.

It's a long story. The next time you happen to be in Ireland, call Michael Ronayne in Dublin. He'll be glad to enlighten you. But for the moment, let us rationalize the name. Let us say we call it Colorcast because it blends with every color in your kitchen.

Speaking of color, we do have a free, colorful, 24-page booklet for you. Write to Club Products Company, La Grange Park, Illinois 60525, and ask for "Beauty and The Best."

The Iron Age of Cooking is in its glory.

Waterford Club Colorcast from Ireland.

Super-Royal Lipsticks

The world's most beautiful women wear them
...there must be a reason.
In lavish new cases...luscious new colors.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have spent the last few weeks watching the new television attractions of this season, and we think that much of the criticism directed at the medium is unfair. It's true that a lot of the material we saw was familiar and a lot of it was just plain rotten, but we did come across a couple of items that we can recommend to any intelligent adult viewer. First, there was the latest offering from an old favorite of ours, the Jolly Green Giant, now beginning his sixth year on TV. This animated series got off to a fine, funny start when a flying saucer landed in Ho-Ho-Ho Country and two little green Martians stepped out. Their first words to the local inhabitants were, inevitably, "Take us to your leader," and a second later they were being whisked to the feet of the Giant himself, who greeted them with heaping platefuls of his favorite frozen peas and canned corn. As they were flying home again, one little Martian turned to the other and said "Do you think that giant cat is real?" and the second Martian said "Naw. Just swamp gas."

Another eagerly awaited return to the screen (after a summer of reruns) was the Alka-Seltzer variety series, which continued to live up to its high standards with an animated drama called "When You and Your Stomach Don't Agree." The episode began *in medias res* with a shot of a man and a stomach seated opposite each other on molded plastic chairs, airing their differences and getting sympathetic advice from a deep off-screen voice that seemed most eager to reconcile the squabbling pair. One of the stomach's charges against the man was that he persisted in eating lots of spicy, hard-to-digest foods whenever the two of them visited his mother's house. Instead of either conceding or denying the charge, the man put on a sulky expression and muttered, "You've always hated my mother." Eventually, the off-screen counsellor managed to convince both man and stomach that a dose of fizzing antacid after each eating binge might provide the basis for a compromise between their conflicting needs. The man and his stomach expressed a wary willingness to try again.

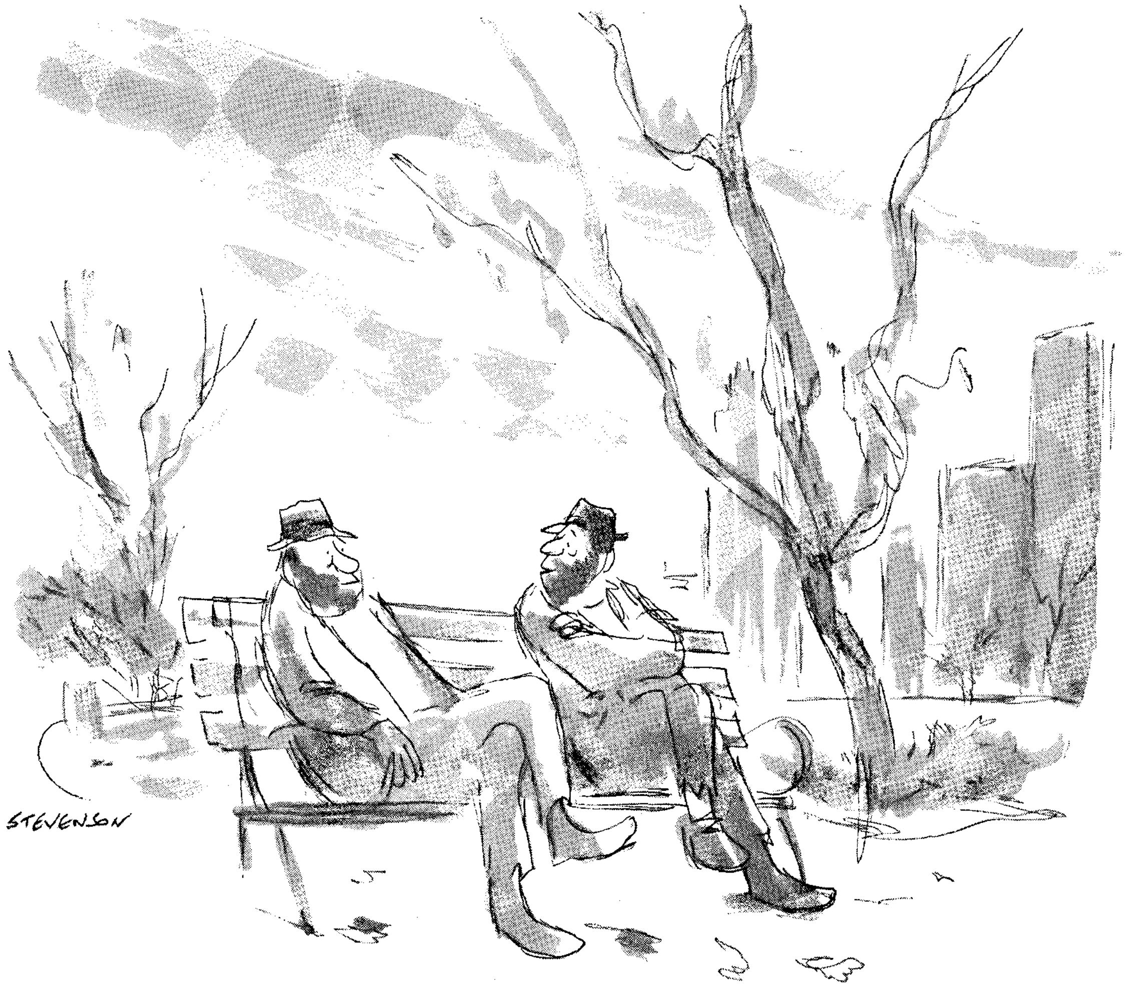
With two solid hits like these and the season only a month old, who says television is dead?

Georgian

AN old friend of ours, the Honourable Desmond Guinness, of Leixlip Castle, County Kildare, Mother Ireland, is making one of his regular semi-royal progresses through the States, putting up in the pleasure domes of wealthy friends and giving illustrated lectures on Irish houses and castles (including his own) for the purpose of drumming up interest in and raising funds for the cause to which he and his pretty wife are devoting their lives—to wit, the Irish Georgian Society. The Guinnesses argue that the beautiful Georgian houses, public buildings, and follies that lie scattered like so many half-forgotten jewels across the green countryside and gray cityscapes of Ireland should not be allowed to tumble down through neglect or, more commonly, reach such a state of disrepair that small-minded government bureaucrats and greedy private real-estate speculators are able to justify deliberately pulling them down. This argument would appear to be self-evidently an admirable one, but it isn't all that popular in a country with a memory as long and bitter as Ireland boasts; Georgian achitecture is largely the handiwork of the once hated Protestant ascendancy, and the Irish of today still tend to feel a certain patriotic skepticism in respect to it. The very word "Georgian" brings many a quick Irish temper to the boil, and it has been proposed more than once in the Dublin press that if the Irish Georgian Society would only consent to take some such unprovocative name as the Irish Classical Society, it would find its goals far easier to achieve. Not that the Irish are as clear as they might be about which national monuments are theirs to cherish and which are not; the Nelson Pillar in O'Connell Street, in Dublin, one of the few noble specimens of architecture designed by an indigenous architect, was blown up and destroyed last year by a band of so-called patriots, apparently under the misapprehension that because the Pillar bore a statue of Nelson at its top, it must be perfidious Albion's through and through. (It was Joyce who described Ireland as the old sow that eats her farrow.)

IRISH GEORGIAN SOCIETY
CLASSICAL

Rocky as the road sometimes looks, the busy Guinnesses do not labor in vain. They have preserved a towering affair of arches and obelisks known as Conolly's Folly, in County Kildare, which is perhaps the greatest work of its peculiar kind ever raised; they have restored Riverstown House, near Cork, in whose exquisite plastered drawing room a local farmer had long made a practice of storing his year's crop of potatoes; and they have recently purchased Castletown House, which was begun according to the designs of an Italian architect named Galilei in 1722 and is widely considered the finest, as well as the earliest, of all the Georgian



"All in all, it was a stimulating summer. Herb Alpert was perhaps a bit commercial, Streisand was superb, the 'Titus Andronicus' was sensitively mounted, and I find it difficult to fault the Philharmonic."

• •

houses in Ireland. Castletown House, which has a hundred-odd rooms and stands in a pleasant demesne a short distance from Dublin, has already been opened to the public and is to serve as the official headquarters of the Irish Georgian Society; up to now the Society has had to make do with a couple of small rooms inside the stout stone walls of the Guinnesses' Leixlip Castle—a charming mock-Gothic and Georgian structure, mostly of the eighteenth century, that beetles above the Liffey some twelve miles west of Dublin. ("Leixlip" means "salmon leap," and amateur etymologists in McDaid's Pub, in Dublin, themselves leaping from "leix" to "lox," have been known to argue that this demonstrates that the Irish are, as an old legend holds, one of the Lost Tribes of Israel. Actually, "leix" is of Norse origin.)

Mr. Guinness, a handsome man of thirty-six, with blond hair, a ruddy complexion, and astonishingly bright-blue eyes, is the second son of Lord Moyne and a grandnephew of the late Lord Iveagh, the head of the Guinness family; his mother, now the wife of Sir Oswald Mosley, is a sister of Nancy and Jessica Mitford. Mr. Guinness attended Gordonstoun and Christ Church, Oxford. It has been wittily said that sooner or later everyone marries a Guinness; in the present instance, that someone was Princess Marie-Gabrielle of Urach-Württemberg, who married Mr. Guinness in 1954. They have two extremely decorative children—Patrick, eleven, and Marina, ten. Mr. Guinness not only lectures but writes; his large picture book, "Portrait of Dublin," has just been published here by Viking. The Guinnesses occasionally organize foreign tours for the Society; some years ago a group went off to inspect the architectural wonders of Russia, and the advice that the Guinnesses mailed in advance to members of the group was highly characteristic. In listing the various items that a wise traveller will carry with him to Russia, they wrote, "Marble Easter eggs should be brought, as there are no bath plugs in Russia."

Aid

THE other day, a young woman new to New York asked a rookie cop in the mid-Forties how to reach the Pan Am Building. He pointed up and then east, and said, "Just follow the helicopters, Ma'am."

Good Show

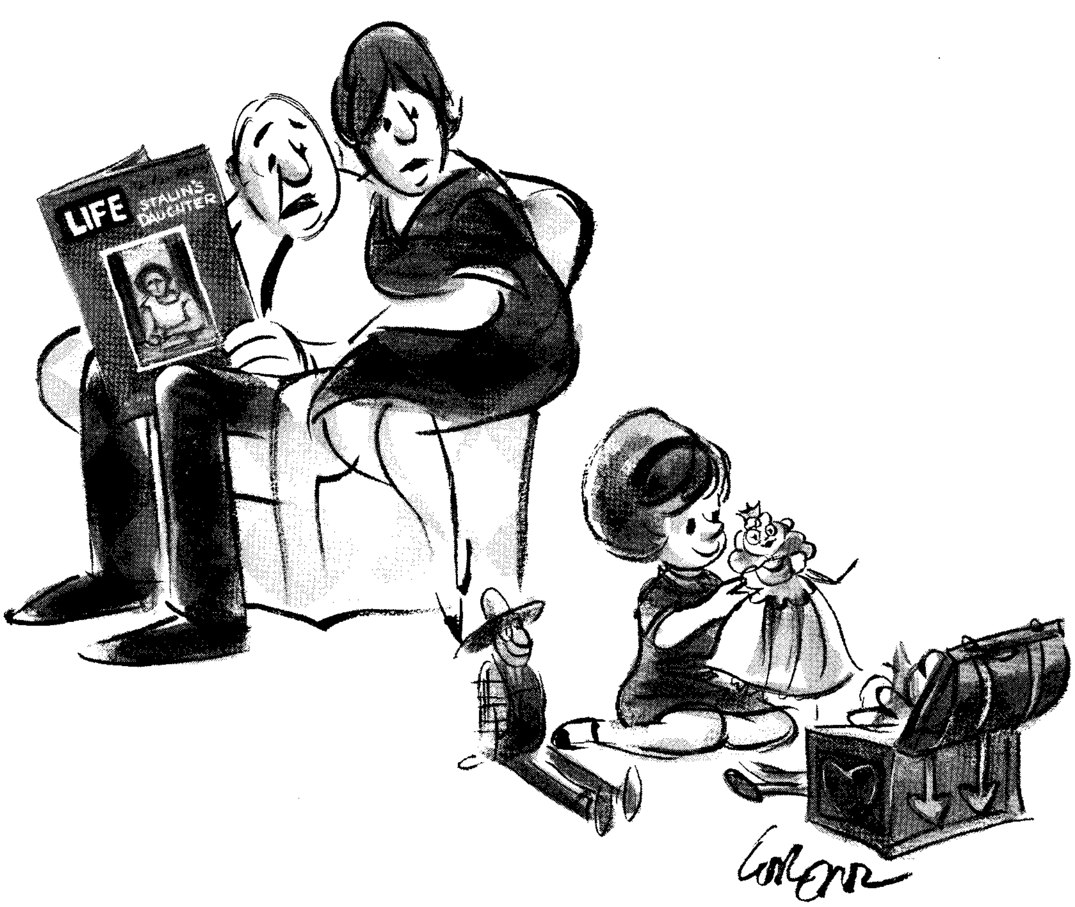
IN A.D. 73, three years after the fall of Jerusalem, nine hundred and sixty Jewish Zealots—men, wives, and children—made a final stand against the Romans at Masada, a mountain fortress in Judea, thirteen hundred feet above the Dead Sea, which Herod the Great had occupied and fortified (he was scared of Cleopatra) a century before. After a year of siege, some six thousand legionaries—the Tenth Roman Legion—broke into the fortress with a battering ram, to be greeted by smoldering ruins and complete silence. Except for two old women and five children hiding in a cistern, all the Zealots were dead. According to Josephus, the historian, each man had killed his family; then, by lots, ten men had been chosen to kill the rest; then, by lots, one had been chosen to kill the nine others. The survivor, possibly the band's leader, Eleazar ben Yair, had set fire to the place and committed suicide. Because of the sun's great heat on its slablike summit and the difficulty of scaling its cliffs and supplying food and water, Masada remained for the most part unexplored until 1963, when Professor Yigael Yadin, a Hebrew University archeologist and former chief of staff of Israel's military forces, started a two-year dig (one-hundred-and-twenty-degree temperatures ruled the summers out), which unearthed two Herodian palaces, fifteen enormous storehouses, and such classic fruits of archeology as coins, jewelry, skeletons, scrolls, frescoes, mosaics, cooking utensils, tunics, Roman catapult balls, Augustan pottery lamps, and *real* fruits (somewhat desiccated) in the shape of dates, grapes, and pomegranates.

What has turned us into a latter-day Josephus? The fact that the Masada rebellion and the Yadin dig are about to be reflected in a two-story show at the Jewish Museum, which occupies the former fortress of Mr. Felix M. Warburg, overlooking the Dead Sea, or Reservoir, of Central Park. We went up there last week and toured the exhibit—as it was being installed by four Israeli workmen—in the company of its designer, George Him, a Polish-born graphic-arts man who settled in England in 1937, was the chief designer of the Israel National Pavilion at Expo 67, and is consultant designer to El Al Israel Airlines. Mr. Him is a gigantic, genial man who reminded us of René d'Harnoncourt. "Professor Yadin selected me for the job of mounting this exhibition, and I visited the site," he said. "I had to climb up Masada, and I went up the western side, away from the Dead Sea, over the remains of a rock-and-timber ramp built by the Romans—quite a walk for a man who weighs almost three hundred pounds. The view was impressive, but most of the buildings put up by the Zealots were utilitarian rather than attractive; the mosaics were insignificant, and the finds, while of historical importance—one of the scrolls is identical with one of the Dead Sea Scrolls found in 1947 and may indicate an Essene connection with the Zealots—aren't much for the general public to look at. Well, I decided against a static, *museumy* approach for this exhibit, which, incidentally, was first seen in London. I've tried to show, besides the story of the siege, the story of the volunteers who made the Yadin excavation possible. There were more than five thousand of them, mostly men and women in their twenties, recruited through the Israeli press and the London *Observer*. They came from twenty-eight countries, paying their own way. They signed up for a minimum tour of duty of two weeks, but some stayed for months. Yadin promised them no pay, primitive accommodations (they lived ten to a tent, and often the tents were flooded or blew away), coarse food, and very hard work. They got up at five-thirty, climbed to the plateau occupied by the fortress, and worked from six-thirty until five-thirty, with a break for an archeological lunch of tepid tea and two-inch-thick sandwiches of squashed tomatoes. There was an atmosphere of excitement, especially when a scroll was found. Many of the girls wore bikinis. One volunteer was an elephant trainer in private life. One of the best diggers was a Briton who always carried a tightly furled umbrella. In Israel, the whole nation has this archeological hobby. The Army supplied the tents and the cooks, and Army engineers laid on water and electric power, and provided helicopters for surveys."

Starting *our* expedition, we passed a blown-up photograph of the Masada rock itself, and a platform on which rope ladders, a wheelbarrow, and an *in-situ* sign reading "Be Carful" [*sic*] were being installed, and came to a wall labelled "A Camp Scrapbook." This included an abstract-looking drawing entitled "A Tent Disintegrates" and a photo captioned "The Masada Christmas Tree." "Made out of twigs," Mr. Him said. "The labor force was a mixed crowd of Jews and non-Jews. It had several Catholic priests. Here's a picture of one celebrating Mass alone in the desert. Here's the Englishman with his brolly. Here's a beatnik volunteer, smoking hashish. We wrote to a lot of the workers for pictures of themselves for the show after they'd gone home, and he sent this one."

We inspected a large-scale model of the fortress and color transparencies of mosaics and frescoes, and followed our leader to the next floor. "Now we come to the second part of the show, the Zealots," he said. "They were not very nice people." He showed us a model of a Masada synagogue built by Herod. "The oldest synagogue ever excavated," he said. "The Romans, who garrisoned Masada *after* Herod, probably used it as a stable. The Zealots took the garrison in A.D. 66, and rebuilt the synagogue. We think it was a stable because layers of animal dung were found between its two floors—the original one and a later one." Mr. Him led us on to a case that was awaiting installation of the scrolls, to a full-size plaster reconstruction of a Zealot dwelling, and to another case, destined for textiles and remains of food. "The textiles are very beautiful," he said. "Extremely modern. They could have come from Bonniers, on Madison Avenue."

We went on to a display of combs,



"Listen, given the chance, that kid wouldn't hesitate one minute to spill the beans on us."

parts of mirrors, ointment boxes, mascara bottles, and jewelry, labelled "Vanity Corner." "The Zealots were primitive but not puritan," Mr. Him said. "The women took care of their looks. Here's our 'Objects of Daily Use' section. Note the dice. One set is loaded. I hope they were Roman dice, not Zealot dice."

We paused at a model marked "The Siege of Masada"—six thousand toy soldiers, with catapults, representing the Tenth Roman Legion—and ended our tour in an empty room, which Mr. Him said would show what the Romans saw when they entered the fortress. "One wall will be seething with flames and smoke," he said. "There will be a recording of the speech that Josephus said Eleazar ben Yair made to his followers when he told them they would have to kill their families and themselves. It ought to be a mixture of John Gielgud and Marlon Brando. The Museum is trying to get Fredric March."

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THE manufacturers of the Lifelong Proctor-Silex Iron guarantee their product for one year.

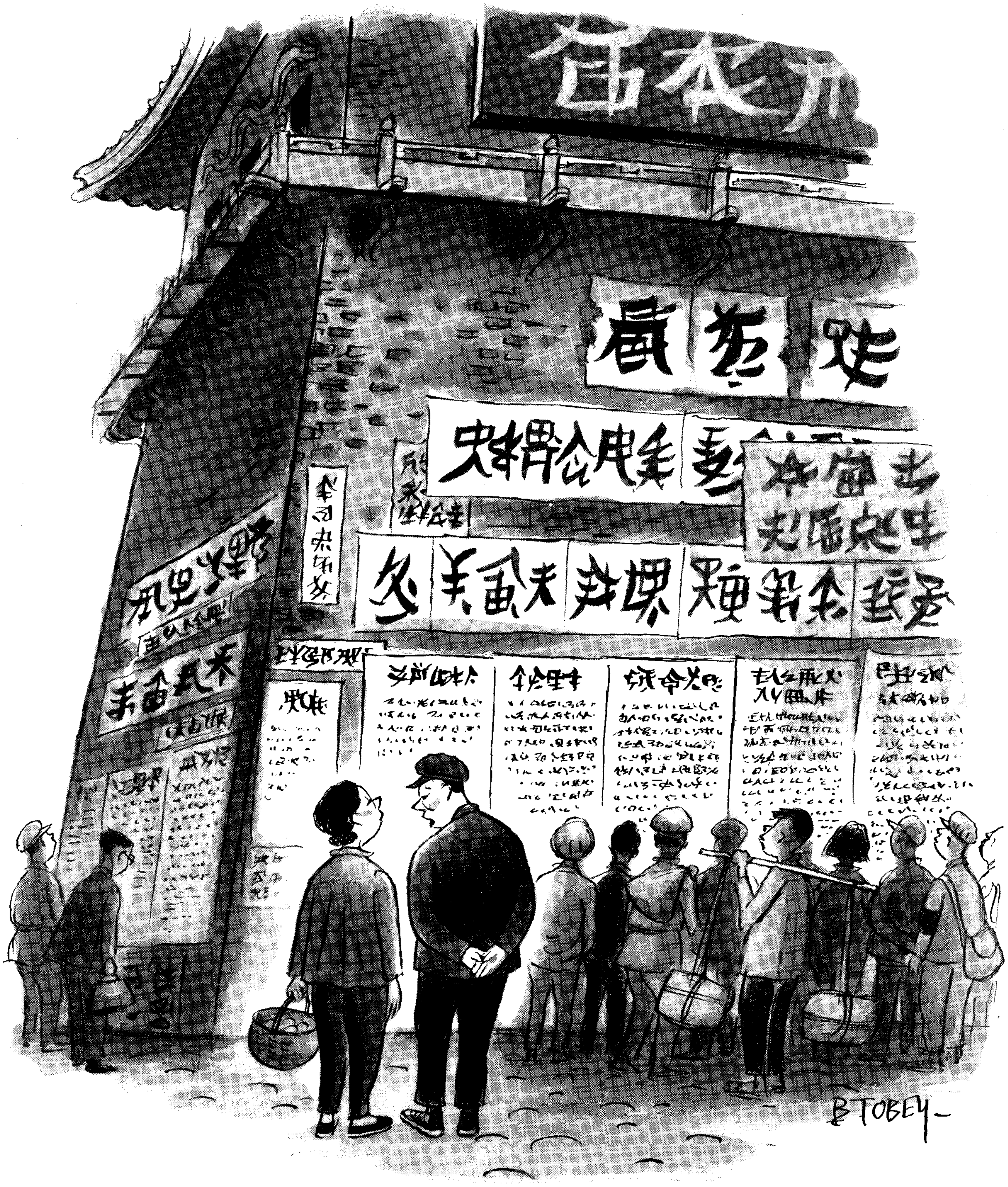
Non-Violent Soldier

SPORADIC news dispatches from California over the past couple of years have kept us posted on the ups and downs, in the sedate Carmel Valley, of Joan Baez's Institute for the Study of Non-Violence. We read, for instance, of the failure of a zoning challenge brought by a neighbor who regarded the Institute's afternoon sessions as "detrimental to the peace, morals, or general welfare of Monterey County." The sessions, so the items informed us, involved twenty-five students at a time in a six-week curriculum of picnic lunches, silent meditation, and discussions of points raised in the writings of such thinkers as Henry Thoreau, Mohandas Gandhi, and Jiddu Krishnamurti. The Institute is supported and regularly attended by Miss Baez, and it is directed by a man from St. Louis named Ira Sandperl, whom Miss Baez discovered when she was sixteen, ten years ago, at a Quaker meeting near Stanford University, where her father was on the physics faculty. Roving along the West Coast on a recent rainy Saturday, and finding ourself in the vicinity of Carmel with an hour on our hands, we arranged to drive up the Valley and have a talk with Miss Baez at the Institute.

The Institute's grounds occupy a grassy, oak-strewn expanse between road and river. Its plant is a former one-room public schoolhouse that has been stuccoed over, reroofed with red Spanish tile, cleared of school desks, and outfitted with lounging mats and a native chalk-rock fireplace; a small residential wing for Mr. Sandperl has been added. It was Mr. Sandperl, as it turned out, who was lounging in the schoolhouse doorway and greeting his arriving student body when we approached. The students, who included several couples trailing small children, looked and chatted with one another like young suburbanites getting together anywhere on a Saturday noon. Mr. Sandperl could have been their tennis pro. He is a sinewy man in his early forties, crew-cut, clean-shaven, very deeply tanned, alert of eye, and generally smiling, and he was wearing an open sports shirt, gray slacks, and clean green sneakers. He acknowledged the unusual weather wryly and added, "Joan's supposed to be giving a benefit concert outdoors at the Monterey County Fair Grounds this evening, but this rain puts the matter in doubt." He led us around a clump of chatting students toward the fireplace and a smaller group that included Miss Baez, who was wearing black pants and pullover sweater, and who struck us as startlingly more beautiful than any of her photographs suggest—features more delicately sculptured, expressions more luminously candid and humorous, hair only shoulder-length—and who, besides all that, was not behaving like a star whose concert was in imminent peril of being rained out.

"The dog is friendly, sweetheart—you can pat her," Miss Baez was explaining to an ambulatory infant who stood eye to eye with a cloud-gray shaggy dog at Miss Baez's feet.

Miss Baez invited us to follow her to Mr. Sandperl's quarters for our talk. The shaggy dog, whose name proved to be Anathea, came along, too. We took a chair while Miss Baez arranged herself on a couch in such a way that Anathea could doze comfortably on her knee. Then Miss Baez told us, "I used to avoid interviews, because I hadn't found out what I thought, or if I had anything to say, but not now. I'm interested in ending war. I'm not interested in gazing through a blue marble at Miss Baez. What I'm all about is that I'm a non-violent soldier. That's to be distinguished a little from being a pacifist. It's not just withdrawing and growing your own vegetables and not paying taxes. It means doing more than being nice to birds and small animals. I dislike the word 'goal,' but I suppose that's what we have here—we want to let out the news that the time has come when killing in the outside world is no more proper than killing within the national boundaries. Not that absolutely everybody agrees yet that even killing within the nation is no longer acceptable. There's still that cultural inertia left over from nearly three hundred years when it was the thing for us to carry guns, since there was always the chance we might have to shoot a neighbor. Today, there's certainly enough proof around that violence can't be appropriate anymore anywhere, but people want to hang on to that old feeling. You know—'It's a sunny day. Let's go kill something.' When the world was proved round, that news was evidently just as hard to accept. In spite of the disadvantages of a flat world—monsters at the edge, sailboats falling off—people hated giving it up. Right now, people hate to give up weapons. We've changed the War Department's name to the Defense Department, but weapons are still made for killing, and boys are still trained to run bayonets through people, and the word 'murder' still doesn't seem to ring a bell. I don't mean to say that there may not always be barroom brawls and things like that—though among the Hopi and Zuñi, if you slug someone, it's regarded as poor form and you're out of it—but brawling is on a different plane from organized mass killing. And non-violence



"Not a thing about tomorrow's weather."

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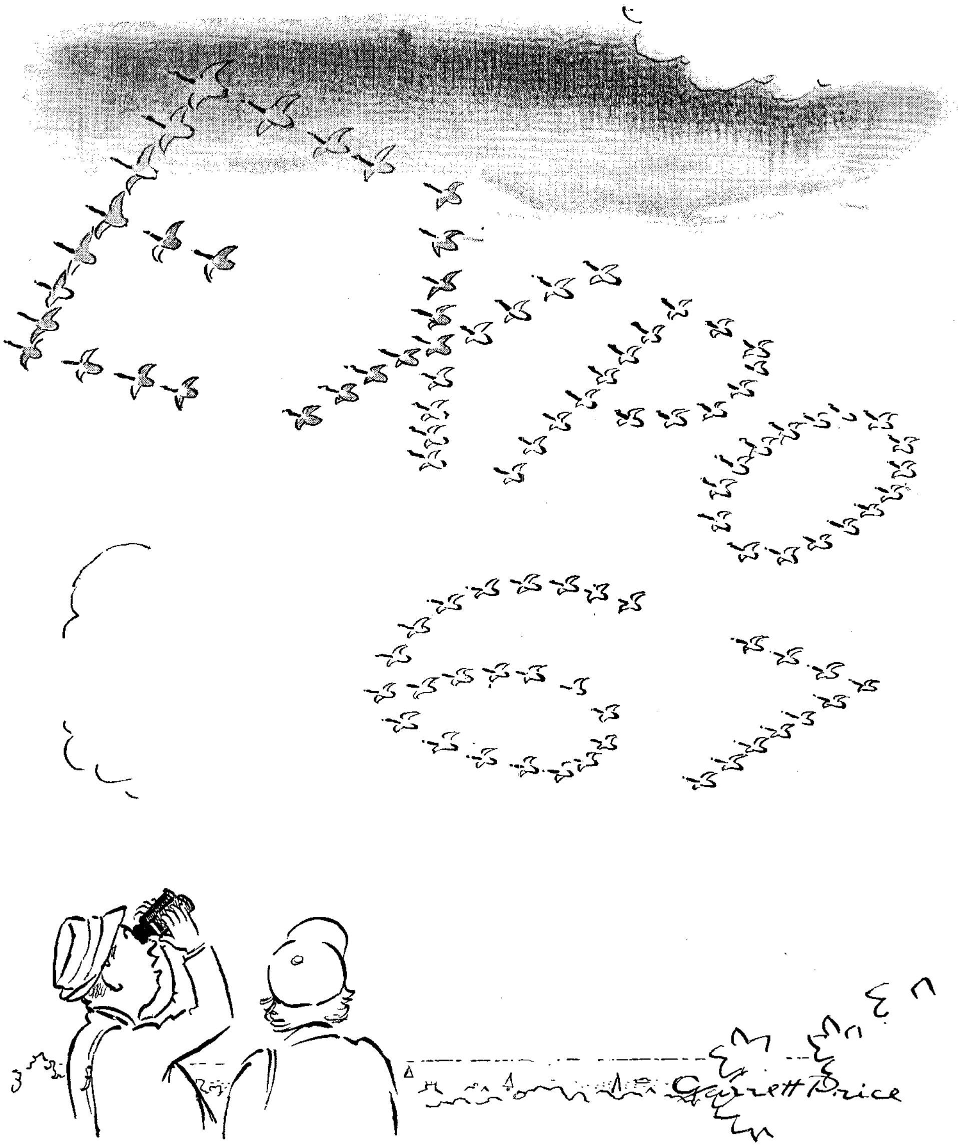
is—well, totally misunderstood. It's not avoiding violence. It's the opposite of running. It means confronting violence and having to come up with something more intelligent in response. Perhaps the only response that can possibly be effective today is refusing to coöperate, and going to jail. But we don't go into tactics and techniques here. Dr. Martin Luther King's movement has problems because its emphasis is all on tactics. At the University of California, the kids' trouble was that they only had a technique: if the cops came in, they knew they were supposed to drop to the floor. However, if you're rooted in the understanding that the Ku Klux Klansman and the Negro garbageman are both your brothers, then there's a chance you'll know the right thing to do."

The door flew open, and Mr. Sandperl popped in, saying, "Please excuse me for breaking into my room, but can I ask just one question? What's my unlisted telephone number?"

"I'll write it down for you," Miss



"You're right. They are Canadian geese."

Baez said, producing a pencil and a slip of paper and writing. She handed over the paper and said, "You can give me mine later."

Mr. Sandperl left, and Miss Baez told us, "Unlisted numbers have a way of getting out, so we keep getting new ones. Anyway, about non-violence. There are certain pitfalls. There's a Fort Ord boy who comes here with the schizo idea that he's non-violent because he takes a supercilious view of the Army and can ridicule his job as a soldier. And I've been corresponding with a boy in Vietnam who thinks he's eased his conscience because he managed to exchange his gun for a camera, and now he writes about the bizarre beauty of war. It's so easy to kid yourself. Like believing that an Army ambulance driver's first duty isn't to get banged-up soldiers back to their guns as soon as possible. Not that one mustn't care for the hurt and dying—but for *all* the hurt and dying, on all sides. We don't always like to notice what we're doing. What people mainly do is to avoid boredom. We'd rather feel anything than boredom, and boredom is oneself. The meditation we try here means only that you stop doing the things you do all day long to avoid yourself—listening to the radio, making conversation, woolgathering—and after that it's hard to define. It's not concentrating on an idea. Krishnamurti gave a clue when he said, 'If the interest is there, that's a beginning.' The interest turns into paying attention—trying to listen as though you'd never heard before. We all grew up learning to try and then to expect a result from trying, but here it's not a result that's the point but simply the trying. Krishnamurti also said that, as far as he could see— No, he didn't say that; he's never that modest. He said, 'Creativity is when the mind is still.' As to effort—well, there's a kind of effort. For instance, I try to write, and if I sit at the typewriter and make the effort to start writing just a lot of 'x's, after a while something begins to happen. You know that song 'Be Not Too Hard'?"

We said we did. It leads off Miss Baez's 1967 Vanguard album ("Be not too hard, for life is short, and nothing is given to man. . . ./Be not too hard if he's sold or bought, for he must manage as best he can./Be not too hard when he blindly dies, fighting for things he does not own. . . ."), and it reminded us to ask whether the neighbors were as hard on the Institute as the wire services had led us to think.

Miss Baez said, "No, the community is fine to us. At first, a few people imagined we were doing awful things—smoking pot, or making love—but we asked them to walk in and see. The worst trouble came from a lady across the street. She looked in and saw we were doing nothing—literally nothing, since it was meditation time—and that really got to her. She went into her house for a gun and fired it into the hillside. As you see, the kids here are mostly regular-looking college-age people. Flower children, thank God, aren't interested. They've divorced themselves completely from reality. They're so lost. I talked to one the other day who told me, 'Man, that non-violence thing, that's for me.' So I asked, 'Then how come you're still pushing acid?' The cyclists, too. I met a couple of the heads of Berkeley's Hell's Angels. They said they just loved my music. I looked down at their Iron Crosses. They simply don't know what's going on. Maybe Allen Ginsberg was helpful to them—getting them off skull-cracking and onto pot."

Miss Baez smiled radiantly, and we asked if she was always so composed on the afternoon of a concert in hazard.

"Oh, no," she said. "This just happens to be one of my good days."

Early that evening, as our plane lifted off Monterey Airport bound for San Francisco and our connection to New York, we were gratified to see the rain clouds blowing away eastward, in plenty of time to insure that the concert would go on.

Down East

A NEW YORKER who has just completed his first trip to Boston tells us that the city was all he had hoped for. When he said to his waiter in the Logan International Hotel "Could I have another Scotch-on-the-rocks?" the waiter replied "Indubitably."

LOCK LIPS—MONKEYSHINES IN THE BRIDGEWORK

I CAN pinpoint it unerringly—it was the last week in June when I became conscious of a faint but unmistakable emphasis on dentistry in the press, almost as if someone were giving me a sly nudge. Nothing explicit, to be sure—just a line here and a paragraph there that, along with an incisor that wobbled when I bit into piecrust, honed my sensitivity to the subject. The first hint, a mere throwaway in a Broadway gossip column of the *News*, concerned a well-known thrush: "Lois Hunt, who sings with Earl Wrightson, is a licensed Pennsylvania dentist." The item might have packed more journalistic punch, I felt, had it portrayed her as unlicensed, but, as a resident of the state and longtime admirer of the lady, I glowed at the diversity of her achievements. Shortly afterward, another and more obvious dental innuendo caught my eye—an orthodontic coup in the Midwest reported by the *Times*. "False 'talking' teeth have been developed," it stated, "to tell a University of Michigan dental researcher what it feels like to chew. . . . This is the first time single teeth capable of radioing information have been made. The teeth are designed to disclose the forces that act on them when they chew. . . . The talking teeth resemble ordinary false teeth used in bridgework. Each tooth is packed with six miniature radio transistors, twenty-eight electronic components, two rechargeable batteries, and an antenna."

Psychosomatic or not, by Thursday of that week the slightest pressure on my incisor caused it to sway like a Lombardy poplar, and, bowing to the inevitable, I phoned my dentist in the county seat for an appointment. Dr. Crunch, his receptionist divulged, had flown to Malaya to seek gutta-percha for fillings, but he had left as locum tenens a Dr. Fangl, who would see me forthwith. As it happened, I had some policies to discuss in Doylestown with Bodley Risk, my insurance man at Gollancz-Durnheim, Inc. ("Our Motto: Gol-Durn Your Problems"), and after the fine print had been spelled out to my consternation, I went along to Crunch's office. A jet-haired Juno with smoldering eyes, in a surgical tunic that accentuated a notable physique, welcomed me into the inner cubicle and, enveloping me in the scent of Mitsouko, secured a plastic bib around my neck. Supposing the vision to be a new nurse, I asked when Dr. Fangl would materialize.

"Oh, forgive me," she said, in a husky contralto that awoke memories of Kay Francis, Elinor Glyn, and tiger-skin couches. "I'm Bianca Fangl—I thought perhaps you recognized me. I sang with Lloyd Pettibone."

"Not *the* Bianca Fangl?" I asked, incredulous. "The one that does all those operettas and record albums?" Her lashes fluttered acknowledgment of my homage. "I've never seen you in the—ah—flesh, but I've enjoyed you for years. Your renditions, that is," I corrected hastily.

Her smile revealed three hitherto invisible dimples. "Why, how sweet of you," she murmured. And how perceptive of her to notice my sweetness, I thought with thumping heart. "Yes, Lloyd and I just closed at the Whisper Lounge in Detroit, and I always sandwich in a few weeks' dental practice during layoffs. All this bending and stretching"—she illustrated—"it's good for the figure, I think."

"Wizard," I concurred. "Your colleague—is he a part-time dentist, too?"

"No, Lloyd's in a slate quarry up in Lehigh County," she replied. "He drills those shingles they use on roofs." The similarity of avocation reminded her of professional duties, and she reached briskly for a dental mirror. "Now, what seems to be the trouble?"

The problem was crystal clear, the solution even more so. The errant tooth would have to be replaced with an artificial one cabled to its neighbors. The principle, as Dr. Fangl expounded it in terms comprehensible to a layman, was the same as that used in stabilizing a snow fence or the spiles of a wharf. I retreated into a network of evasion: whatever shakiness she had observed was pure nervous reflex, I was psychologically unprepared for any drastic measures, and, furthermore, my underwriters disclaimed all responsibility should I conk out under anesthesia. Dr. Fangl pooh-poohed my qualms. The changeover could be effected painlessly in an hour, thanks to technological advances. I was in superb physical condition, she said, with an admiring squeeze of my biceps—virile enough for a man twice my age. Goose that I was, I knew I was succumbing to feminine witchery, but some indefinable fear—perhaps that if I remained obdurate she might try to kiss me into submission—eroded my will, and I weakly gave in.

The actuality, happily, was less rigorous than I anticipated. True, there were moments when Bianca's *embon-*

point heaved with exertion and my fortitude was threatened, but forty minutes later I was able to view the new incisor, anchored firmly in place, in a hand mirror. As she smoothed my wayward toupee and I relaxed, she favored me with a few selections from her repertoire that skillfully implemented the Novocain—"Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White," "Three Little Fishies," and "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?" Then, as I rose to leave, she issued a word of warning.

"This restoration I've done is something new," she said. "It's very complex and terribly sensitive to its environment."

"You mean it hates being where it is?" I asked, affronted.

"Goodness, no," she said quickly. "You've got a lovely mouth, I assure you." The impulse to swap tributes was alluring, but I mastered it. "The idea is, you must be awfully careful of the things you chew. We've got ways of finding out."

"Who—you and that Lloyd Pettibone?" I asked, with a surge of jealousy.

"Never mind, foolish boy," she said. "Just stay away from pretzels, hard rolls, apples, and such, and don't crack any nuts with it. Now, run along, and remember, Big Sister's watching you."

SO vivid was the impact Bianca had made on me, and so earnest her injunction, that I took pains to screen every morsel I ate the following week. On Sunday morning, however, there occurred the first of a chain of incidents that shook me profoundly. Deep in Suzy Knickerbocker's log of the activities of Stavros Niarchos, the Alfred Strelsins, and Contessa Pecci-Blunt, I was munching half a bagel larded with Novy and cream cheese when the phone rang. The rich contralto purr over the wire belonged to only one dentist on earth, and behind it I could hear the sound of water splashing on a tiled surface.

"It's Bianca—Dr. Fangl," she was saying urgently. "I just stepped out of the shower to get your message." Whether it was the bagel or the image of my caller in her birthday suit that constricted my speech, I replied thickly that nothing was amiss, I hadn't called. "I *know* that," she said, impatient. "I got a flash from your jaw. You misbehaved—you're eating a bagel."

"I—I just *had* a couple of bites," I stammered. "It wasn't toasted, honest. . . . Look, hadn't you better slip into a fleecy robe or something? You're liable to catch cold."

"Now, don't shilly-shally." Her tone became that of a schoolmistress. "I cautioned you to avoid stress on that tooth, and I expect coöperation. Soft buns, corn bread, Danish, or scones, but that's it—do you hear? You're lucky you've got a guardian angel in your head to look after you."

My own interpretation, requiring no dental diploma, was that I was harboring a spy, and though I yielded with a show of grace, my appetite began to dwindle appreciably. After a fortnight of yogurt, semolina, junket, and similar pap, I was so undernourished I burst into tears over trifles and even turned faint during commercials for dog food. The breaking point came one evening as I was passing a Fanny Farmer shop in the Port Authority Bus Terminal. Dizzied by the heavy aroma of chocolate, I ran in, bought half a pound of fondants and marzipan, and then, swept away, added a piece of butterscotch to nibble while my purchase was being wrapped. I had barely swallowed it before a saleswoman emerged from the stockroom with word of an imperative toll call from a Dr. Fangl in Pennsylvania.

Dumbfounded at the extent of her surveillance, and hot with resentment, I sprang to the phone. "See here, Doctor, what is this?" I demanded. "Can't a person raise his sugar curve without you poking your nose in? I'm entitled to *some* privacy!"

"And so am I," she retorted, with equal heat. "Where do you think I was when I got that alert just now? For your information, I was in a porch hammock with a very attractive gentleman of my acquaintance."

I apologized for interrupting her tête-à-tête, observing rather waspishly that Lloyd Pettibone's dialogue was clearly more fascinating than any I could offer.

"None of your affair who it is," she said, and I realized in an access of misery that some Doylestown square had checkmated us both. "The issue now is that you deliberately and willfully ignored my orders. You're playing with fire, gnawing on a confection like that. What do you suppose I put in there—an emery wheel?"

"I can't help it," I whimpered, striving to excite her compassion, if nothing else. "I'm run-down, famished. I need an incentive to go on living—the feeling that someone like you cares—"

"But I do, Sidney," she assured me, with sudden warmth. "Most dental sessions are humdrum, but ours was—well, different. And besides, I'm constantly in touch with you, as you know. Now, we'll overlook this slip for once, but hereafter, anytime you're worried about some goody—be it apples, caramel, licorice, whatever—promise to check with me beforehand. Cross your heart."

Well, I acceded out of *force majeure*, and, I suppose, the same quenchless hope that impelled Hillary to vanquish Everest.

NOTHING untoward happened until I was confronted with an ear of corn several weeks later at a dinner party. My host, a novice in the country, flaunting his first produce, was hungry for approbation; it was unthinkable to plead I must have clearance from my dentist, and I plunged ahead. The humiliation that followed was insup-

ENDLESS

Under the tall black sky you look out of your body
lit by a white flare of the time between us
your body with its touch its weight smelling of new wood
as on the day the news of battle reached us
falls beside the endless river
flowing to the endless sea
whose waves come to this shore a world away.

Your body of new wood your eyes alive barkbrown of treetrunks
the leaves and flowers of trees stars all caught in crowns of trees
your life gone down, broken into endless earth
no longer a world away but under my feet and everywhere
I look down at the one earth under me,
through to you and all the fallen
the broken and their children born and unborn
of the endless war.

—MURIEL RUKEYSER

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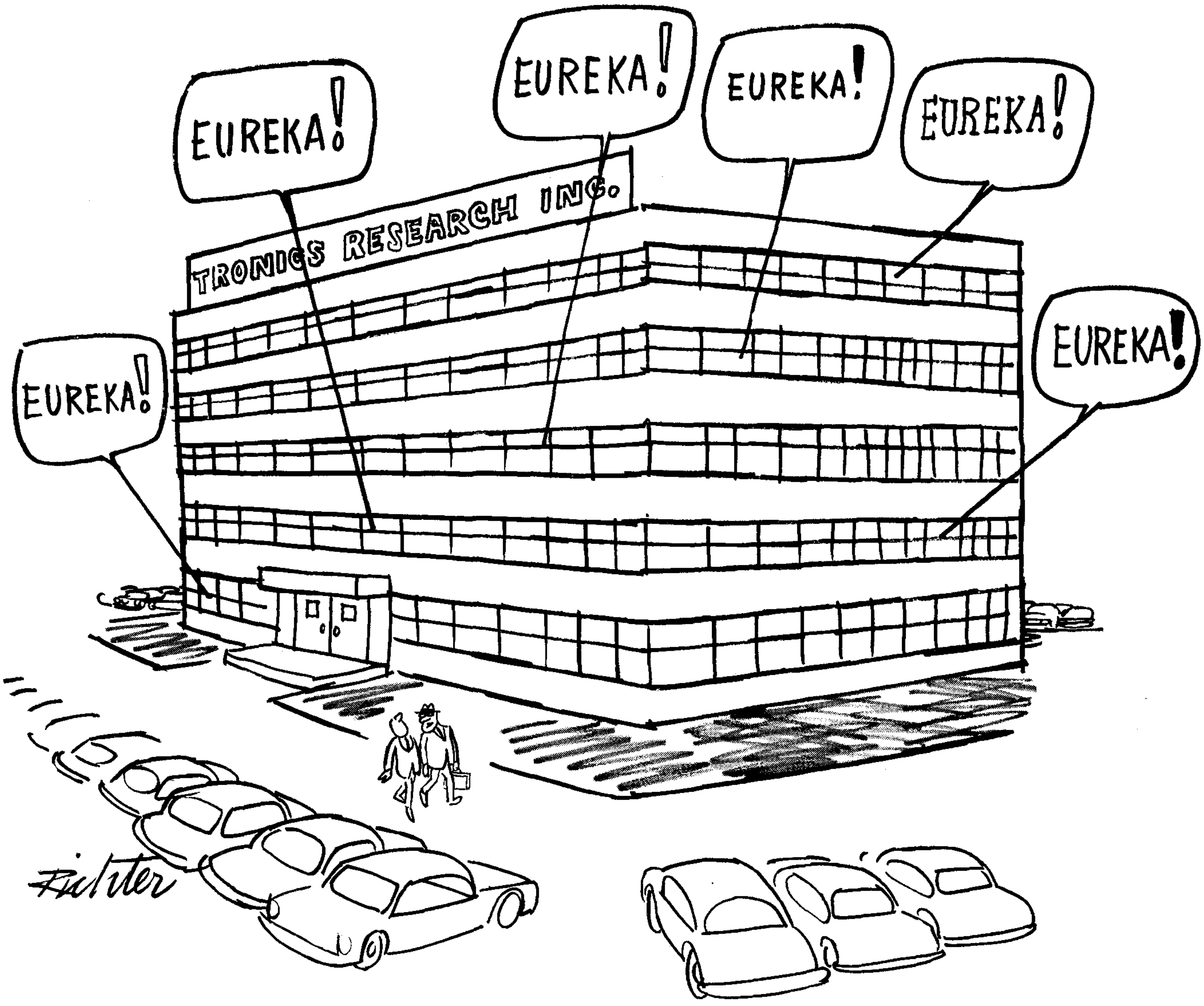

EUREKA!
EUREKA!
EUREKA!
EUREKA!
EUREKA!
EUREKA!
TRONICS RESEARCH INC.
Richter

"They seem to be having a good year."

• •

portable, beyond description. Even though Bianca's jeremiad was not audible to the company, my own reaction was, since the phone was but a few yards distant from them. Unable to endure her scorn, I gave her the full weight of my tongue. I impugned her dental skill, branded her a heartless flirt, and, distractedly reaching for the ultimate insult, accused her of singing off key. The rest of the evening was a nightmare. The other guests, many of whom were in wine, were quick to seize on and embroider my outburst, and I was subjected to raillery so merciless that I sickened. In the circumstances, there was only one anodyne. I poured myself a thimbleful of brandy, and at two o'clock was conveyed home in the rear of a neighbor's jeep spread out like a starfish.

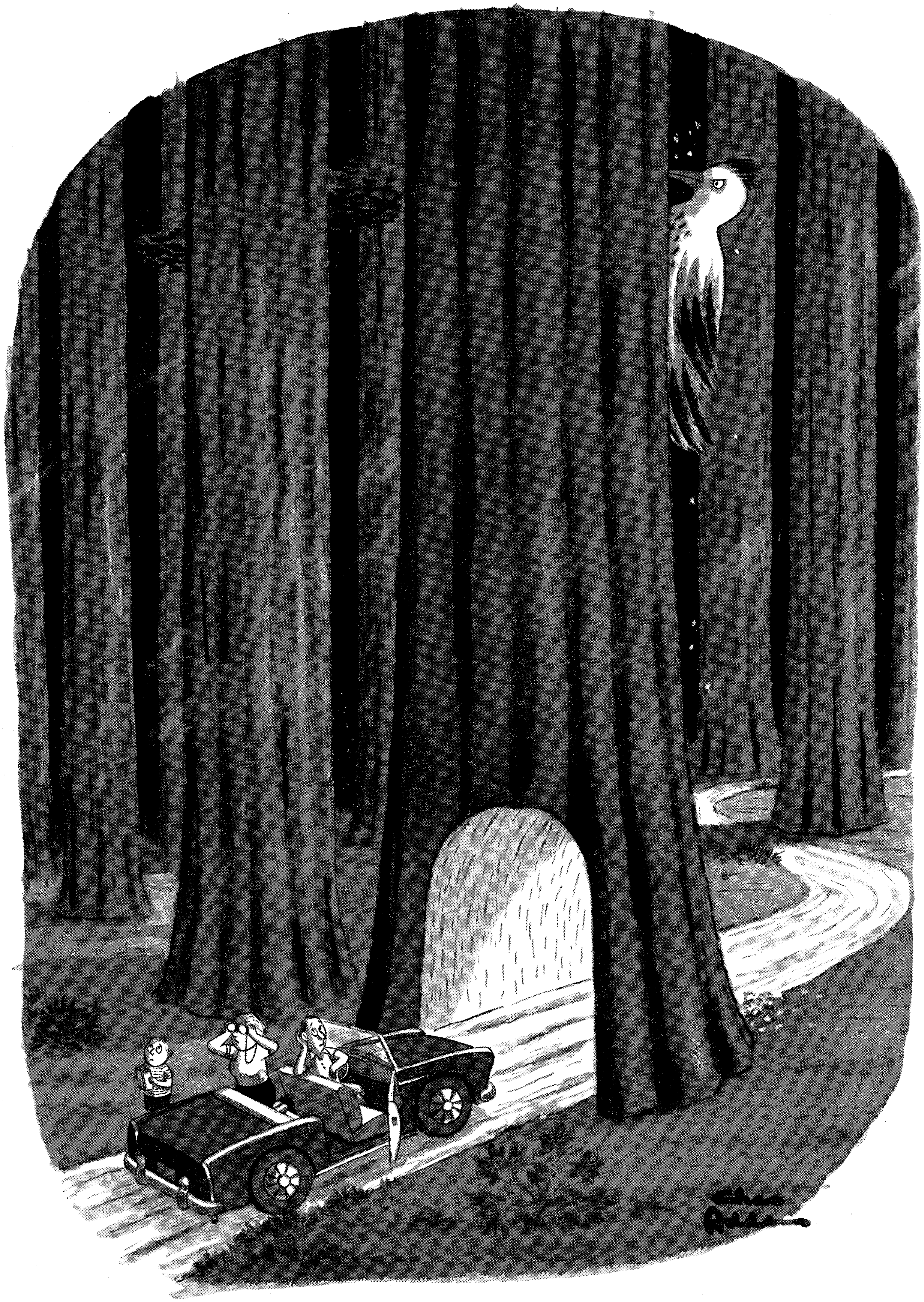
It was the measure of a deeply generous nature that when Bianca entered her office the next morning and beheld me in the chair, haggard with remorse, not a word of censure did she utter. Instead, and with a sad gentleness that shamed me afresh, she subjected her handiwork to a painstaking scrutiny to insure it was intact. Then, signifying I was dismissed, she turned away—the better, I suspected, to hide the moisture dimming her great, lustrous orbs. Some gesture of penitence, some avowal of my regard other than the check I would mail her in a few months, was obligatory, and I forced myself to make it.

"This . . . this is the end, I suppose," I said, sighing. She nodded, but made no reply. "Bianca, I know I've been a beast. Still, it wasn't all my fault, believe me. It's your tooth that came between us—this little white sneak, blabbing everything I did. Oh, I realize I'm not the only pebble on the beach—you must have scads of other patients with talking dentures to worry about—but let me say one thing. You're straight, and clean, and fine, and you deserve a man who can fulfill the best in you."

"Oh, my very dear." Suddenly she was all radiance again, my slight forgiven. "You're trumps, too, so I'll tell you a secret. Lloyd Pettibone and I are washed up. I've found a new partner here in Doylestown with a glorious voice—the fellow who runs the meat counter at Hutzler's Market. We've been rehearsing nights in my hammock, and we open a week from Tuesday at the Megrim Room in Newark. Guess who I want at a ringside table that night to sing to?"

Well, I was there, and I can testify she killed the people. Her partner was O.K.—if you go for that sort of schmalz, which I personally don't—but I think I deserve some credit also. I ate chow mein with soft noodles during her act so that my tooth wouldn't distract her, and, to judge from the melting looks she threw me, she got the message, all right. Your singing dentists like Bianca Fangl aren't made in a day. One has to keep on trying.

—S. J. Perelman


Chas Addams

MY FATHER, MY SON

I

Father,
one day longer on this earth than you,
I want you home—not
as a sage arthritic in red silks
to whom I proffer
birds of jade
& berries on a stick—not
as a totem with a spittled lip,
forked beard
blown sidewise & Assyrian—
not as a democrat of rhetoric,
calligraphy,
astride bowlegged Chippendale—but
just as the man you were
in dull Glen plaid,
high collar, homburg hat,
Kodak'd
beside our bathtub of a Hupmobile.
Your new estate is mine;
& if, at first,
I treat you like a well-scrubbed foreigner
to whom one gives a suit of clothes,
five dollars
& a map of the city,
accept the circumstance: I need
help in the yard,
a hand with heavy things,
someone to keep the books.

II

Flames I've not eaten
I have quashed
with a small cap of silver—yet
what was it like when,
clacking west,
you heard the waters hiss & part,
& saw
the sun rise cold as cash?
Your eyes
like plums in fifty watts
of washroom light,
you shaved, halfway across Ontario,
with a straight razor & your braces down.
Bandbox fresh,
whisked to your high-topped shoes,
when you stepped from a Grand Trunk sleeping car,
what was it like to be,
emblazoned in your tracks,
one man alive,
Gladstone in hand?
Those boom-town dollar bills—were they
not barbarous as they were absurd?
When, Sunday afternoons,
they showered
out of canvas biplanes onto
lots for sale,
& craven girls, knee-deep
in goldenrod & Queen Anne's lace,
picked them like lettuce,
was not history,
finally, a subdivision of brown bungalows,
a small
down payment on the Middle West,
& good clean fun?
On the Tashmoo boat,
its splashy paddle wheels
walking the water,
did I not watch
the snake dance
deck to deck
of realtor & typist,
branch manager & clerk?
Your hands outstretched,
your fingertips upon
a boozy woman's pin-striped back,
two other
hands on yours,
et cetera—*Yes!* you sang,
your flint face mesmerized,
Yes!
we have no bananas,
we have no *bananas today!*

III

Set down in our raw suburb
Mother wept,
her old life now a province in a mist
where military bands,
caged in an iron wedding cake,
played Humperdinck & Grieg
to the King's swans;
& years of calling cards,
laid in a silver dish,
tallied the last turns in the vestibule
of waltzing osprey & high-stepping fox.
You must
have understood,
though you would not,
the vast leer of our Morris chair,
the desolations of Caruso on the console,
the ache
of Maxfield Parrish's blue dawn
above a five-foot shelf of books,
glassed in.
Why was she crying?
Where did she hurt?
Shrunk in the threat
of something still more awful
than the oven eyes
of grizzlies,
chained,
snarling, to a pole,
that wanted to get at me,
I lay, eyes shut, awake.
"He's not asleep."
Her sob
broke like a bubble on a pink geranium.
"He's a good actor. Jack, see what you can do."
Shoshonis gobbling at the sight of him,
Buffalo Bill,
that worn-out hero of your one-man repertoire,
skirmished across my bed.
What a brute!
I think you thought so too.

IV

Father,
what do I do with years
still hovering like a castle quarried to its floors,
wrapped,

piece by piece in burlap,
stacked away
in some red warehouse just outside of town?
To whom can I show off?
Where now can I talk big?
Blood on my hockey stick,
I limped home
pitifully.
Marbles in my mouth,
I got my message through to Garcia,
& stalked
the dining room for liberty or death.
Erasmus redivivus,
I fell asleep in the encyclopedia.
When you
told your one joke
(Irate Diner: Waitress—what is
this fly doing in my soup?
Waitress: Why—it does look like
the breaststroke, sir.)
I laughed
louder than anyone. I said
your Friday haircut was the cat's pajamas.
I said
So's your old man!
& bit my tongue.
You pondered *The Outline of History*,
you took up golf.
I sulked & fasted,
told my beads,
slammed
out to Mass at dawn.
The simplest form
of tyranny, I learned,
is holiness.
Remember our most delicate of interviews?
I had to know what it was all about;
you had to say.
My eyes outstaring yours—
yours fixed,
first on my saints, all smiles in their blue lights,
then on my 2 for 25¢ photographs
of Bebe Daniels & Ben Lyon,
then on the water-falling tails
of birds of paradise
you'd painted on my walls—
you began
at the beginning, you told it all.
Hushed
by great news, I sat stock-still as,
surfacing
from 20,000 leagues,
you lit a Camel
& then studied it. "Do you think you understand?"
I nodded,
completely in the dark.
That's where I stayed
until,
one morning in a field,
instructed
by a playmate grown up fast,
I thought my head, like a boiled egg,
was sliced off at the top.

V

You couldn't bear it,
yet every June
you'd pack us off, dolls in a box,
to summer in the Maritimes.
"Hon,"
you wrote from the East Side Y.M.C.A.,
"I don't think I can stand it.
I eat
at some dog wagon near the office,
read *Liberty*, take in a show."

Stalled like a whale,
her hawsers loose,
the S. S. Berengaria
lay sidling at the Ocean Terminal.
At noon,
her deck rails lined with duchesses,
she churned the harbor skidding in her bells,
then dropped her tugs
& slid
basso profundo out to sea.

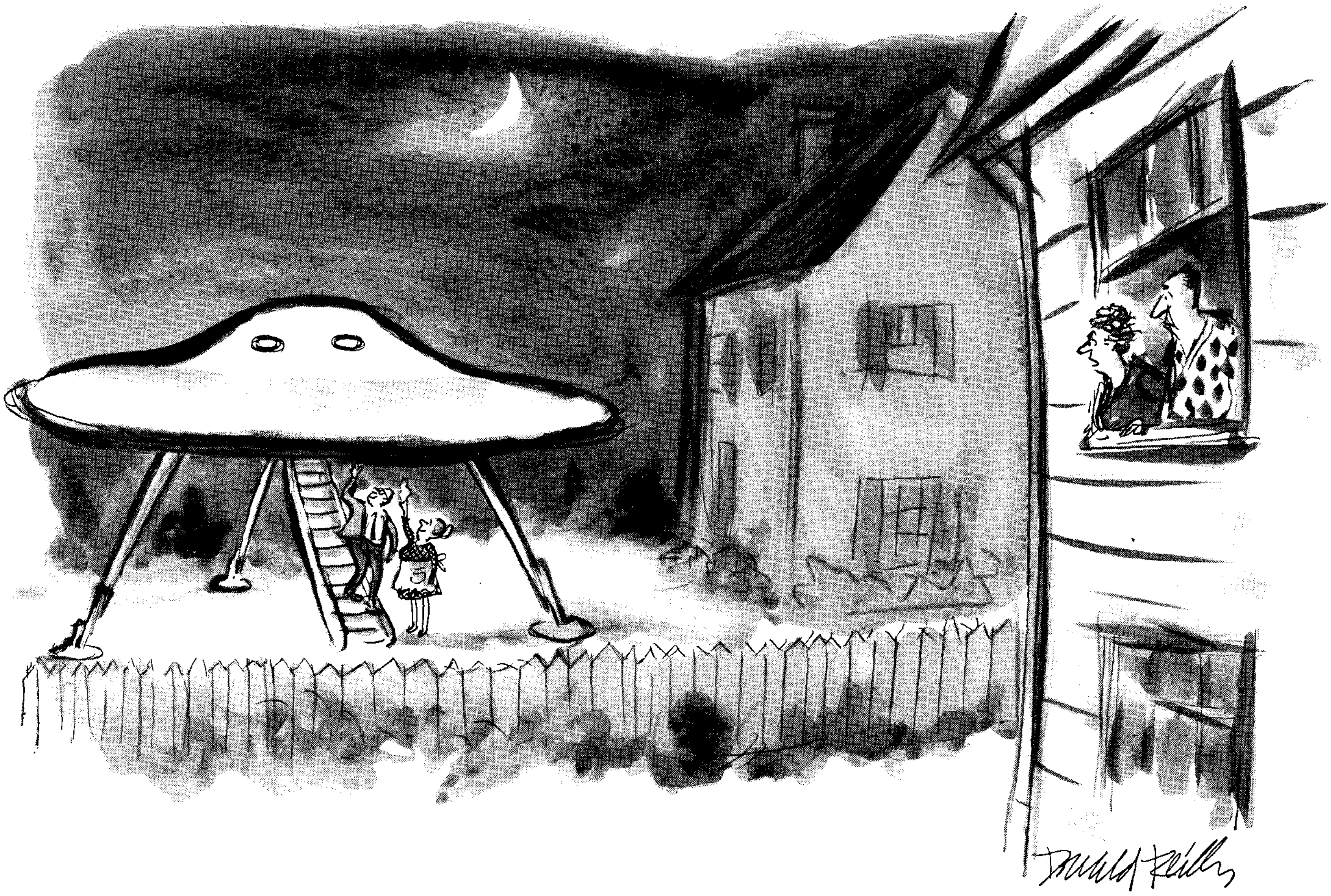
I still
had graves to dig:
a cricket skewered on a pin,
a grasshopper dismantled to its knees.
I put them
side by side,
a few
limp dandelions for one,
purple clover for the other,
a matchstick
cross for each. I had no sympathy.

VI

Up in the smoke of 1929 went your big deal.
Grass withered in the cleats
of your golf shoes.
You closed the office,
hocked your turnip watch,
replaced the lining in your overcoat.
Across a neighborhood of rotting mortgages
you saw your future out of sight.
They even tried to repossess the car!
Thank God,
you still had brushes & a union card.
You climbed a ladder,
you began to paint
a painted desert, streets in Trinidad,
a salmon-colored *auberge* in a forest where,
descending,
weightless,
from a tulip coach,
Lucrezia Bori,
like a walking tent,
embraced the full measure of illicit joy.
Back
in overalls, you made good money
& you grew morose.
What could you do with a kid afraid of heights,
half-crocked on Proust,
tooling a sonnet
on the very day the Tigers clinched the pennant?

VII

Father,
riddle me this:
If I'm not half
the man you were,
what fortune makes you
all I am?



"Oh dear! We'll never hear the end of this."

• •

You gave me your car keys.
I put you on the shelf.
What did you know
of Tzara, Aschenbach, Barbusse?
How could you stomach Hitler & Republic Steel?
Out all night,
my fingers mimeo'd
with U.A.W. strike bulletins,
I made the breakfast nook my drumhead court.
Charged with murder,
you sat still.
Hectored out of conscience, you,
with crypto-fascist nonchalance,
ate two
fried eggs,
a slice of ham,
& dolloped
cream into your coffee. You had to see a man,
you said, about a dog,
then wiped your lips
& handed me a week's allowance.

VIII

Cranking a winch one working day,
your hands went white.
A stippled garden shuddered to the stage.
So much to say,
I couldn't get there fast enough.

Time eats you in that box I bought
next morning in a sort of catacomb
on Jefferson near East Grand Boulevard.

Tailgating your black Packard to Mount Olivet,
lights on,
we ran the lights,
stopped dead
in a charred grove &,
ill at ease,
stood witness
to your last embarrassment.
Traffic with insane
persistence scratched the hedges.
Overhead,
like pterodactyls sitting on the wind,
Ford Tri-Motors snored importantly
& side-slipped home.
Broken at the wrist,
the hand you never shook
hung at my side.
I can't remember—
did the rain hold off?

In your collar box I found
love poems—
Love poems! When had you written them? To whom?
Your heart, you said, it "burned,"
it "yearned."
You said, "You make the winter rains seem glad, my dear.
The sky above me smiles when you are near."

They were so bad I cried.

—John Malcolm Brinnin

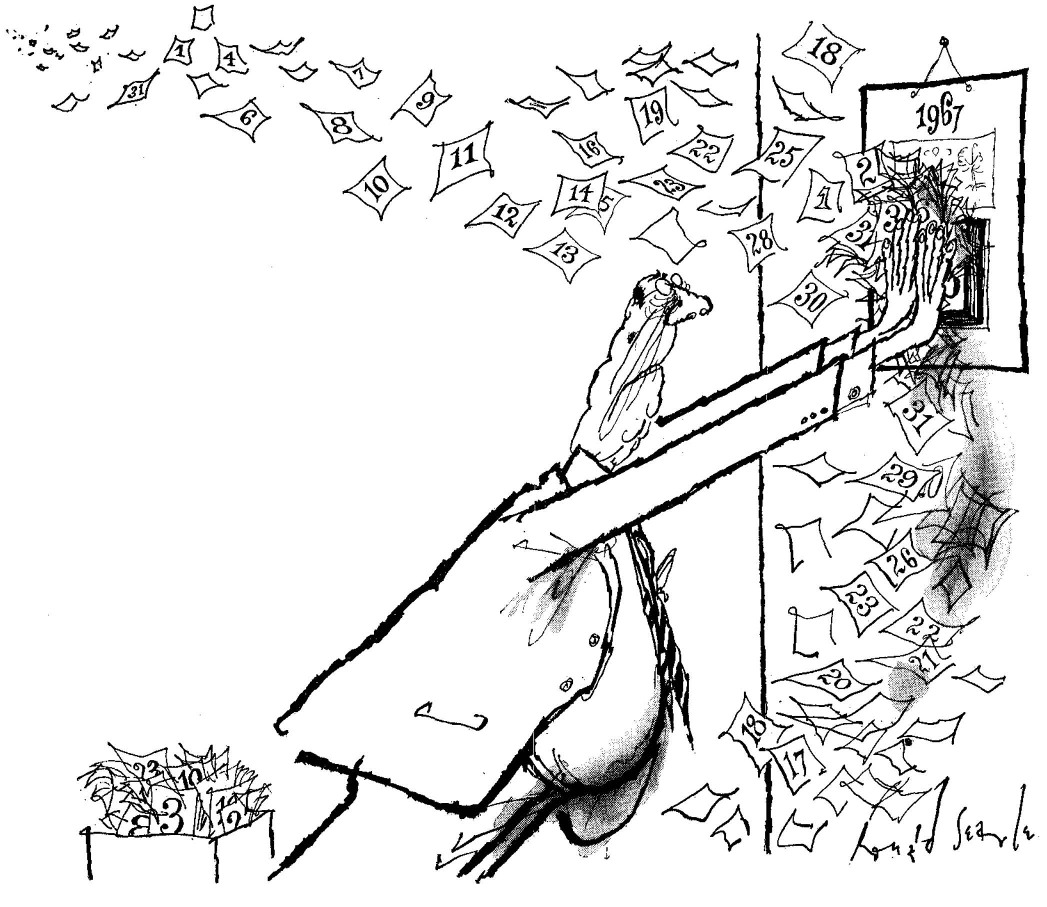
THE DOOR ON WEST TENTH STREET

NIOBE the old black Labrador retriever is going to have a holiday from the city. She is going to Katonah, a distant suburb of New York, where she will have trees, grass, hedges, night-smells of earth, and, at a distance, a road to watch, and passing cars. She will have a house of her own, to guard. There is a field in Katonah where she can run as hard as she likes, and, not far away, a lake where she will swim, holding her head high, pouring herself through the water while her big, heavy old body feels light again and her legs stretch themselves. In the lake in Katonah, Niobe's short, thick, powerful sea legs will stretch themselves until all the dull constriction of city sidewalks and city streets crumbles away from her webbed paws and from inside her muscles. Her legs will become sleek again and they will do what they like, sending her through the water at exquisite speed, so that the people watching her think, Why would anybody want to go faster than Niobe, and how can anybody bear to go more slowly than she goes when she swims?

Niobe is a changeling, anxious to please, but water is her element, and when she swims she becomes herself, a solitary reveller with a big, serious, courageous head and a store of indifference that make it seem sometimes that she might never come back to land. She always comes back, shaking herself so that the water springs off her and her fur stands up in spikes. And after shaking she stands for a minute, staring about her with the mad cousinly friendliness of her true cousin, the dolphin. She is ready for anything. At that moment, wet and rakish from her swim, Niobe seems to have travelled to earth from a far distance—from the bottom of the sea, twenty thousand fathoms down, where the Fish King has his court. The Fish King never speaks, not even to say "Now" or "At once." His words are made of thunder and they reverberate at his will. Great sounds issue from him—sounds of wrath, sounds of mirth, and sounds of hunger. But he never speaks. He sits in oceanic silence under an immense floating canopy that is really an upturned lake of fresh clear water, and in its blue depths and shallows small green flowers and silver goldfish play games with the sunlight that was trapped in the water on the day the lake was stolen—a Monday in Norway, centuries ago. Niobe has seen the Fish King and his canopy, and she knows his palace guard of dignified young whales, and the thousand sequined mermaids who are his dancing girls. She was at home with them, and she is at home with us. She has seen everything. It is written in her face, in her sad, bright eyes. There is hardly anything she does not know, except when to stop eating. Her true memories are ancestral—they haunt her sleep. In daily life, the compromise she makes is wholehearted, but there is nothing in it of acquiescence. Housebound, she remains herself. She is a dog.

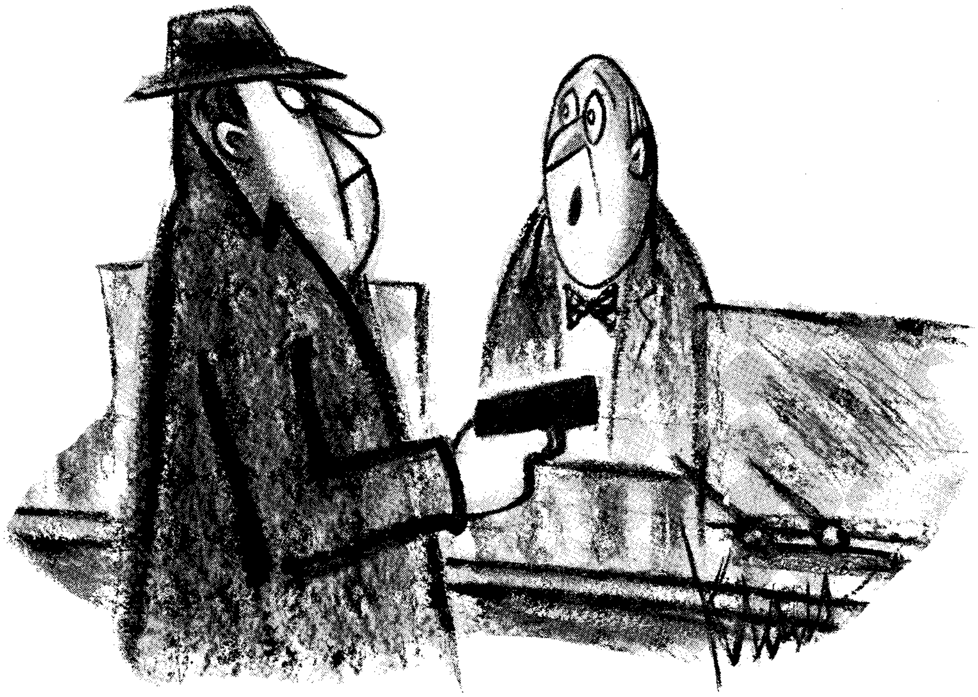
But today Niobe is going to the country. She is going to Katonah, where her big, hungry nose will find something to smell besides concrete and stone and lampposts, and gutters that seem interesting but that always prove unresponsive in the end. Niobe does not know that her leash is going to be put away for a month. To her, this is an ordinary day, and it starts as usual in her Greenwich Village apartment. She rouses from her sleep on the bedroom floor, on a dark, flowery carpet that is thin and worn to pale string in spots—a length salvaged from the acres of carpeting that once covered the lobbies and stairs of one of those majestic old New York hotels that disappeared last year, or the year before, or the year before that. The carpet smells of Niobe's sleep and of the cats' sleep and of the vacuum cleaner, but that is all. There are no memories in it, no echoes of country grass and leaves and earth, no bits of sand, no woodsmoke, no pine needles, nothing of the house by the ocean in East Hampton, where Niobe lived for most of her life. This is an apartment carpet, anonymous, warm, comfortable, and dull. No field mice ever ran across it, flying for their lives from the cats; no field mice, no moles, no chipmunks, no baby rabbits. Once a regiment of tiny black city ants marched across it and disappeared into the wall. And once an enormous black water bug hurried out of the bathroom and across the carpet in the direction of the kitchen. And a soft, pale-green caterpillar, a visitor from nowhere, crawled timidly about in the dark foliage of the old carpet for a little while before he curled up to die. But that is all. It is a poor, boring carpet, and Niobe yawns when she wakes up, ignoring it. She stands and stretches and looks about her, showing she is ready for her walk.

Niobe's walk takes her around Washington Square, and as she passes the doorman of the big apartment house on the corner he grins and says, as he does every morning, "Hello,



Old-Timer." Niobe is nearly eleven years old, and her young, original, shining black face is disguised by a dusty mask of grey hairs, grey eyebrows, grey muzzle, and long grey jaws. The mask makes her comical, and people smile when they see her and say, "Oh, my, that's an old dog." People walking behind her smile, too, because, although her thick, heavy tail is still coal black, her behind is grey and it waggles importantly as she goes along. But however she goes, trotting, cantering, plodding, or simply dawdling, she always looks what she is—a dog out of water, not at ease in the city but putting up with it very well. She is amiable, although not particularly obedient, and she accepts her leash and makes her way, leading with her strong, wide-set shoulders and getting all she can out of this strange world where she has to behave like a clockwork dog who can go only in squares, circles, and straight lines. And she searches. She keeps looking for a black door in a little white house on West Tenth Street. Twice on her walks she happened on that door and refused to pass it, struggling to get into the house and even barking once, but for weeks now, for months, she has not seen it.

The house belongs to a man who took Niobe to Montauk for six weeks last summer, and when she sees the door on West Tenth Street she knows what lies behind it—a cliff dropping into the Atlantic Ocean. Niobe loves that cliff, which gave her a wild dash to her morning swim and, on her way back, countless difficult crannies to dig and burrow into. The house on West Tenth Street looks like a real house, and no one passing it would dream that all of Montauk lies behind it—the cliff, the sand, and the ocean. Everything worthwhile is there behind that door, which Niobe knows is closed only to hide the sea from dogs who are not going there. She has not seen that door for a long time now, but she has not lost hope. She watches for it. She looks for it everywhere, on all the streets east and west of Fifth Avenue, and along Fifth Avenue, and along University Place, and on Fourth Avenue, and on Seventh Avenue, and on little Gay Street and on Cornelia Street and even on Bleecker Street, behind the stalls of vegetables and fruit, but she is never confused into thinking that a strange door is the door she wants. There is only one door on West Tenth Street and she will know it when she sees it again.



"I'm not money. I'm lottery tickets."

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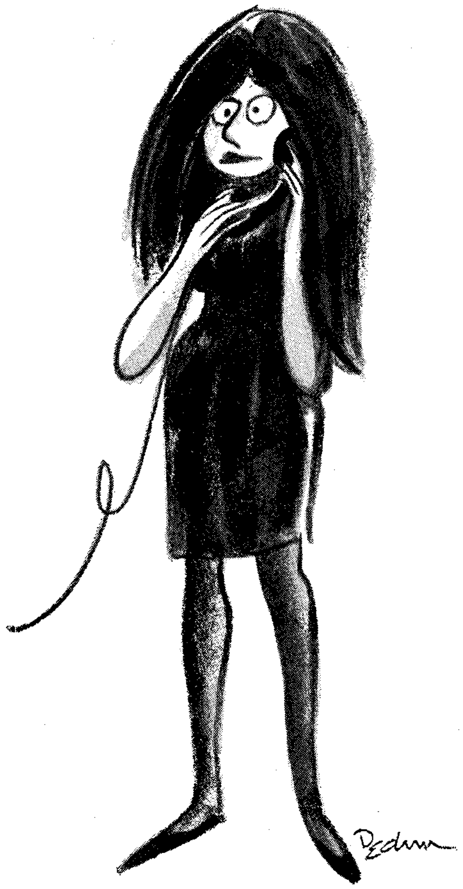
EVEN in the city, Niobe had adventures. As she walked around Washington Square Park one morning, she came alongside a very, very old man sitting alone on one of the benches that line the paths around the grass. He was more than old, he was ancient, and although it was a glowing day, Indian summer, he was warmly dressed in an overcoat and a muffler and a crumpled grey hat, and he wore laced boots, and his hands were clasped together on his walking stick, and his eyes were closed. Niobe passed very close to him, and he may have heard her dramatic breathing as she pressed on in her pursuit of the Atlantic Ocean (hiding behind that door on West Tenth Street, so near, but where?), because he opened his eyes and saw her. He didn't smile, but he looked at her. "Hello, Snowball," he said, thoughtfully. "How are you doing, Snowball?" Then he closed his eyes again and went on sitting by himself in the warm sun.

Another time Niobe found a dead sparrow lying at a grass corner in the center of the Square, where the fountain is. (Where the fountain *was*. It has been dry for a long time.) The sparrow, no bigger than a withered leaf, lay on his side, with his wings folded and his legs close together. He was a very neat little dead body. A wild bird, his fate was strange anyway—to share a shabby city park with hungry, watchful pigeons, big fellows. How old had he been when he learned to dash in among them and grab his crumb? He must have been strong and clever to survive to his full size. His cleverness was finished now, and the story of his life was not even history—it was a big mystery that he had never known anything about, and that was wrapped about him now as he lay by the grass. He lay there, with the secret of his nature in open sight for anybody to look at; but only to look at, not to touch, not really to see, never to understand. He was a sparrow, whatever that is. Samuel Butler said life is more a matter of being frightened than of being hurt. And the sparrow might have replied, "But Mr. Butler, being frightened hurts."

Niobe looked at the sparrow, and then she sat down and began to contemplate him. There was nothing to smell, but the light breeze blowing from the south, from Sullivan Street, touched a loose feather and it stood up and waved, a tiny flag the color of dust. That was all. It was quite otherwise with the mighty pheasant, an emperor pheasant, Niobe found dead on the beach in East Hampton one autumn morning, her third autumn by the ocean, years ago. That was an unearthly morning—one mislaid at the beginning of the world and recovered in East Hampton under a high and massive sky of Mediterranean blue. An Italian sky, a young and delighted ocean, a blazing sun; and far away on the white sand something crimson that caught the wind. The wind was so new that it blew cold, in its first rush across the world, but the air was soft. The pheasant's head and body were almost buried in the powdery sand, but he had fallen with his wings wide open, and one of them slanted up to make a wedge of color in the air.

That autumn morning was early in November—the time of year when millions of small stones appeared in flattened wind formations at intervals along the lower part of the beach, where the sand is hard and flat near the water's edge. Some of the stones are as big as walnuts and some are as small as grains of rice, and they lie tightly packed, a harsh sea fabric, while their faint colors—ivory, green, silver, coral—are always vague, almost vanishing, always about to dissolve into the stone. Niobe used to race along the beach until she was almost out of sight, and at that distance, far away, she became a big black insect with four waving legs and a waving tail and wings that were either transparent or folded. Because it was impossible that a creature who skimmed so confidently and at such speed across the sand and in and out of the water and along the top of the dunes should not also be able to fly up and away and out to sea, with the seagulls. The seagulls detested Niobe and flew off screeching with irritation whenever they saw her hurrying toward them. They stood in a long single line, staring at the water, and waited until she came close to them before they took flight. Their feet left a delicate tracery of pointed marks, a Chinese pattern, in the clean wet sand. Niobe's big paws made untidy holes in the sand, and sometimes troughs, and even when she did make a recognizable paw mark it was indistinct and awkward, not to be compared with the delicate seagull imprint. She had attacks of wanting to dig in the sand, and then she dug as frantically as a dervish looking for a place to whirl. She loved to chase her ball into the ocean. She had a succession of balls—red, green, blue, and white, and sometimes striped, but one by one they drifted out to sea while Niobe stood at attention on the shore and watched them go. She knew the power of the big waves, and how they hurled themselves so far down into the sand that they were able to drag it out from around her legs.

After Christmas, when the storms began, the beach was whipped and beaten into bleak terraces—long ranges of sharp sand cliffs descending from the dunes to a struggling, lead-colored sea that foamed into mountains against the sad sky, while the seagulls screamed their warnings all day long. One day in January, Niobe received a present from the grocery shop of an enormous bone, a bone of prehistoric size and weight, a monumental thighbone with great bulging knobs at each end. She took hold of the bone at its narrowest place, in the middle, but even so she had to open her big jaws to their widest and her head was pulled forward by the bone's weight. She straightened up and carried the bone from the kitchen to the lawn in front of the house, where she placed it on the frozen grass and looked it over tenderly before she started to attack it. Two seagulls appeared out of the fog and circled about not far above her, watching for a chance at the bone, and the day was so strange that the seagulls seemed to speak as natural claimants for the fog that was taking possession of the house. It was a dark-white day under a lightless sky and the view was ghostly. The small grove of trees at the end of the driveway had become a dim outpost, and to the left of the house, toward the ocean, there was nothing to be seen except shapes formed by the fog. Outside the house only the two seagulls and Niobe with her bone had substance. The fog reached the windows as the afternoon wore on, and night came to find the house shrouded, lost, hidden, invisible, abandoned except by the ocean, which filled each room with the sound of eternity, great waves gathering themselves for the clash with earth and darkness. Niobe had been in and out of the house all day. About seven in the evening she cried to be let in, but when the door was opened to her she backed away from the light and was immediately lost except for her face, a thin grey mask with imploring eyes looking out of the fog. Her eyes were pleading, not for permission to come in but for permission to bring her bone into the house. She vanished and reappeared a minute later, a transparent dog face that held in its ghostly jaws the great bone, which glowed phosphorescent, while beyond it four round diamonds flamed suddenly—two of the cats returning from their usual night-watch. There was no moon that night; no moon, no stars, no clouds, no sky, no real world—only the little house settling slowly into its place in safest memory, guarded by the silence that poured out of the voices of the waves.

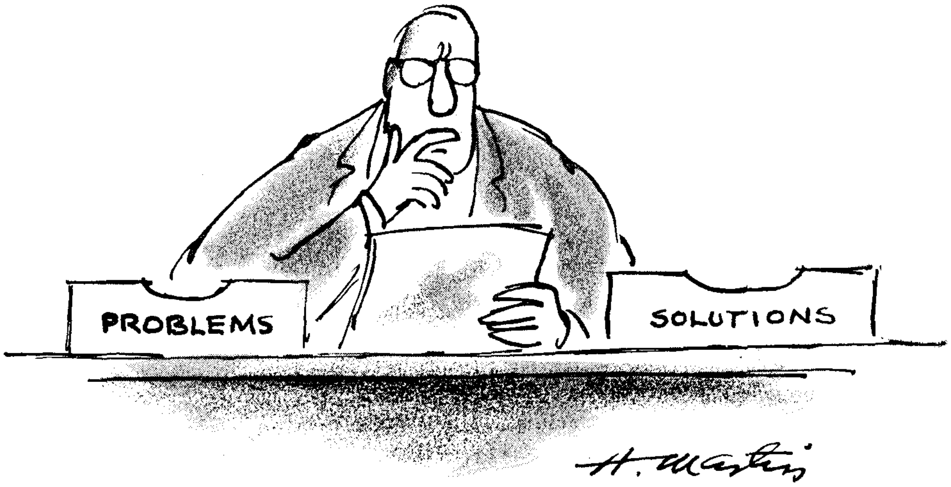


"The Master Ramachandra is on vacation. Concentrate on your breathing, meditate, pay your dues. This is a recording."

The lawn in front of the house belonged to Niobe. In the summer she stretched herself out on it to bake, and in the winter when the snow was very deep she played boisterously in it, rocking and leaping and plunging, a dolphin again. The lawn was separated from the emerald acres of a famous golf course only by a thin line of trees, and from her place near the house Niobe could see the public road and the cars passing along there, going south to the beach or north to the village. Sometimes a car turned into her driveway and then she ran forward to welcome it. During her early days in the city she was surprised to find so many cars and all so close to her, parked along the sides of all the streets where she walked, and at first she thought they were all friends and she used to notice each car, and smell it, and look to see if there was a place in it for her. She soon discovered that in the city cars had no connection with her, and she stopped expecting anything from them, although it made her very restless to see a dog looking out of a car window, because she could not help hoping that somebody would offer her a ride, even a short ride, anywhere. Away from home, that is where Niobe dreamed of being, when she saw dogs in cars, and when she watched for the house on West Tenth Street. Away from home, that is where Niobe wanted to be.

ONE afternoon, just before the start of her holiday in Katonah, her walk took her a long way west, to Hudson Street and the walled garden of St. Luke's Chapel. It was a cool afternoon, with thin sunlight, and a complicated country fragrance drifted across the walls of the old garden and through the bars of the garden gate. Niobe put her nose to the gate and smelled. She could see the big, old-fashioned garden, fading in autumn, and she smelled leaves, grass, and earth. Niobe smelled fresh earth. Somebody in the garden was digging.

In secret places in the neighborhood of her house in East Hampton Niobe used to bury her best bones. They were her treasures, and she knew they were still where she had left them, safely hidden, waiting for her. She smelled earth now, the same old earth, but she could not get into the garden because the gate was closed, and locked. There was a lady in the garden, walking near the gate, and Niobe wagged her tail, but the lady didn't see her, or didn't want to see her. Niobe stopped wagging, and two or three minutes later she turned from the gate and went around the corner onto Christopher Street. And there, as she walked west on Christopher Street, Niobe saw a vision. She saw the public road that cuts through the golf course in East Hampton, with the cars passing each other, going north and south, just as they always did. She was looking at the West Side Highway, which is cut out of the air around it just as the road in East Hampton is cut out of the green golf course. All she really saw was cars moving *in the distance*. It was months since Niobe had seen cars at a distance, and the distance between where she was on Christopher Street and the elevated highway was much the same as the distance between her old lawn in East Hampton and her old view of the golf course. Everything was happening at once. Her head was still full of the smell of new earth, and she was seeing her view again, and now she smelled, very close to her, the Hudson River. The river did not smell like the Atlantic Ocean, but Niobe knew she was walking toward water, big water. Perhaps she was going to have a swim. Her ears went up and she began to hurry, pulling on her leash. But then she turned another corner and found herself back in the same old concrete quadrangle, walking her geometrical city-dog walk, with only miserable lampposts to tease her starving nose. In her disappointment Niobe lost her temper and charged furiously across the sidewalk to threaten a five-pound nuisance, a miniature white poodle who yapped rudely at her, and who stood like a hero on his four tiny paws and glared up at her until she was dragged away, seventy pounds of raging disgrace.



Poor Niobe. She is being made foolish in her old age. She would like to go swimming, show them all what she can do. She would like to go swimming, show them all what she really is. She would like to dig up a bone. She would like to go for a ride in a car. She would like to find that door on West Tenth Street. Most of all, she would like to get away from Home. Yes, she would very much like to get away from Home, who now marches along behind her, holding her leash.

Home speaks: "Good Niobe. Good Dog. Nice Walk. Good Niobe."

Home's voice is consoling, but Niobe can't be bothered to listen. Niobe is sick of Home, who holds her on a leash and won't let her go anywhere or do any of the things she wants to do.

"Good Niobe," Home says.

Niobe begins to go faster and now it is Home's turn to be dragged along, hanging on to the leash. Home protests angrily.

"Stop it, Niobe," Home says. "Bad Niobe. Bad Dog. *Bad.*"

Niobe doesn't care. She begins to speed.

Home shouts, "*Bad, bad!*"

Niobe is pulling so hard that her chain collar hurts her throat but she only goes faster and faster. Disappointment and boredom have turned her into a fiend, and all she wants is to get as far as she can from Home.

BUT that was several days ago. Today, Niobe is going to Katonah for a holiday in the country. The car comes at twelve, as it promised to do. Niobe is led out of her apartment house on her leash, just as though she was going for her ordinary walk. But then the car door is opened and Niobe leaps into the back seat. She is mad with joy. She tumbles over herself and tries to tumble into the front seat, but as soon as the car starts off she quiets down and sits looking out through the window at the streets she is leaving. She is trembling with happiness. She makes no sound, but her eyes are shining with adoration for everything she sees—for the streets, and for the car she is in, and for the driver of the car, and for Home, who sits beside her in the back seat. Yes, Niobe is going away from Home, and Home is going with her. Niobe turns her head from the window and looks at Home, who is smoking a cigarette and smiling. "Good Niobe," Home says, and Niobe stretches herself out on the seat and puts her head in Home's lap. "Good Niobe," Home says. Niobe sighs and half closes her eyes. Her tongue comes out and she licks her lips. She settles herself for a long ride. The wheels of the car go round and round and they sound as though they might keep going forever and ever. —MAEVE BRENNAN

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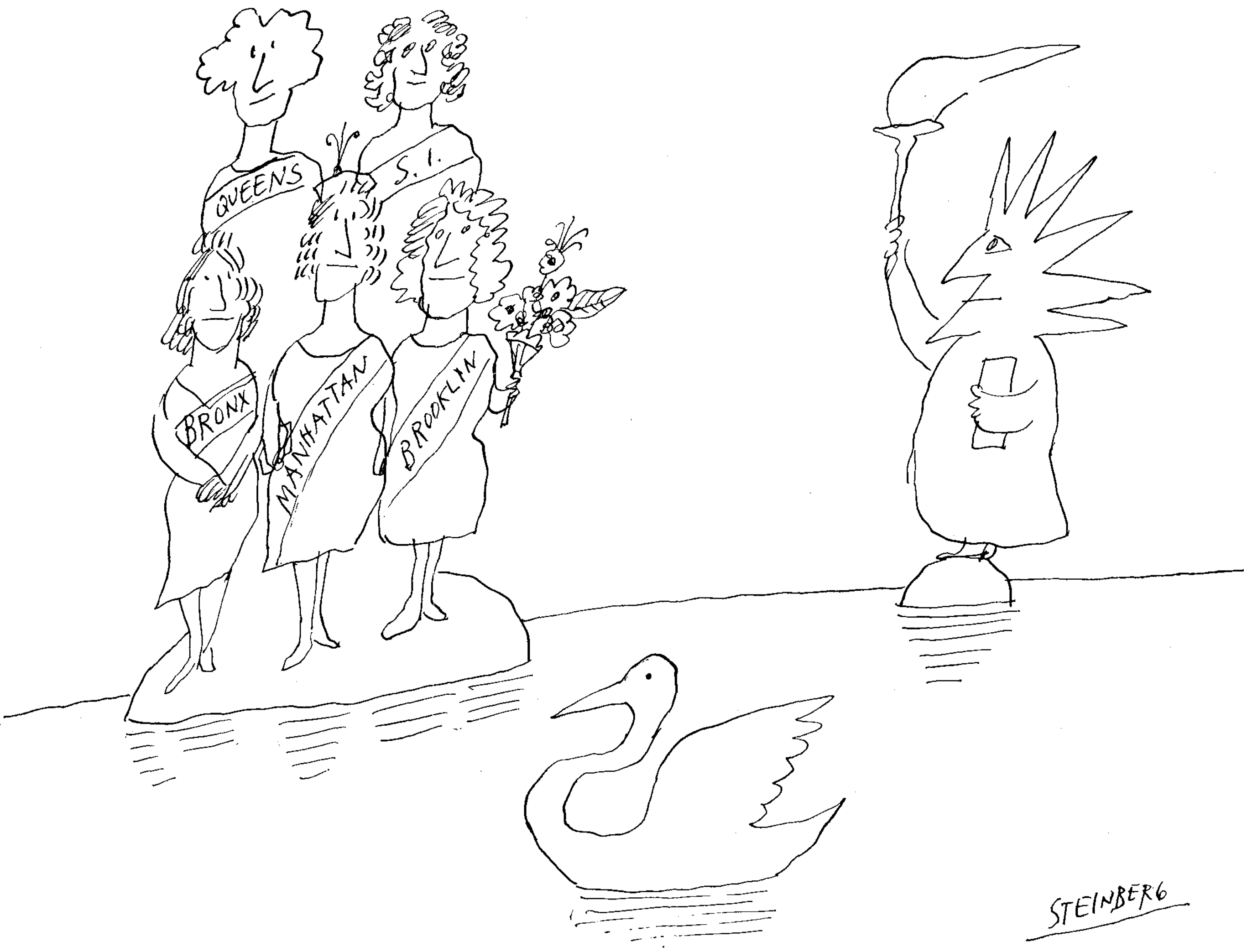
O'Leary said the expected "modest profit" from the sale of drinks will have a fringe benefit for early-morning passengers, who get no breakfast on Mohawk flights. Now they probably will get a gun with their coffee, tea or milk, he said.
—*Binghamton* (*N.Y.*) *Press.*

Helps brush the cobwebs away.

PROFILES

THE MAYOR—I



I PAID my first call on the one-hundred-and-third Mayor of the City of New York early on a Monday morning toward the end of February, 1966, at the start of his term. During John Lindsay's seven years as a congressman, I had seen him often, sometimes when he was under considerable stress, and I had been impressed by his resiliency. But never before in his political life had he experienced such persistent turmoil as he had during his first few weeks as Mayor—there had been a transit strike, opposition from many quarters to the plans he had advanced for reorganizing city agencies, sharp criticism of some of his appointees, and a growing awareness nearly everywhere that the city's financial problems were so severe as to make new taxes inevitable. There had also been difficulties with the press. The dry humor and spontaneity that had characterized Lindsay's relationship with most reporters in the past were absent from the interviews with the new Mayor that I saw on evening television news programs. In those, he usually looked taut. And I had been told that City Hall reporters were referring to him as Mr. Clean, Captain Marvel, Sir Galahad, and Prince Valiant.

At a quarter to nine, I walked into the Mayor's office in City Hall, a high-ceilinged room with white walls, red carpets, and red draperies on tall, arched windows. The day was gray and damp outside, but the room was warm and cheerful. A crystal chandelier with six globes was lighted, and so were two brass lamps on the Mayor's large Federal desk. The Mayor, sitting in a black leather chair behind the desk, also looked bright, and not nearly as tense as I'd expected.

"All I need is a good night's sleep once a week or so," he said, with a smile. "And on weekends, especially, I try to get some exercise. Mary and I played tennis last night at the Heights Casino in Brooklyn. It's canvas stretched on wood. *Very* fast courts."

Several small lights on his telephone were flashing on and off while he spoke. As fast as a secretary in the outer office deflected a call, it seemed, another took its place. He glanced at the phone, ran his right hand through his hair, which is dark blond, and stretched out his legs. "Two things I've found the hardest to get used to. One is the goldfish-bowl life here. You can't go to the bathroom without being observed. There's no such thing as a private conversation or a private visit. You're being watched all the time. But even more surprising—if that's the word—is the immense collection of relatively small things that zero in on the Mayor. And that's because of the absence of coördination and planning that had become chronic here." There was a note of exasperation in his voice as he went on, "It's all Scotch-Taped together. I find decisions have been made in the past by various personalities and often the rest of the municipal structure hasn't known anything about them. So when I look to find out who agreed to what, there's no record. In a sense, I suppose, that was the only way to do business here, as things have been. The bureaucracy has become so big and insensitive. The way these ninety-nine or so agencies are set up, they're often dealing with fractions of problems, and yet even the fractions sometimes transcend what the agencies' jurisdictions should be. The system is so damn divisive that city departments have to deal with each other almost by treaty. Imagine—three different departments have jurisdiction over paving streets, depending on whether they're in parks or on bridge approaches or in midtown Manhattan. And does it make any sense to you that sick-baby clinics are under the Department of Hospitals, while well-baby clinics are the responsibility of the Department of Health? That's why it's so important to reorganize all this into maybe ten super-administrations, to cut out all this ridiculous overlapping. With each of those ten administrations taking charge of a definite and integrated field, and with clear lines of control and communication, I could know what's going on all the time. And we'd save a lot of money that way, too."

The Mayor leaned back in his chair. "Maybe then I'll get a little more time to think," he said. "We're always battling time. I am avoiding as many luncheons and dinners as I can. A lot of people have been annoyed, because they'd never been turned down before, but I'd rather be working as Mayor than sitting on a dais in a midtown hotel. For me those daises are like the plague. Toward the end, Bob Wagner was making three or four luncheons a day and two or three dinners a night. I don't want to criticize him, but the trouble with Bob was he couldn't say no. And I've cut out a great many of the ceremonial appearances. I send out deputies—and Mary, too, has been handling a lot of that."

The Mayor paused, shook his head affirmatively, and said, "Mary's wonderful. I don't know how she does it—taking care of the children, overseeing the redecoration of Gracie Mansion, and making all these appearances. And at night it's marvellous to have someone with her humor and toughness to share your problems with."

A young assistant to the Mayor came in, consulted with him briefly, and was almost immediately followed by another assistant.

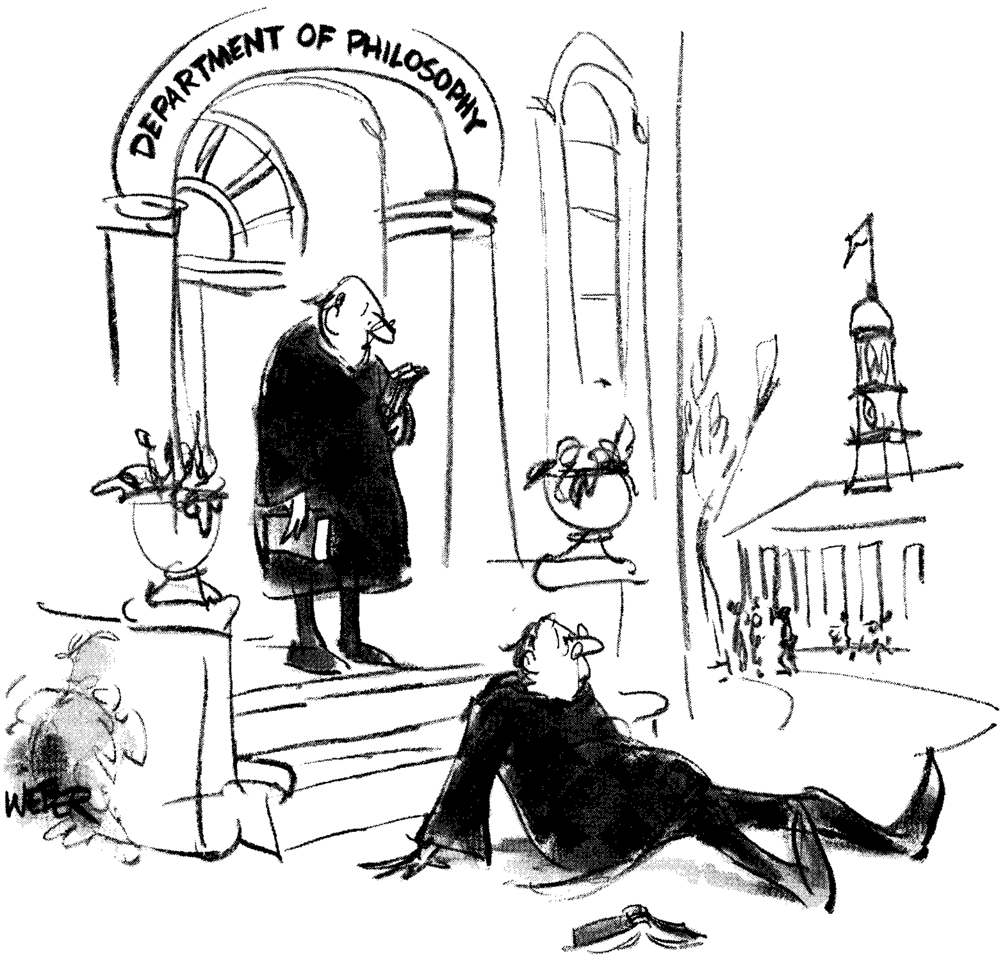
"For all I've been saying about time," the Mayor went on when the second assistant had left, "it's equally important to have enough people with complete access to me so that I can get honest advice and information as things happen. This job is like picking your way through a minefield. But building a staff is so damn frustrating. It takes endless telephoning and a lot of interviewing. I've looked all across the country, and when I do find people I want, some will consider the offer for two or three weeks and then decide they can't come. Their family doesn't want to move, or they'll lose their pension rights. So the looking starts again."

Increasingly as we talked, there were telephone calls that could not be handled by a secretary. As the Mayor alternated between talking on the phone and talking with me, the brightness with which he had begun our conversation gradually gave way somewhat and there were signs of strain on his face. But there was occasional laughter in response to something said to him over the phone, and he often spoke with gusto. "All you have to do is tell me what you want and I'll bash heads together until it's done," he said in the course of one call. "We've got to get *moving!* I think we ought to act like de Gaulle—go in and *do* it, and answer questions afterward."

When he turned back to me after that call, he said, "We have to have *doers*. Sure, you need thoughtful people who understand the depth and complexity of the city's problems, but if they allow themselves to be picked to death by all the competing interests we'll get no place. There'll be no movement. You need doers because there's always such resistance to change. Like my plan for Little City Halls. I'd like thirty-five or thirty-eight of them around the city—places that could be bridges to the city government. Instead of having to come to a variety of departments down here, anybody could go in to one place in his neighborhood and get any questions answered or complaints acted on. It would be like a one-stop seat of municipal services. I *know* people want it. I plug the Little City Halls every time I go to a poverty hearing, and the whole place breaks into applause. And sooner or later we're going to get them. There has to be direct communication between the people and the Mayor. The Mayor is always being blamed for not being in touch with the people's needs and wants, but now that I want to open a direct line, the Borough Presidents and the City Council are against it."

"Perhaps they're afraid the Little City Halls will supersede them," I said.

"Well, I think the City Council will eventually go along with us if it finally understands that in the long run *it* will survive and the Borough Presidents



"That's life."

may not," the Mayor said. He looked at the flashing telephone. "Meanwhile, I'm trying to make the various departments more accessible. Like you can call City Hall at night now and make a complaint that will be followed through on. Before, you couldn't get any answer here that meant anything after four-thirty or five. There's a lot of lonely people in this city, and this way they feel someone is watching over them at night. And I keep checking to find out how people are received on the telephone in all the departments—so we can just get some politeness in the way people are answered. Of course, it's taking some of them a while to get accustomed to my calling."

He laughed. "Two nights ago, around eleven o'clock, I called the Police Department to find out if anyone had been killed or raped or if there had been a major fire. It took quite some time before anyone answered, and then a girl came on.

" 'This is the Mayor,' I said. 'May I speak to whoever is in charge?'

" 'All right, honey, everything's going to be O.K.'

" '*Who is in charge*?'

" 'The sergeant is around somewhere.'

" 'Where?'

" 'I don't know—I can't find him.'

" 'You *find* the sergeant. This is the Mayor on the phone.'

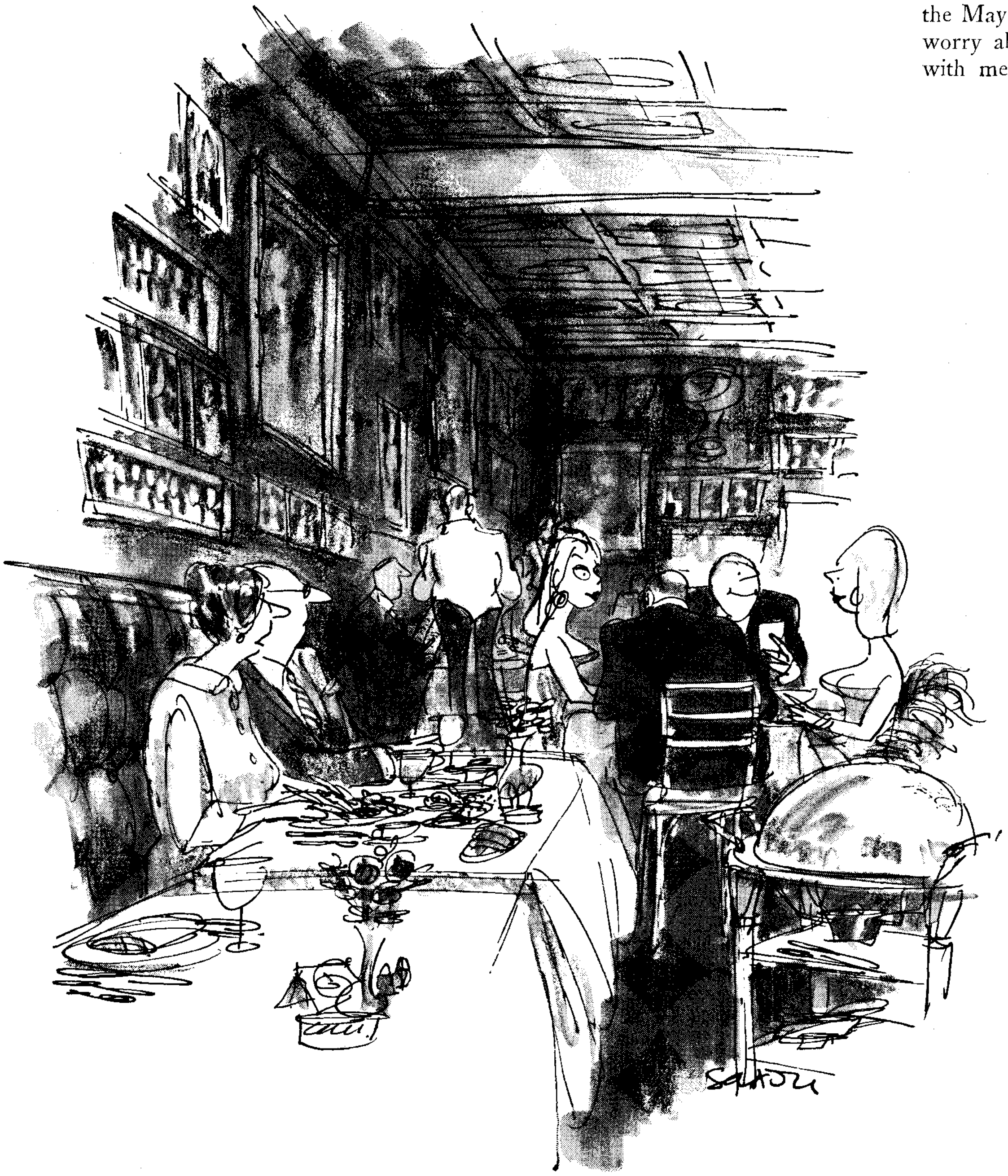
" 'Well, he's busy. He's playing checkers.'

" 'You tell him John Vliet Lindsay, the Mayor, is on the phone and wants to talk to him.'

"Maybe it was the Vliet that shook her up. Anyway, the sergeant finally came. He wasn't sure that I might *not* be the Mayor, so I got the information I wanted. The next day, they gave me a special number to call when I wanted to reach the police, but I told them, 'That doesn't mean that from time to time I'm not going to call the number the public uses, to see how long it takes to get an answer.' And I do. It still takes too long, but it's better."

On a table behind the Mayor's chair I noticed a compact battery of communication devices, including another telephone with rows of buttons. He turned to look at it, too, and grinned. "Let's see whether Henry Barnes is at his desk," he said. With obvious delight, the Mayor pushed a button, and the Traffic Commissioner was on the line almost immediately. The two men talked for several minutes, and at one point the Mayor exclaimed, "Oh, hell, don't worry about that! Just stay in touch with me and there'll be no trouble."

The Mayor was enthusiastic about all his communication devices. "Look at this gadget," he said, pointing to what resembled a very small television set, even smaller than a Sony portable that stood on his desk. "I'm putting all the phone numbers in my personal book into an index attached to it. When I want someone, I get his name on the screen, I push a button, pick up the phone, and he'll be on. And I've got a mobile phone in the car, a two-way radio so that I can talk directly to the office here, and a Sony television set in the car as well as one here. I can even dictate directly to here from the car. I call a certain number, and as I do, the light goes on in the outer office and they know I'm recording. That way, I can answer at least some of the mail while I'm travelling. Including some of the mail that comes in here from the citizenry. I'll often pull out fifteen or twenty of those letters and answer them. Here's one from this morning." He reached into a folder, found the letter he wanted, and read sternly, " 'Sir: The tax rebellion is drawing near. It probably won't lead to shooting, but it will lead to a quiet movement of people and busi-



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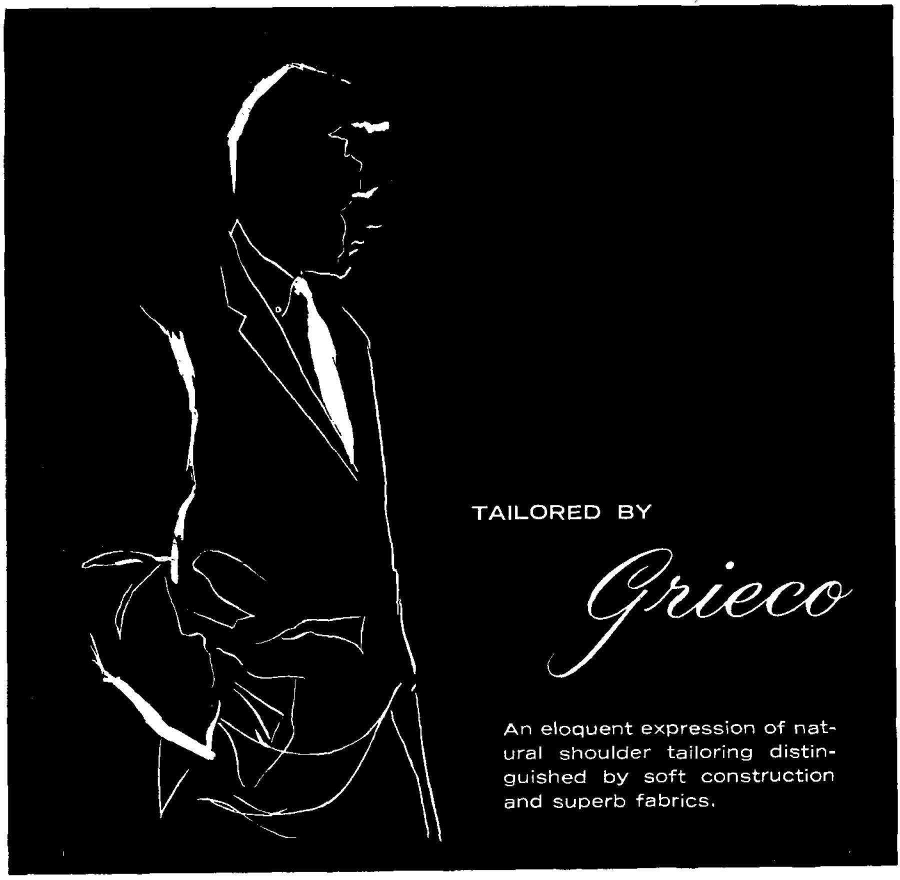
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nesses out of the city. I am unalterably opposed to new taxes.' "

"Aside from that kind of criticism," I said, "how does it feel to open the paper every day with the prospect of reading one or more critical stories and editorials?"

"It's certainly different from my experience as a congressman. Here the press is commenting on you all the time. I've got cold-blooded about it. Well, not entirely. Once in a while, my blood begins to boil a bit. But listen, I figure I'll do my best and that's it. There's no sense getting coronaries about criticism. There's no point lying awake nights about a newspaper story."

There was a call from a commissioner. "Isn't there *anything* we can legally do?" the Mayor asked him in irritation. "You mean we might be battling windmills? . . . Well, keep on it." He hung up.

"That was something the previous administration agreed to that I'd like to undo," the Mayor said. "We find layers and layers of deals. Tom Hoving says he feels like a new cook coming into a kitchen where there's a huge stove on which the old cook left a lot of pots simmering. Every time he picks up a cover, he feels like dropping it down again immediately—the stench is so bad. Some of the contracts that were let out—and not only in the Parks Department—are appalling."

I asked what he thought about the power of his office and how much a Mayor could actually change the way the city is governed.

Lindsay laughed. "As Napoleon said, it's easier to conquer a territory than to hold it. One thing we have to deal with is the colossal depth of the bureaucracy, and the way it has of digging even deeper into old habits—its tendency to say 'You can't do that; it's never been done that way.' And many of the people in the middle echelons of the government are so afraid of taking the responsibility for making decisions, even decisions that just require a little common sense. So the red tape goes on, and so do the delays. That's hard to change, because these people are locked in. The civil-service system needs looking at. You're so limited in the degree to which you can hire and transfer people. Furthermore, so few jobs are exempt from civil-service requirements. In my own office, out of some ninety to a hundred jobs, only about twenty were exempt. Hoving didn't have *one* he could fill without having to go by the civil-service regulations. And so we had to go to foundations to get the

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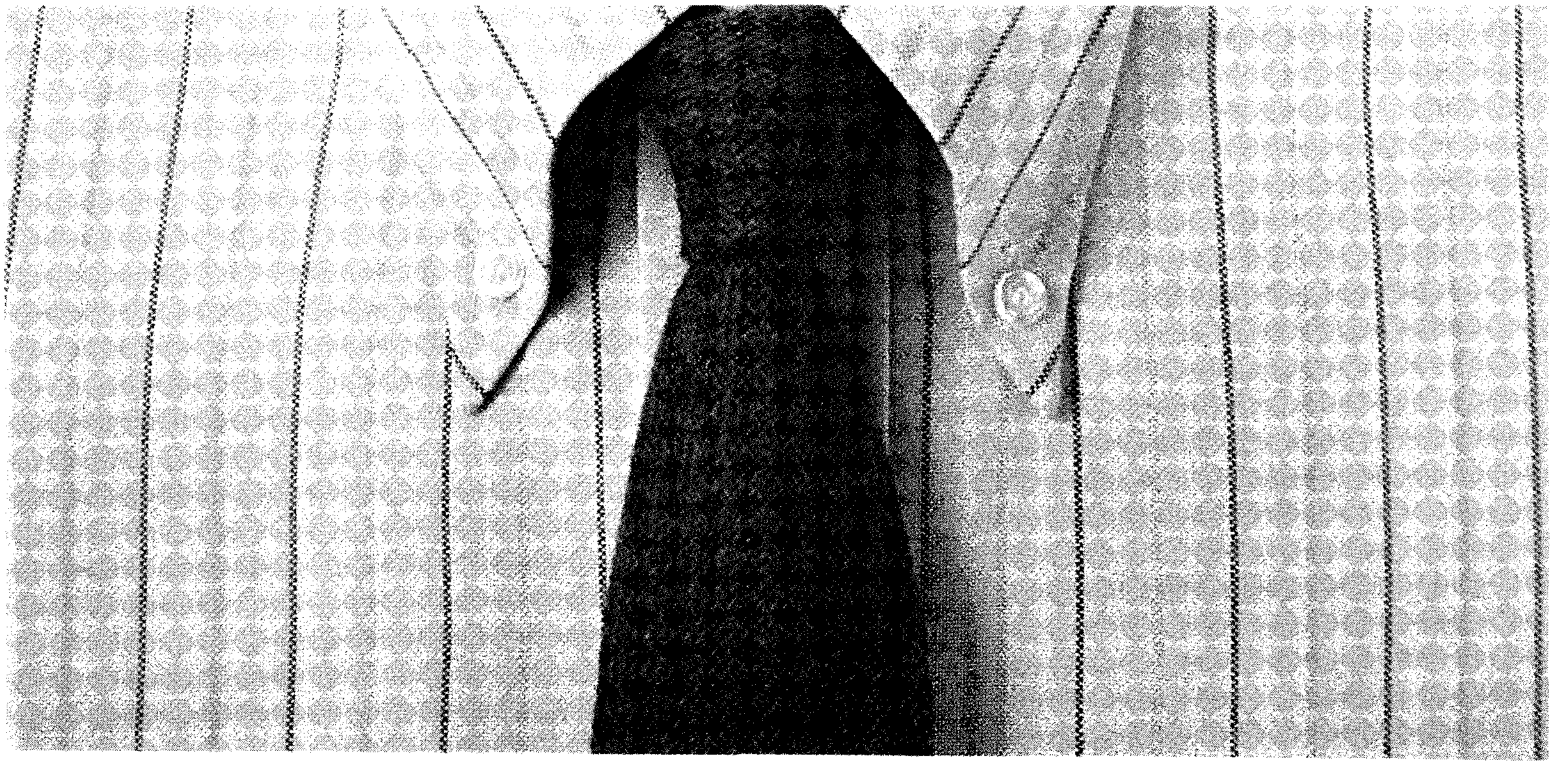

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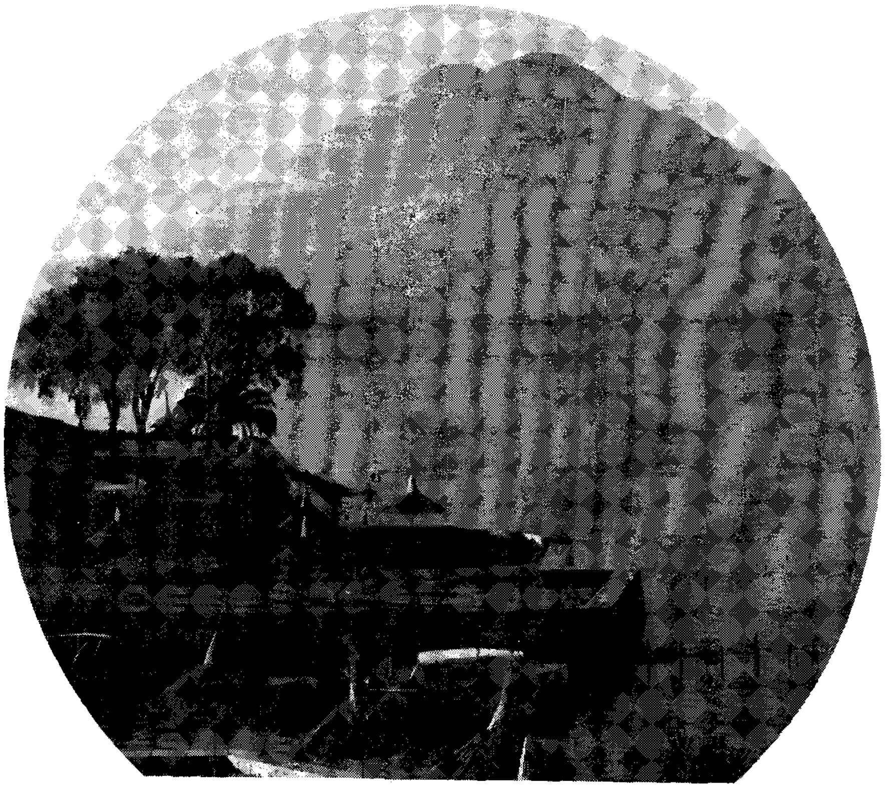
money to hire people we felt we needed but for whom there was no provision under civil service. Eventually, civil service will have to be restructured, and that's a legislative job.

"But meanwhile, by the kinds of appointments I make, by reorganizing the agencies so that things can happen faster, and by trying to make all city employees *want* to work harder and more efficiently, because they feel part of a real attempt at change, I think we can hold the territory and improve it. And one thing I'm sure of. The office of Mayor needs a lot more dignity than it's had in the past. I think the Mayor of New York has usually tended to be kicked around, and he'd accommodate himself to being treated that way by saying yes to everything without delivering. As a result, the Mayors didn't move around with any style. You have to lift the joint up. How? By the way you handle press conferences, for one thing. By the way you use television. By sometimes refusing to say yes, even if it's going to make people angry. The Mayor has to walk a little taller than he ever has before. Look at the Board of Estimate hearings—the way people come in and are literally rude to the Mayor. It's unbelievable. That kind of behavior wouldn't be tolerated anywhere else in the legislative or the executive branches of government. But you can't hammer those people down and tell them to learn some manners. You have to control yourself, be dignified, and be very disciplined about not allowing them too much time. My heavens, if you're arguing before the Supreme Court you're limited to half an hour in presenting a case that could change the nation. We certainly ought to be able to limit speakers before the Board of Estimate. Little by little, we'll bring dignity back to those hearings, but you can't do it all at once."

The Mayor paused, ran his hand through his hair again, and said, "Being Mayor, I'm beginning to realize, involves your having to do three things simultaneously. One, I'm aware of the fact that I'm a public symbol, and therefore must do enough symbolic things that will produce a feeling of leadership. That means being seen around the city. At poverty hearings. Walking in the neighborhoods. At schools—at least once a week, I want to visit a different school or college. Two, I have to resolve the clashes and collisions between people that are constantly going on while I'm also deciding on appointments, budgetary matters, and all sorts of daily problems. Like I had



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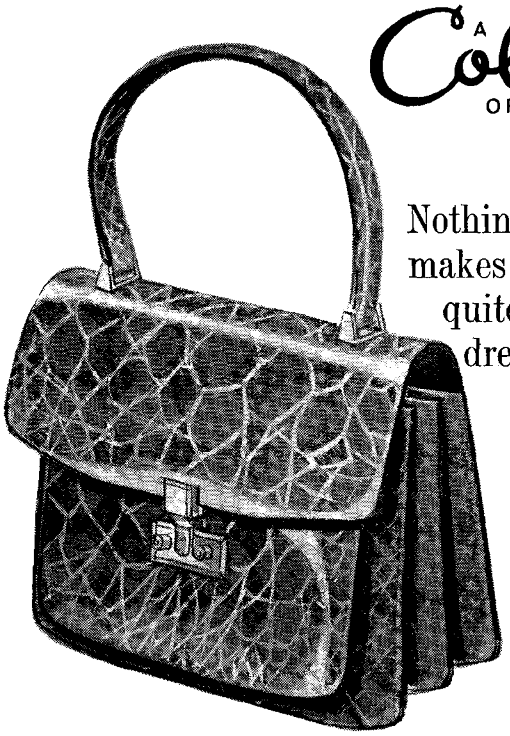

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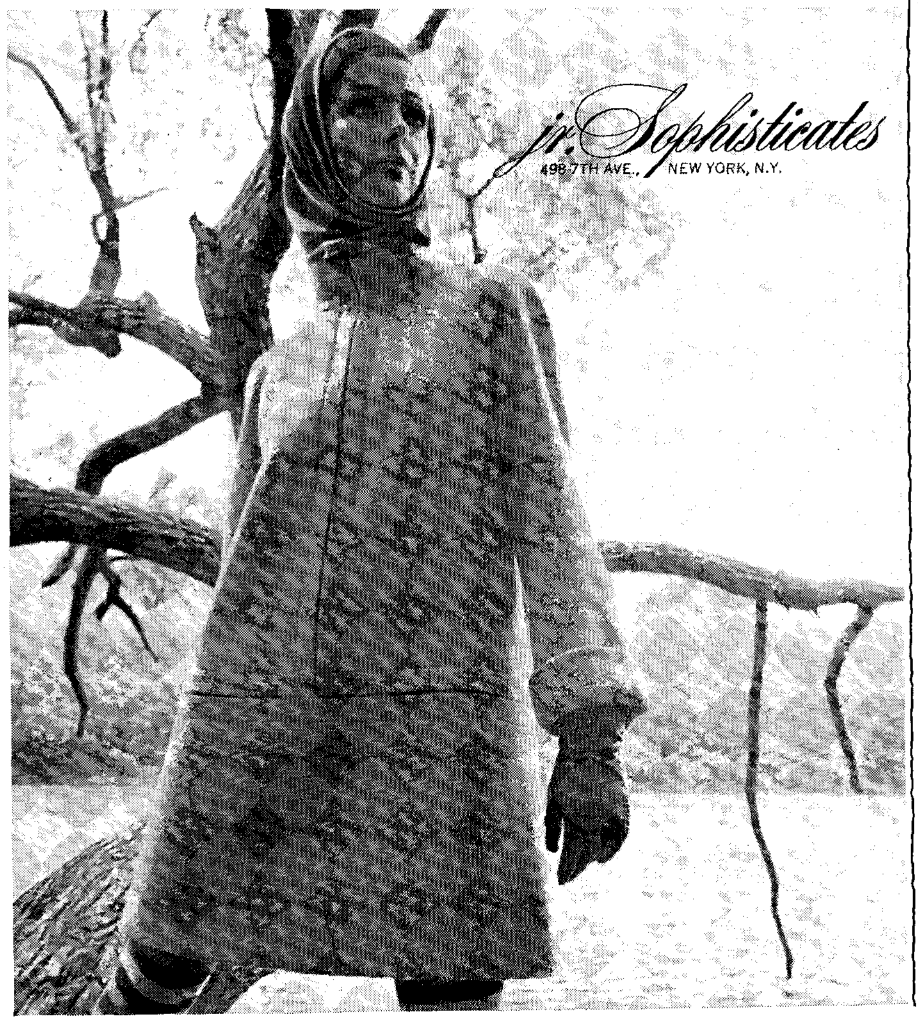
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to get rid of a fireboat the other day. I never had to do anything like that before. Third, there's the matter of developing long-range plans for New York. Where do we go in five years? In ten years? Those three areas of concern are in my mind all the time. They're in my mind early in the morning, as I'm trying to get myself out of bed. Sometimes it's hard to face the day, but once I start—and as long as I keep going—it's all right. There are times when the problems do seem overwhelming, but once I get into them they work themselves out."

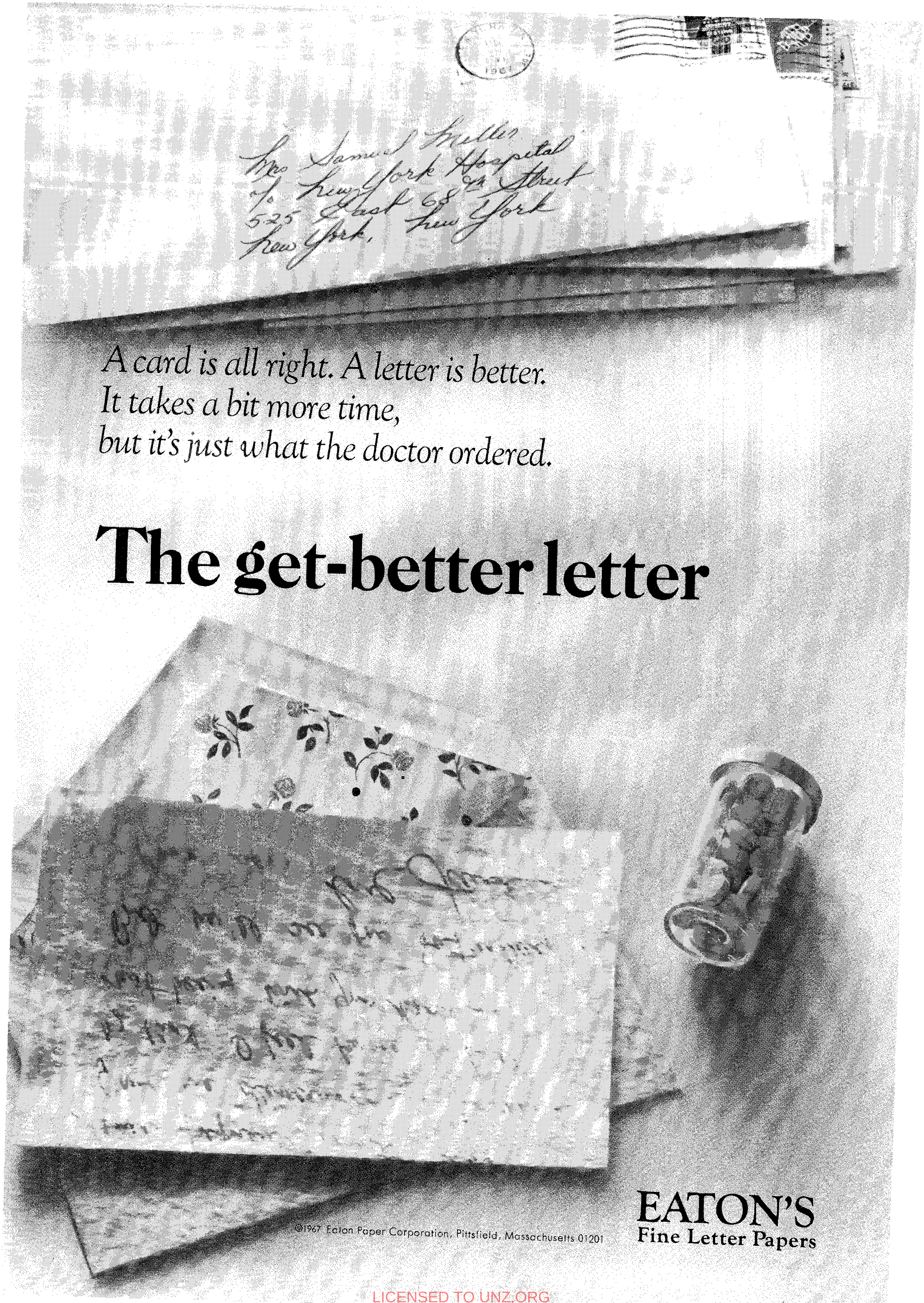
The Mayor stood up. "Since we've been sitting here, I've been feeling today's pressures building. The door opening every once in a while and then closing. The phones flashing like crazy. As soon as you leave, they'll complain I've fallen too far behind. Thank God I've got some wonderful people working for me, who are really moving in their areas."

The Mayor asked about my family, and I asked about his. He frowned and said, "Time. Time is the problem. Last night, Annie, my third child, who's ten, was trying to communicate with me. I just wasn't focussing. She turned to me and said, 'Mr. Mayor, do you hear me?' I felt a little bad. I must have more communication with them. Little snatches of time are all you can do. That, and what can be saved on weekends. And we'll have to get away every once in a while."

The Mayor's secretary, a red-haired woman in her early thirties, came in and told him that Robert Price, who was then a Deputy Mayor, wanted to see him as soon as possible. And she added that there were a number of visitors and a list of calls to return. The Mayor and I shook hands. He looked past me into the outer office, not focussing, and the signs of strain on his face were now quite evident.

The Mayor's office is in the west wing of City Hall, which is separated by a gate from a large rotunda in the center of the building. Out in the rotunda, a dozen men and women were gesticulating in apparent anger at a city detective who stood impassively inside the gate. Heading toward them was Woody Klein, the Mayor's press secretary at that time. He greeted me briefly and said, "Everything that has been wrong with the city they want us to straighten out *now*. Don't they realize this is a new administration?"

FOR the rest of the year and into the next, I followed the Mayor's attempts to hold the territory he had con-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quered and to demonstrate that his was indeed a new administration. I watched the news reports, talked with many of his associates, and had several more conversations with the Mayor himself.

At first, there was considerable confusion. One day early in the Lindsay administration, when a holdover from Robert Wagner's staff was trying to explain to some members of Lindsay's staff the intricacies of the payroll for certain departments—admitting in the process that the names of some people on the list and their functions were unknown to him—Harvey Rothenberg, a mild-mannered man in his forties who had been a full-time shirt manufacturer until he volunteered his services, at a dollar a year, as the Mayor's administrative assistant for appointments, sighed and said, "If I owned this business, I'd sell it immediately."

"I know what you mean," said Barry Gottehrer, a former newspaperman who had become an assistant to the Mayor and whose responsibilities included setting up sports programs for young people. "Eight departments have youth programs, and not one of them knows what the others are doing."

Late in that first winter, I asked Gottehrer what he thought the Mayor's chances were of bringing some order out of the administrative confusion. Gottehrer, an energetic man in his early thirties, looked at the mass of papers on his desk and answered, "Well, one thing I can tell you is that he has the temperament to get things straightened out. I always knew that he wanted to do the right things and that he was good under pressure, but it wasn't until I began working closely with him that I realized how strong he is. The other day, he met with a delegation of Puerto Ricans. They wanted assurances of more policy-making jobs for the Spanish-speaking community. Five were supposed to come, but seventy-five turned up—some of those running the show obviously figured he wouldn't be able to resist that kind of pressure from a minority group so early in his term. But the Mayor made it clear that he was not going to play the game under the old rules. He told them no city job belonged to a particular nationality. If a position could best be filled by a Spanish-speaking appointee, fine, but he wasn't going to be pressured into doing anything he didn't want to do. If he can stand up under that kind of pressure, I think he can deal with the other obstacles to change in this city. Anyway, he's convinced me he has the capacity to get

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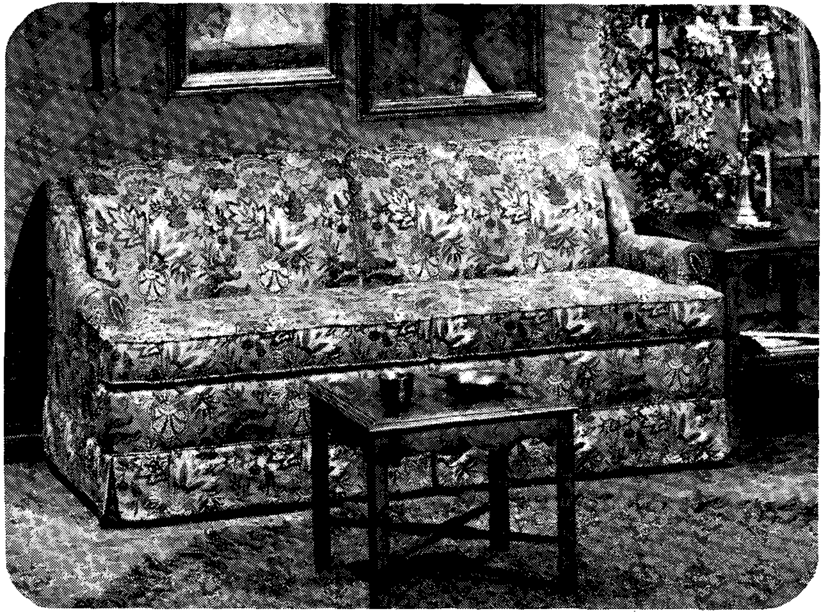

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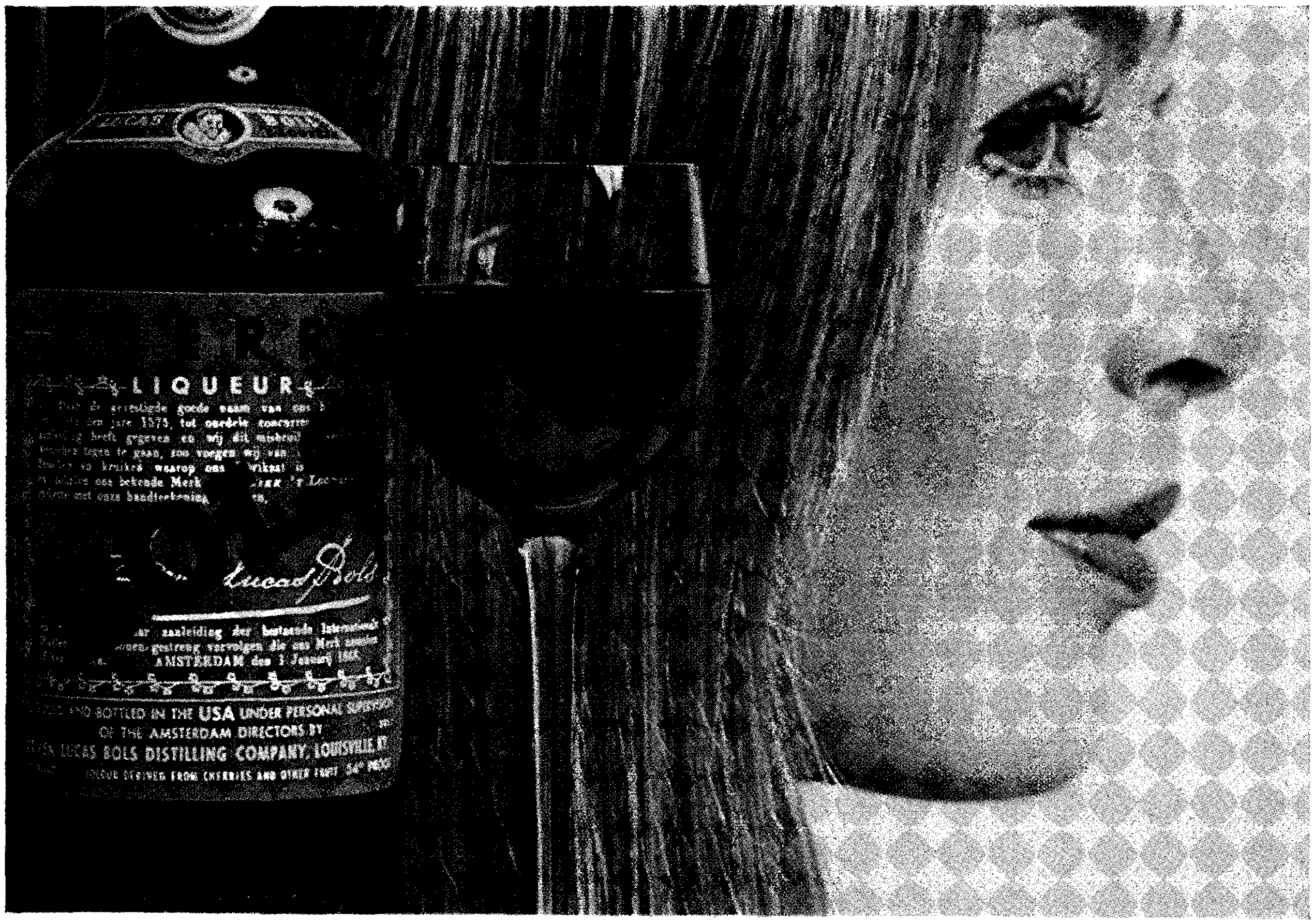
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BEHIND City Hall in the dingy old courthouse that stands there on Chambers Street—it is usually called the Tweed Building, because its construction, begun in 1862 by William Marcy Tweed, entailed considerable profit for him and his colleagues—I had a talk one day with a man who had had long experience as a political reporter in New York. Now on the Lindsay staff, he took delight in telling me, as so many officials had once told him, that anything he said was not for attribution.

"Lindsay's bound to have trouble at first getting used to the hazards of being so damned exposed," my anonymous friend said. "You know, it's not like it is with a governor or senator. *Anybody* feels he has a right to grab the Mayor. And you can't just flick people off, because then you get the reputation of being arrogant. But the biggest hazard is the press. Here's a group of highly critical reporters who know every angle, and they're trying to force a guy stewing over a hundred problems in his head to shoot from the hip. If he does talk off the top of his head on any issue, he can get into a lot of trouble. The other day, we were at the airport and a pushy TV guy wouldn't let up on him. Lindsay didn't shoot from the hip, but he didn't do himself any good by getting angry and stalking away. Later, he asked me how he'd done. I told him there was another way of handling that kind of situation. You look at the guy, you smile, and then you say, 'That's all the comment I have to make.' I'll tell you where else he's bound to have trouble. He's had no experience in Albany—in dealing with the way that legislative scene works. Albany is a rattrap of the worst kind. Its processes are devious, and many of the practitioners of those processes are, to say the best of them, callous. Things operate indirectly there. Even if you know the score, you can hardly see what's happening.

"But I think this guy has a good chance to do more than survive. For one thing, he has an enormously effective constitution. I mean, he can take a lot physically, and he's well organized mentally. For all that so-called Boy Scout image, he's a pretty tough guy. Once he gets into a fight, he's without fear and his mind keeps functioning clearly and well. Of course, there *is* a certain boyish quality about him when he's free of pressure. During the campaign, for instance, we were walking in the Bushwick section

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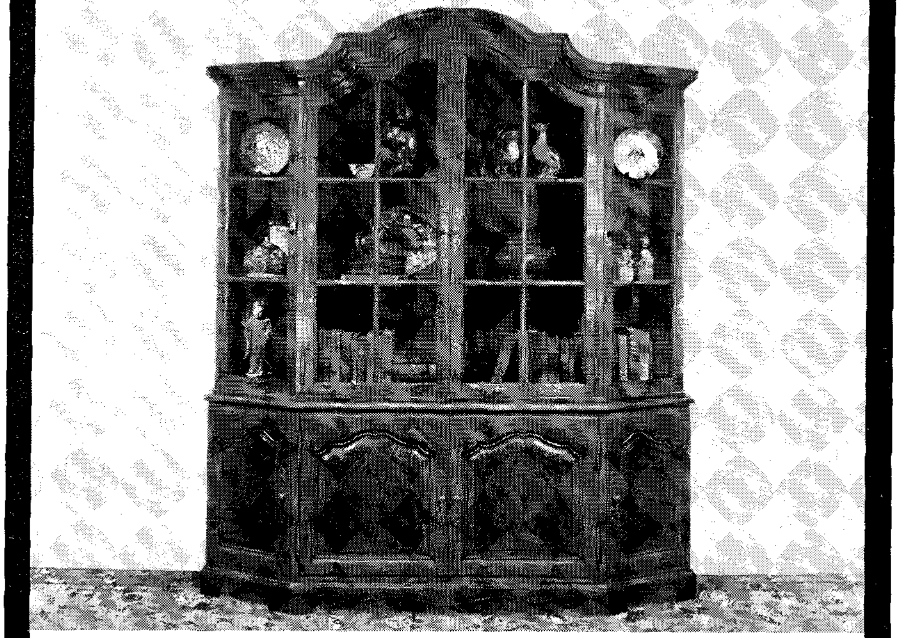

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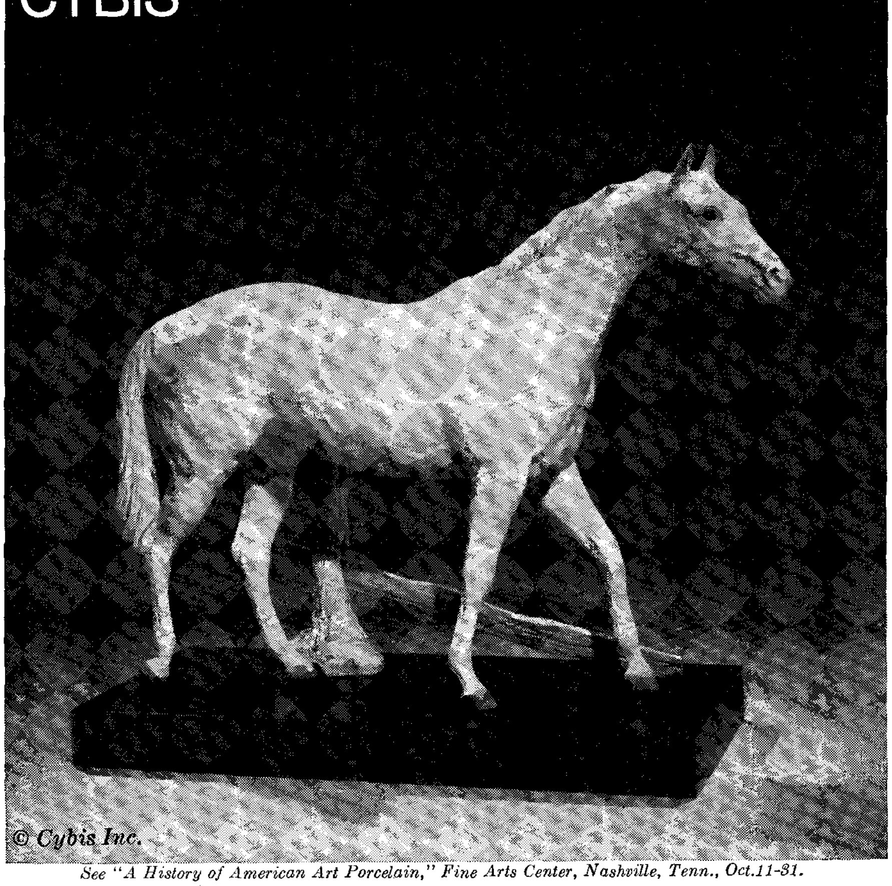

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of Brooklyn, past a line of three-story buildings with stores on the bottom. At one corner, leaning out of a third-floor window, were two of the most beautiful girls you ever saw—one with a man and one alone. They weren't too well dressed, but, man, they were something! John looked up, grinned, kept on grinning, and then, looking at his wristwatch, he said in a loud voice, 'I'll be right up.' That made me feel I was working for the right guy. I've also seen him in a reverse kind of mood. One night, we'd gone through a very exhausting session. He'd been finding out where the bodies are—the layers and layers of arrangements that have accumulated over the years. One group accustomed to naming a staff member at a certain institution, another having the inside route somewhere else, the tie-in between one department and the union most directly involved with it, so that the union had taken the right to shift people around—that sort of thing. John suddenly turned to me and said, in a tone of complete discouragement, 'How can you make a city like this honest?' But he snaps back and uses what he finds out. He's already shaken up a lot of areas, and he'll cause more consternation as he goes along.

"Sometimes I think John is the last surviving example in town of a good man. He really wants to do good. You know, all my life I've distrusted people I call Christers. Most lack subtlety, or *something*. They're not quite human. And because I'm not sure myself anything will do any good in the long run, I've figured the wise man is the one who's objective and doesn't go over too far. And that kind of man is also the more comfortable man to work for. But this guy—I don't know. He's not prissy, he can be very funny in private, and he's a hell of a good boss. He has extraordinary tact. God knows there've been some awful blunders around here these first few months, but John binds up these kids' wounds from day to day so they can go out and do battle again. People around him have enormous affection for him. He has a capacity for pleasing people. And if you get close to him, he has more personal impact than you'd think, because there's so little in him that's phony. I tell you, even if he were the most vacuous guy in the world—which he isn't—you'd still have a decent administration, because people really *work* for him."

The former newspaperman stopped, apparently embarrassed by his outburst of enthusiasm for his employer. "But,

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Baldwin—Official Piano and Organ, 1967 Universal and International Exhibition, Montreal, Canada.

remember, I'm not saying he's going to work miracles," he added. "He's only one man, and this city is on the verge of so many sad and tragic things. It's in very vulnerable shape. If he can keep it on an even keel for a year or so and then go on to improve it—and I don't know whether he can or not—he'll legitimately be a national hero. But do you know what he needs to make any real improvement? He has to get at least a billion bucks in new money for starters. Try that on your harmonica someday. Where is it going to come from? *That's* his basic problem."

ALSO in the Tweed Building was the office of Constantine Sidamon-Eristoff, a compact, round-faced lawyer in his middle thirties, who was the Mayor's assistant on personnel—a post involving patronage to some extent. "It's taking a while to sort things out," he told me when I went to see him after my talk with the former newspaperman. "I found that a man's title, for example, didn't necessarily relate to what he was doing. And then there was the matter of finding out who the no-shows were—people who draw a salary but are hardly ever seen where they're supposed to be working."

I had noticed that a number of campaign workers for Lindsay were being added to the administration, and I asked Sidamon-Eristoff, who had been the most important figure after Robert Price in managing the mayoralty campaign, to what extent party affiliation was a factor in deciding who should be hired. "We have roughly four political groupings," he said. "Democrats, mostly reform Democrats. Republicans from the organization. Liberal Party men. And, primarily—this is my own bias—people who worked within our structure in the campaign, no matter what party affiliation they have. I try to do this as idealistically as I can, but I would say that if there are two equally qualified people I'll try to get a commissioner to pick the devoted campaign worker."

I asked about the personal impact of the Mayor on his staff, both the holdovers and the new appointees. "He's in command," Sidamon-Eristoff said, with a smile. "I think that was a shock to many people. Some expected Bob Price to be the real decision-maker, and others just didn't know whether this young ex-congressman could be an administrator. But we know. He can really make you toe the line. And he's quick to tell you what he wants: 'No, not that way, *this* way!' But he'll al-

dare to
dare...
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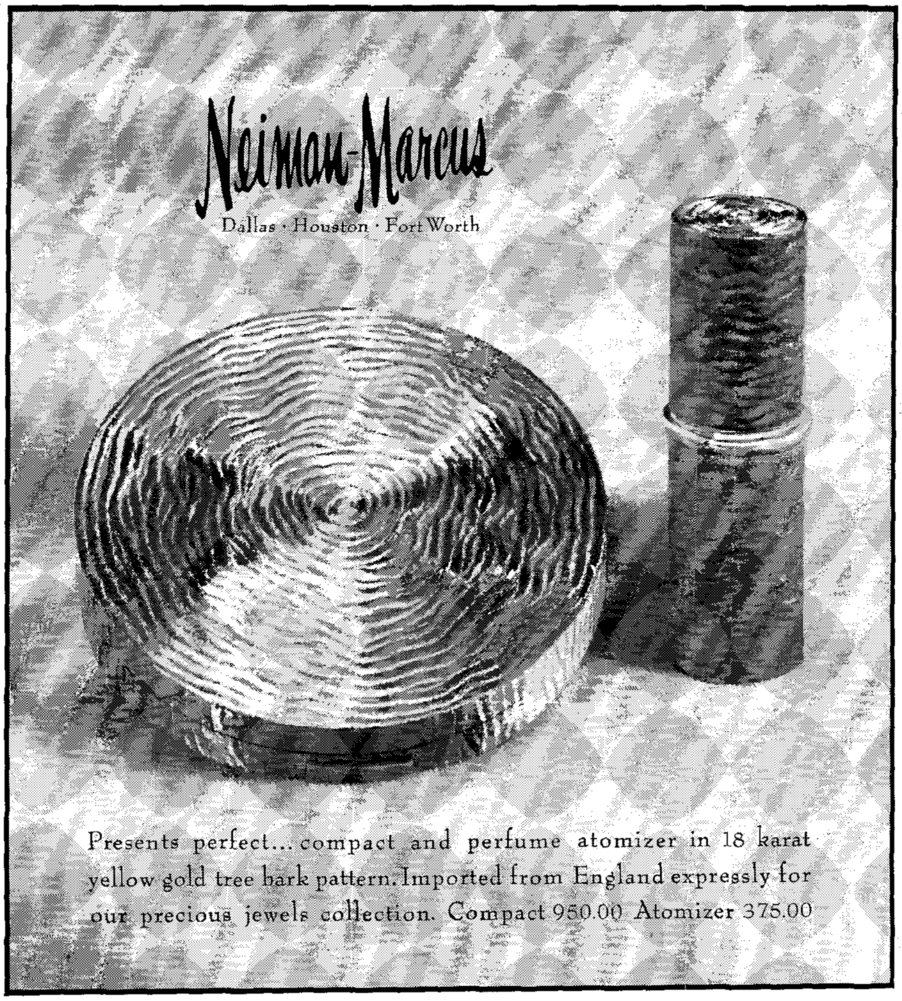
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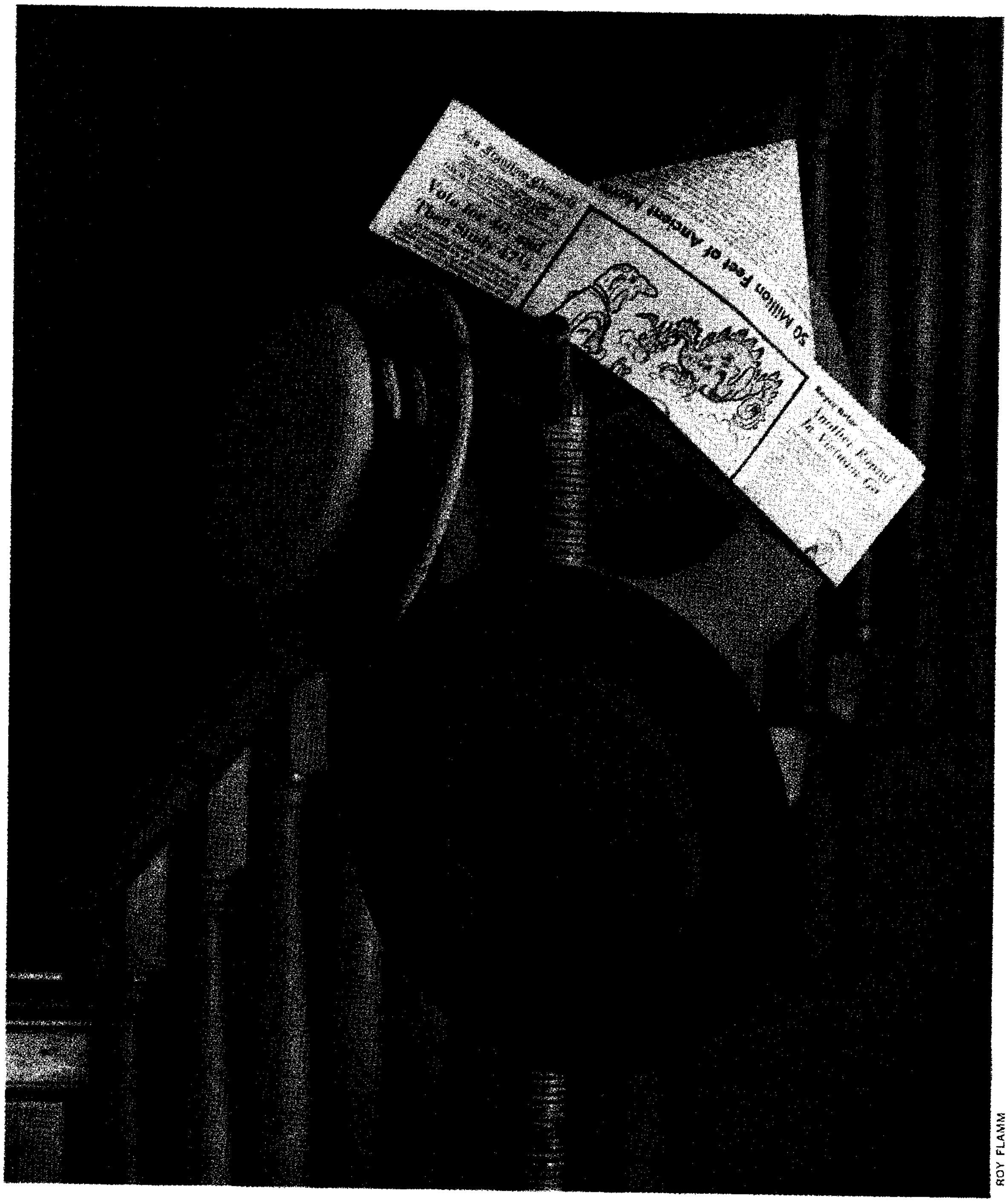

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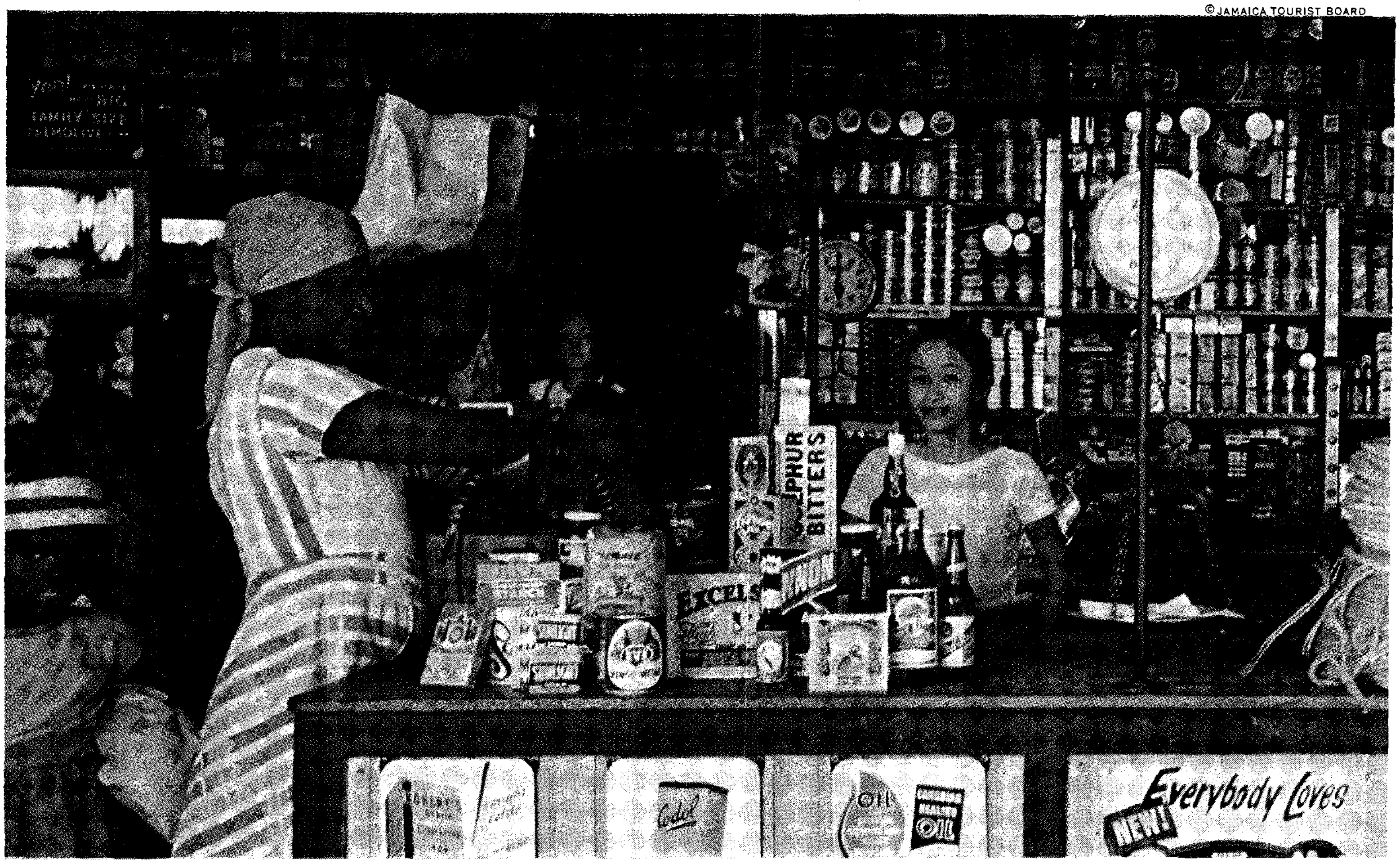

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ways end with some touch to show you haven't been cast into outer darkness. And he's got a knack of sensing whenever you're very tired or low. 'By the way,' he'll say, 'let's have dinner.' We get to the restaurant and chat about nothing in particular, but you finish buoyed up. Basically, however, the guy is tough. He's very considerate, but he's not patient with failure. He'll give you a fair chance, but after that if you keep making mistakes he'll find someone else to do the job. What makes him particularly impatient is wordiness. You're better off with him if you can think and talk concisely."

Sidamon-Eristoff's secretary came in with a message, and he asked her to stay. "This is Leslie Booth—Betsy Booth. She worked for John in Washington."

Miss Booth, an attractive woman in her early thirties, took a chair and looked tentative until Sidamon-Eristoff waved her on to reminisce. "I'd been a teacher, and that was my first office job," she said, in a soft voice. "What first impressed me was how quick and direct he was. When I took dictation, he never paused. He shot it right off the cuff. But then every little thing had to be checked afterward."

"The lawyer's eye," said Sidamon-Eristoff.

"Another thing was that he wanted what he wanted *when* he wanted it," Miss Booth said. "And that was that!"

"And you get quick reactions from him, too," said Sidamon-Eristoff. "A memo comes back with 'No!' or 'Hell, yes!' scrawled on it."

"He didn't worry about how the office was run," Miss Booth continued. "He knew he had devoted girls, who wouldn't get things fouled up, even under the terrific pressure there."

I remembered that staff. In Washington, his secretaries often put in ten or twelve hours a day, and at least half the staff was usually on hand on Saturdays. Occasionally, they'd take work home. And, despite those wearying hours, the morale in Lindsay's office was extremely high, with very little turnover in personnel.

"What made the pressure bearable was that feeling that revolves around him—the feeling that whatever had to be done could be done, no matter how difficult it was," Miss Booth said. "What he himself loved most was getting up on the floor of the House and getting into a fight. That he ate up with a spoon. Then, there was his sensitivity to people. Oh, he's toughened up, it seems to me, in recent months, but he's still very sensitive. He doesn't

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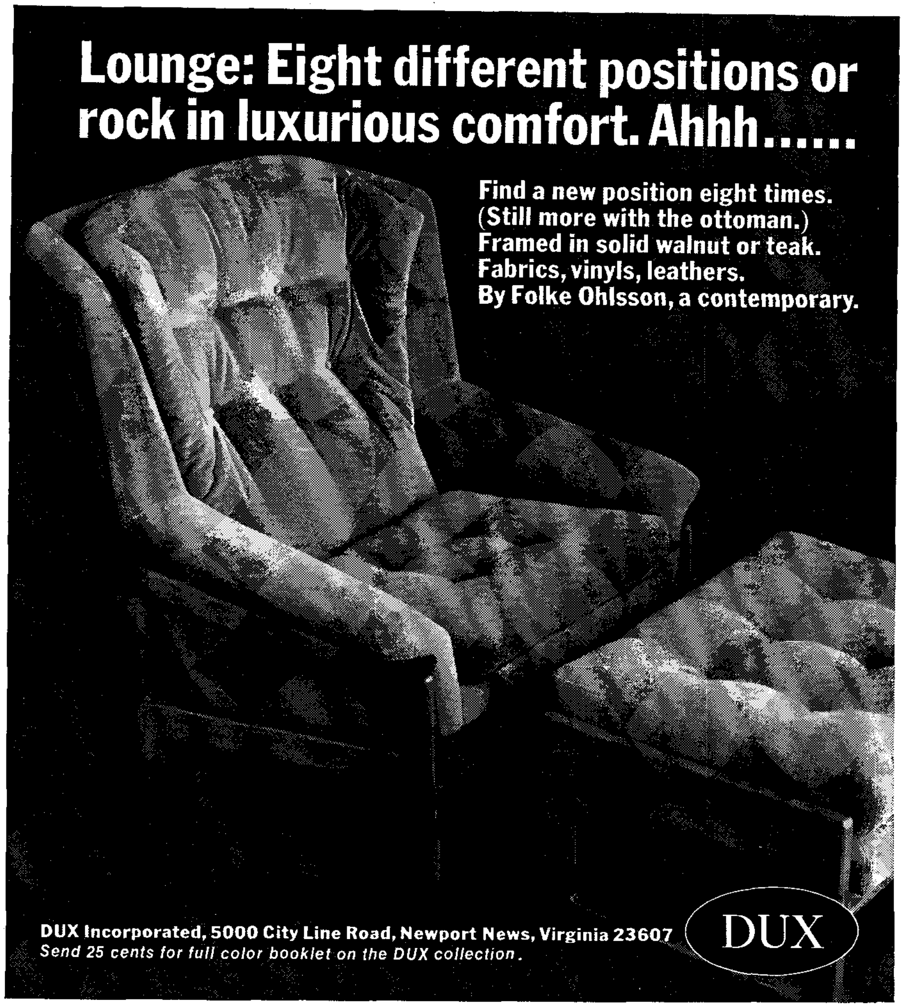

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want *you* to know he's sensitive. He'll go to all lengths sometimes to pretend he's not. And when things get rough, he can put up a shrug-of-the-shoulders façade that he doesn't always mean. But he does want you to know what's happening and what he thinks. He'd sometimes get us all together—the secretaries, everybody. Like after the Republican Convention that nominated Goldwater—he tried to explain what had happened and how dismayed and baffled he was."

Miss Booth looked at Sidamon-Eristoff and then at me. "The pity of big-time politics," she said, "is what will happen to a nice guy like this?"

"I think it's possible for a man to make it and still be a nice guy," Sidamon-Eristoff said judiciously.

Miss Booth looked doubtful. "Perhaps I'm too new at this, but it seems to me the nice guys get so hurt they have to toughen up to survive."

"But he does have to be tough enough to command," Sidamon-Eristoff persisted.

"A lot of the people who surrounded him in Washington looked at him with a Kennedy type of worship," Miss Booth said. "But I never felt like that. I don't think he's a perfect man or a perfect answer to the problems of New York or the nation. I do think he's energetic and sincere, and he seems to be honest. What bothers me a bit is that up to this point he's been a little too sheltered. That wonderful staff in Washington may have served him too well. They shielded him too much. Now he has to judge people for himself."

"Yes, I sometimes worry that he's not harsh enough in judging people," said Sidamon-Eristoff. "He tends to have a good impression of people the first time. Eventually, he comes up with the correct impression, but now he has to make so many judgments so quickly, maybe he has to get more cynical. On the other hand, I don't want him to get too hard, to lose his sensitivity. I hope, too, that he can get enough good people around him here so some of us can take some of the lumps. But I don't believe he has to cut off the human part of himself to do a good job. The city can be cold enough as it is, without a cold personality on top."

Miss Booth had become noticeably gloomy. "Another thing that bothers me is that a young man like Lindsay really needs to bump into a big storm," she said. "So far, he's always been rolling along, the fair-haired boy who could do no wrong."

"He ran into quite a storm on that

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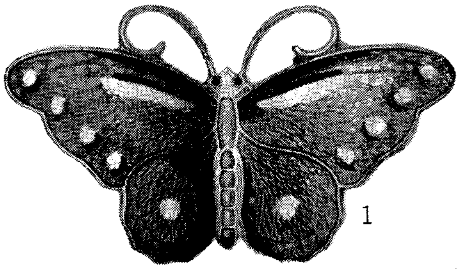

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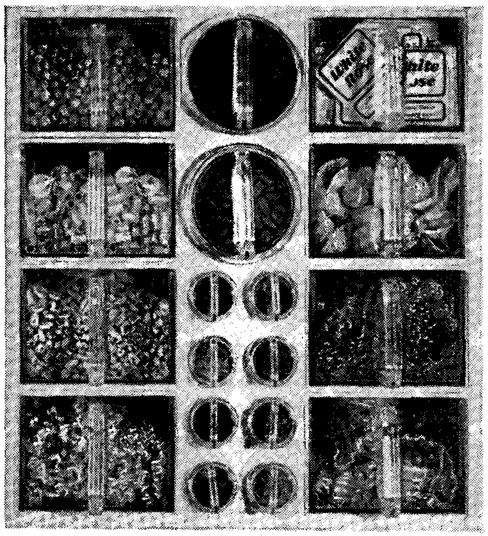

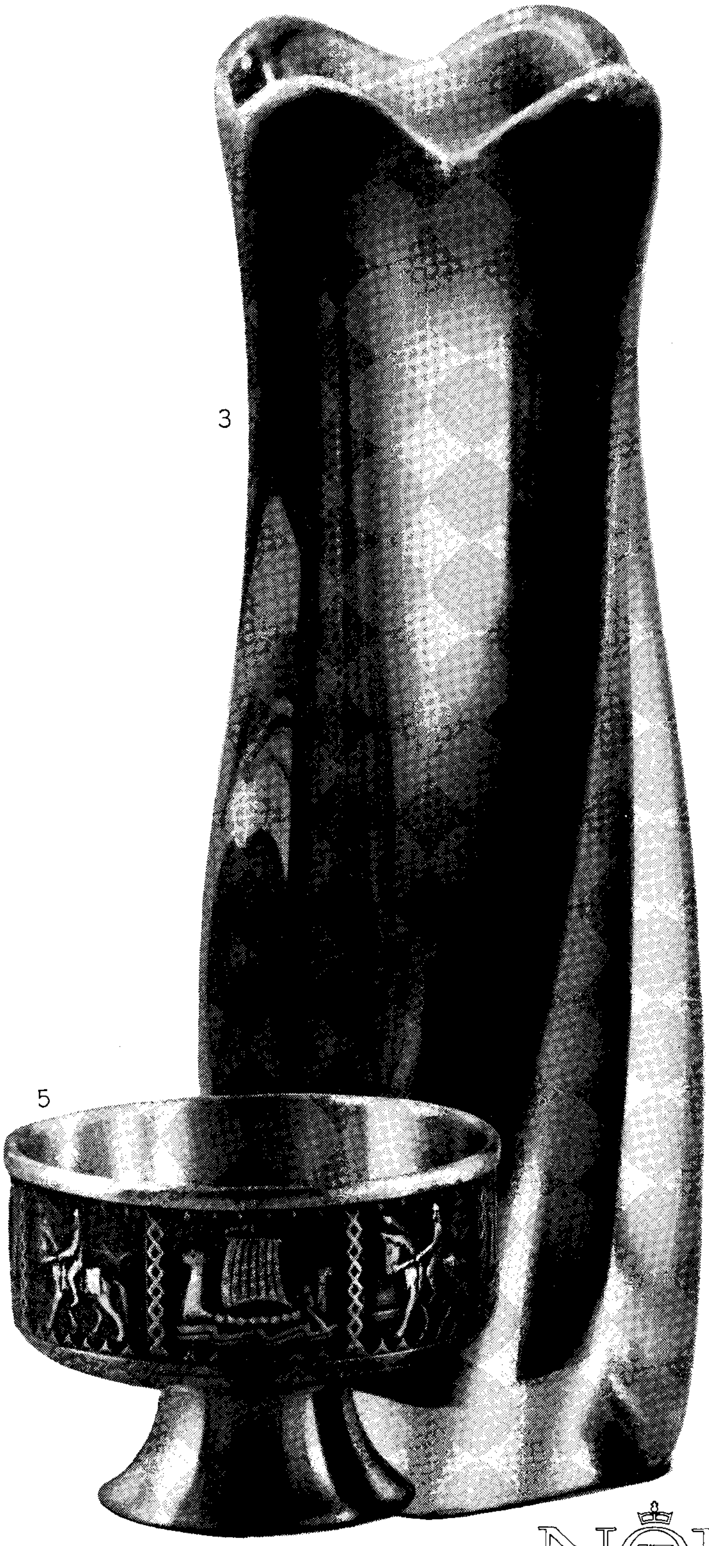

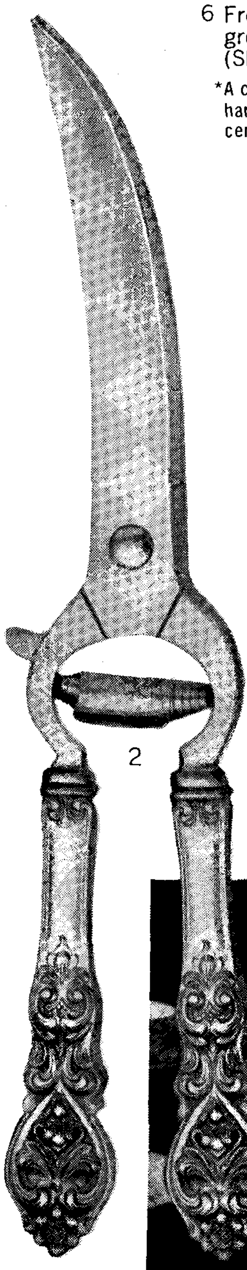

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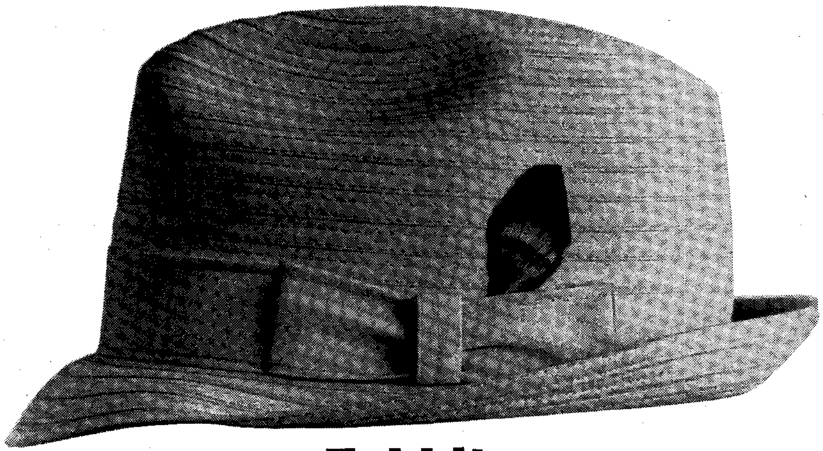

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transit strike," Sidamon-Eristoff said emphatically.

"Yes, but he got out of that O.K.," said Miss Booth. "I feel somebody like him in public life has to stub his toe sometime, and maybe it's better if it happens early in a career. I'd hate to have it happen at the brink—just before he might get into the White House, for example. That is, if he wants to get there. God, I wonder why he would want to! And, quite apart from all this, I wonder about his family. He really enjoys his children, but, with the hours he has, how can they remain a family?"

Miss Booth rose, but stayed in the room to hear me tell Sidamon-Eristoff about the principal of an elementary school that Lindsay had recently visited, who had observed what he called "a glazed look" in the Mayor's eyes through most of the speechmaking and while touring the classrooms. "But in our private conversation later he was quite different," the principal had added. "Very lively, curious, informed, and irreverent about the school system's hierarchy."

Sidamon-Eristoff laughed and said, "When he focusses on you, he focusses hard. But he doesn't always focus."

"He has a marvellous ability to shut his mind off," Miss Booth said. "He can be looking *right at you* and be somewhere else. In Washington, I'd come in with phone messages, hold them in front of his eyes, and get no response. Finally, I'd have to put them in his hand."

SHORTLY after my conversation with Sidamon-Eristoff and Miss Booth, I asked Theodore Kupferman, the Republican who succeeded Lindsay as representative from the Seventeenth Congressional District, whether he thought the Mayor had yet learned to be sufficiently tough.

"Oh, I wouldn't use that word," said Kupferman, with good-humored briskness. "I'd say he's become more practical. When he began, he had interesting ideas of how things ought to be, but he's found out it's very difficult to attain a lot of those goals. I think that through the years he's come around to John Kennedy's concept of trying to do what's possible, what's practical. He's come around more to the idea of compromise."

I remembered an afternoon in Lindsay's Washington office four years earlier. I had been asking him speculative questions about his political future, and wondered aloud whether he would ever go after the support of the Liberal Par-

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ty. "No," he had said quickly. "They operate by trading, by making deals. And that isn't my style."

"But he's still very much in the Stanley Isaacs tradition," Kupferman said, bringing me back to the present. "You do what's best for the greatest number of people, and that means you don't do everything the party says you ought to do. After all, the worst thing that can happen is you'll lose an election. On the other hand, you do accommodate yourself to the needs of the party where you can, provided those needs are not significantly different from what you believe to be right."

I asked Kupferman whether he thought, as several friends of Lindsay's had told me they did, that the Mayor's good looks and breezy manner might actually be a hindrance to him, in that they connoted to some of the electorate a lightness of intellect and an insufficiently complex personality. One writer had asserted that Lindsay lacked the depth of perception and the tragic sense of life he ascribed to Robert Kennedy.

Kupferman said he did not agree. "Actually, he's been able to get away with a lot of things among some conservatives because they just like him as a good-looking figure, the epitome of the Wasp. Don't forget that in this country you can make up for a lot of provocative ideas you may have if you also look good and can express yourself well. If John had been short and fat, I don't think he would have been able to take some of the positions he has and still get some of the Republican support he needed. Nobody gives *that* kind of political-science course—how genetic accidents affect politics."

IN the spring, I paid a call at City Hall on Deputy Mayor Robert Price. Price, an intense man with an egg-shaped face dominated by horn-rimmed glasses, gave his attention alternately to me, to two telephones, and to some stacks of papers on which he kept making notes. I suggested that the Mayor had come into office as an extraordinary political phenomenon, in that he was not tied to any of the established power groups, such as the labor unions or a strong party organization.

"That's true," said Price. "And in a way it makes things easier, because you can move more freely. But not being plugged in anywhere also makes it easier for you to get shot at as you do move more freely. You're speaking to an expert on that. It especially happens in New York. People here like to eat up politicians. And there's a very persistent

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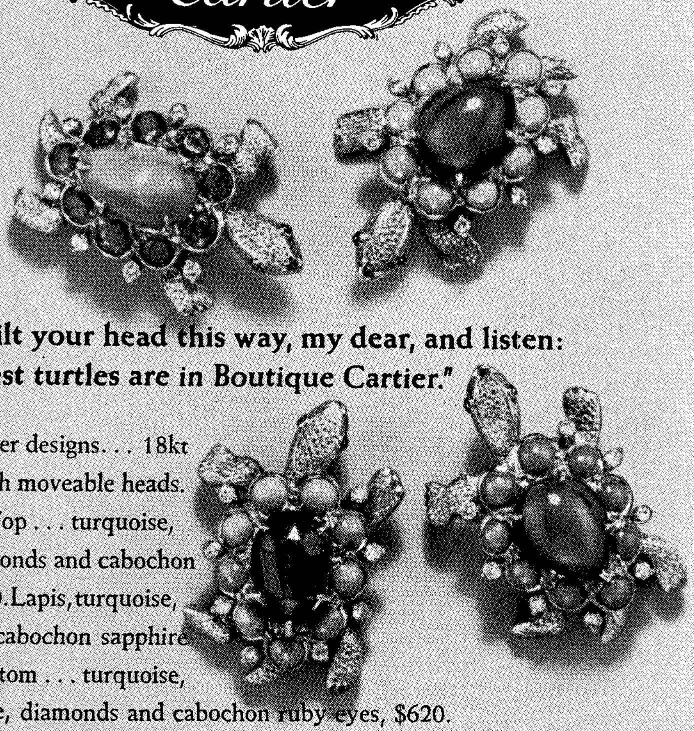

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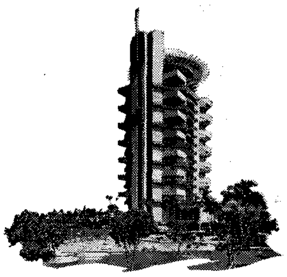

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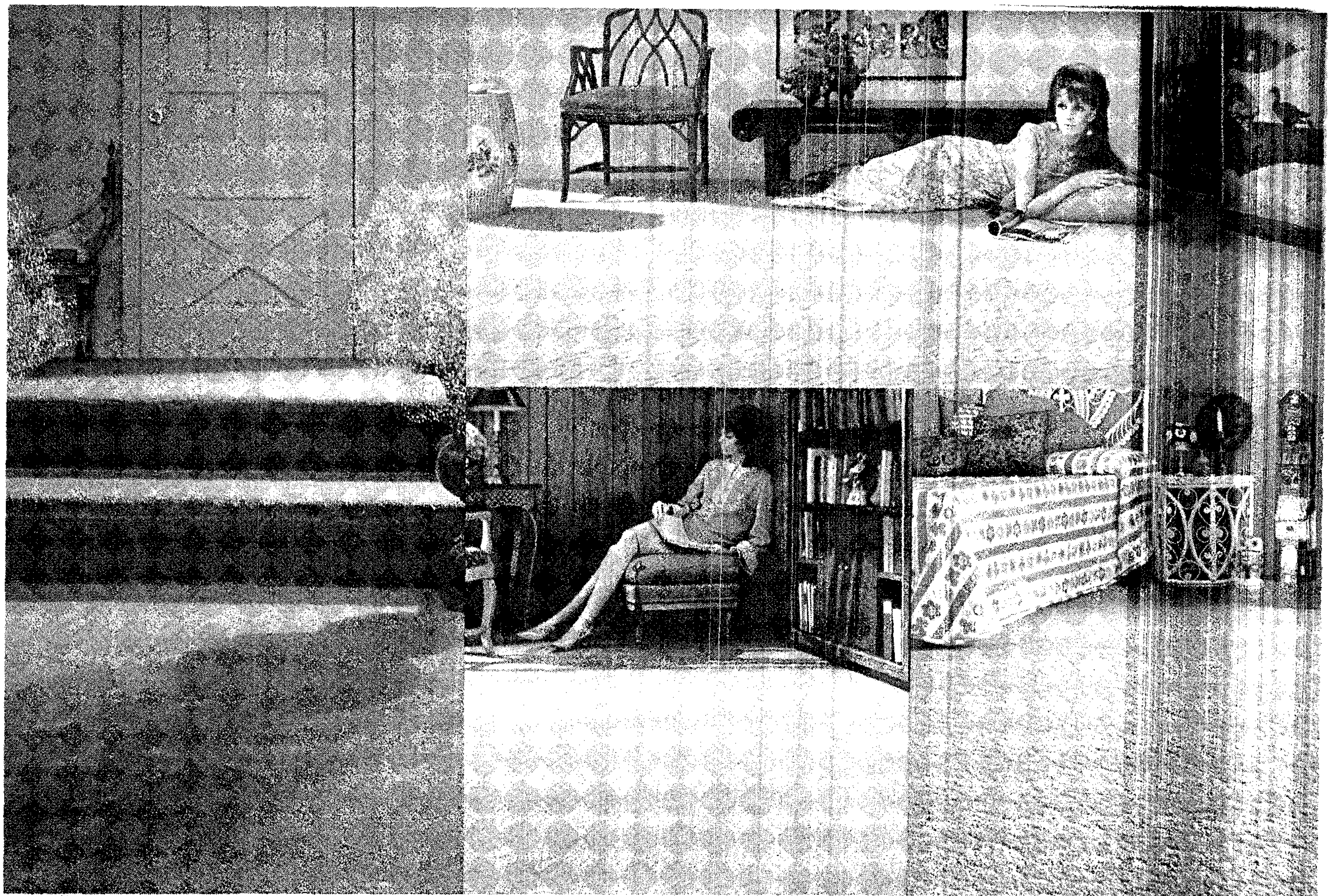

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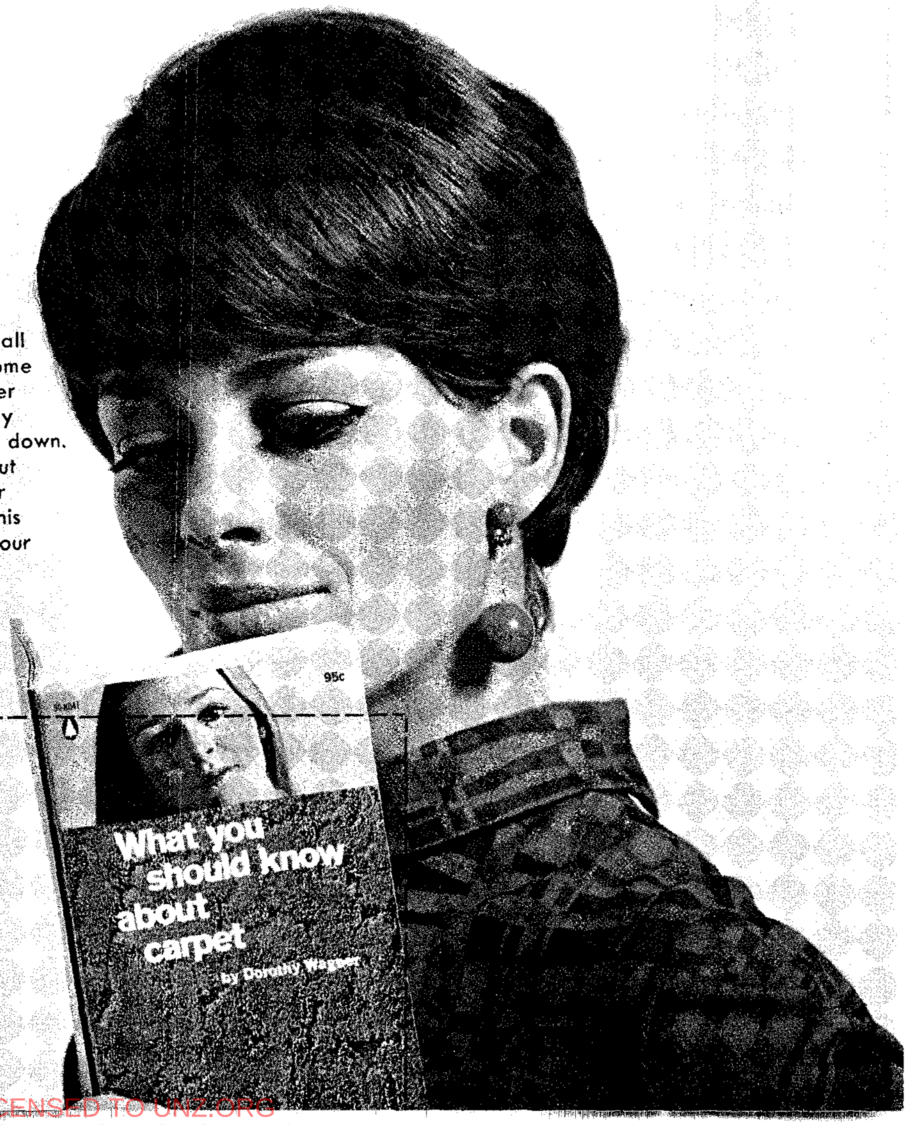
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press, which doesn't entirely realize that you can't make real changes to accommodate A.M. and P.M. deadlines."

"What about the Lindsay image?" I asked. "The names the reporters have for him all come under the Boy Scout heading."

"He's had that problem before, running for Congress. But people came to realize he had solid achievements in civil rights, civil liberties, housing, foreign affairs. They'll find out about his substance as Mayor in the next two to four years. This business about his being an intellectual lightweight is absurd. I probably know him as well as anybody, and I certainly wouldn't have invested as much time in him as I have if he weren't able to handle complex problems quickly and flexibly. But the problem here involves more than what one man can do. I'm trying to explain that problem in a speech I'm writing. I'm calling it 'The Urban Frontier.' But what do you think of 'Riding with John Lindsay on the Urban Frontier'? Or, maybe better yet, 'Riding Shotgun with John Lindsay on the Urban Frontier'? Anyway, there are basic changes that have to come in the relationships among the cities and the states and the federal government. The cities now are stepchildren of both the states and the federal government, and the country as a whole has not yet fully grasped the fact that this is an urban society. But it's going to be forced to during the next ten years. And what happens here in the next four years can have a great effect in terms of showing what *can* be done to save cities. Cities all over the country are watching us, because John is now identifiable. He's known throughout the country."

Price took off his glasses and stared at me. "Everything's happening wrong here. Our streets and subways are dirtier, people and businesses are moving away, the streets are less and less safe. In four years, John has to turn this around and move forward. Now, how is he going to do that? First, he has to eliminate the inertia that is so rooted in many of the three hundred thousand city employees. That and their fear of making decisions. Second, he has to eliminate the inertia among the citizens at large—the feeling that all politicians are the same, that nothing is going to change anyway. He's already shown at least some movement to the people on the side streets. There's action. They're not sure if it's good or bad, but *something's* happening. Third, there have to be some sizable physical signs of change—like a passenger center for ships on the West Side, more new

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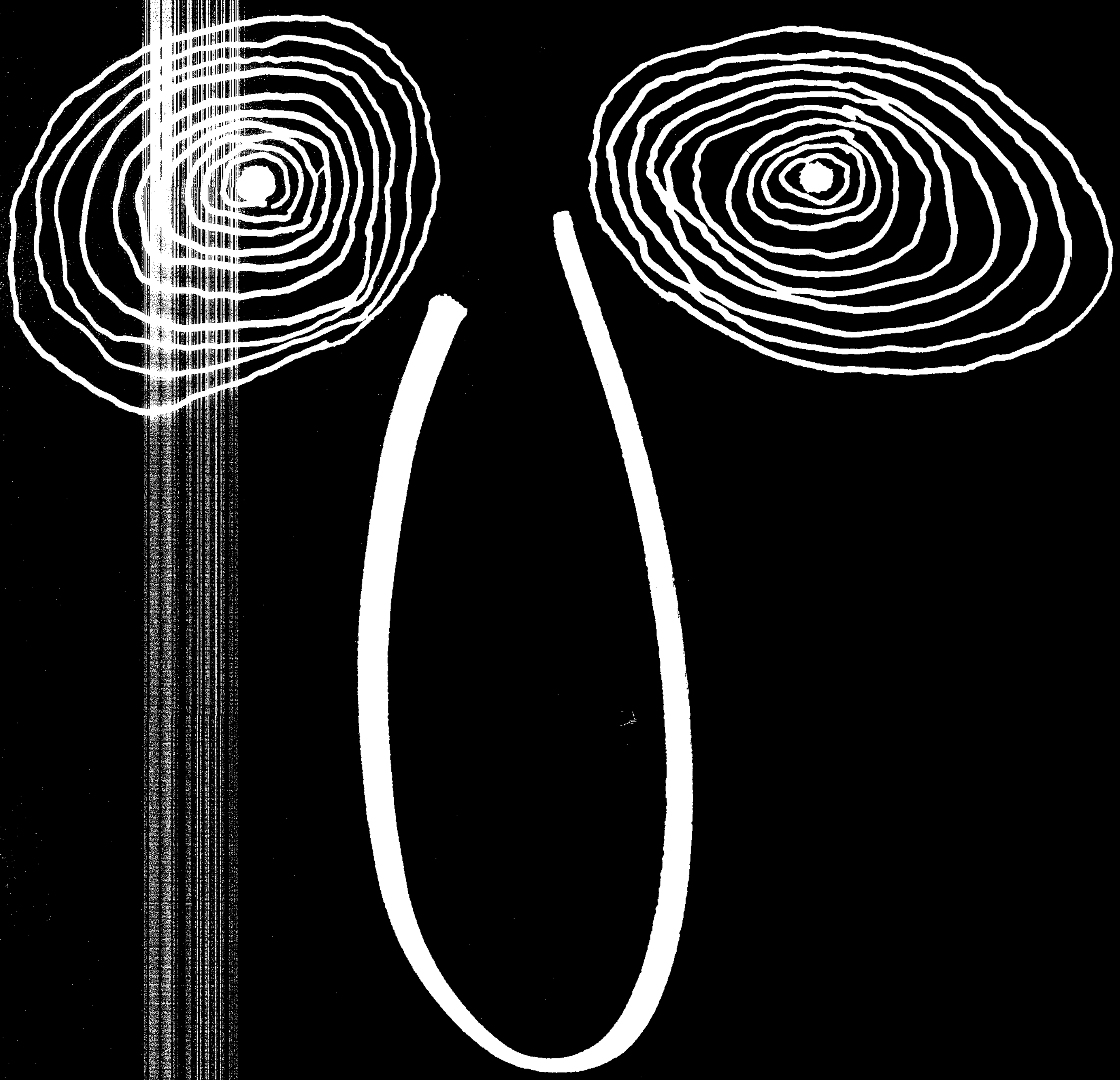
schools, vest-pocket parks, rehabilitated housing, industrial parks. At the end of these four years, people are going to have to be able to *see* changes."

Price turned to the phones, assuring one of his children on one that he would really be home for dinner and saying simply "No!" to a caller on the other.

"O.K., what are the chief obstacles?" he demanded, returning to his theme. "The special-interest groups, to begin with. They want change, but for other people, not for themselves. It's fantastic how many of them there are. Labor leaders, even good-government groups, who are accustomed to getting more than their share. Firms that are accustomed to getting business from the city without bids. Or they're accustomed to setting up special requirements for a bid with a city department—requirements only one company can fill. We're constantly finding this kind of thing under the woodwork. Or let me give you another example. Political leaders and civic groups who are not accustomed to having *their* neighborhoods thought of for public housing. You mentioned John's not being plugged into any of the established power groups. That's what these people are finding out. He can't operate any other way. Lindsay is Lindsay. When he was a congressman, he'd consult his constituents and he'd consult experts, but not political organizations or other vested-interest groups. O.K., that independence has been useful so far politically, but I wonder about now and in the years ahead. I think he's come to the point where he needs a structure of support behind him—either that of a political party or a structure built for him personally. His acting alone doesn't always get him the support he may need to get something important done. We *are* a political government, and a political leader *has* to trade and bargain. Look, suppose you badly need a legislator's support for something his constituency isn't so hot on. If you're going to get his support, you're going to have to give him something in return, so that he can then say to his constituency, 'See, we got this for that.' But without a structure—a party, or something—behind you, what *can* you give him? So if John does continue as a total independent, he may wind up having headed the best four-year administration in New York City history—an administration that would then not be reëlected. Because this is still a Democratic town. Or, within those four years, if he stays totally independent, he may propose many very good pro-



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grams that the City Council or the state legislature will then destroy because he doesn't have a structure of support. Now, *he* can't build that structure, because he's too busy working on substantive problems. And *I'm* not going to do it. What he has to do is find people who can work on forming a structure. Maybe he thinks that's part of my job. But if he does, he came to that conclusion without consulting me."

Leaving Price's office, I ran into the former newspaperman who these days speaks only anonymously. "Have you seen Mary Lindsay yet?" he asked.

I said I hadn't seen her since before the election.

"You ought to have a talk with her," he said. "In some ways, Mary is the best thing in the administration. He talks practically everything over with her. She has considerable influence, and that's a good thing, because she's a remarkable woman. Of course, her main concern is keeping him alive."

ON a sunny, cool spring morning, I went to see Mary Lindsay at Gracie Mansion. The Mayor's official residence was being repainted and redecorated, and though the work was still going on, the upstairs quarters were in good enough shape so that the Lindsay family could occupy them. The spacious rooms downstairs were bare, without furniture or rugs. In the front hallway I saw a pedal-operated fire truck and a fire chief's hat, which I took to be the property of John Lindsay, Jr. (There were, I knew, four Lindsay children: Katherine, then fifteen; Margaret, twelve; Anne, ten; and John, Jr., who was five.) Mrs. Lindsay, hugging herself against the chill of the empty rooms, greeted me at the door, and I told her that my five-year-old drove exactly the same kind of fire truck.

"But it can't stay here," she said, rather sadly. "I told Johnny that when the red carpet comes the fire truck will have to go. Come along, there's some heat upstairs." She led the way to a sitting room on the second floor.

Graceful and quick, with brown hair and an unusually mobile face, Mrs. Lindsay is much more attractive than photographs indicate. And although she is usually as politic in public as her new role requires her to be, a natural candor still asserts itself from time to time on ceremonial occasions, as when, cutting a red ribbon to open a Greenwich Village art show a few weeks before, she had burst out, "Isn't this silly?" Another time, when asked by a reporter how she felt about being rec-

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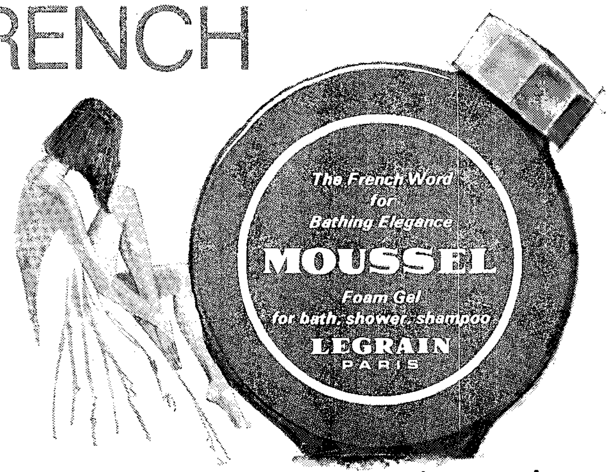

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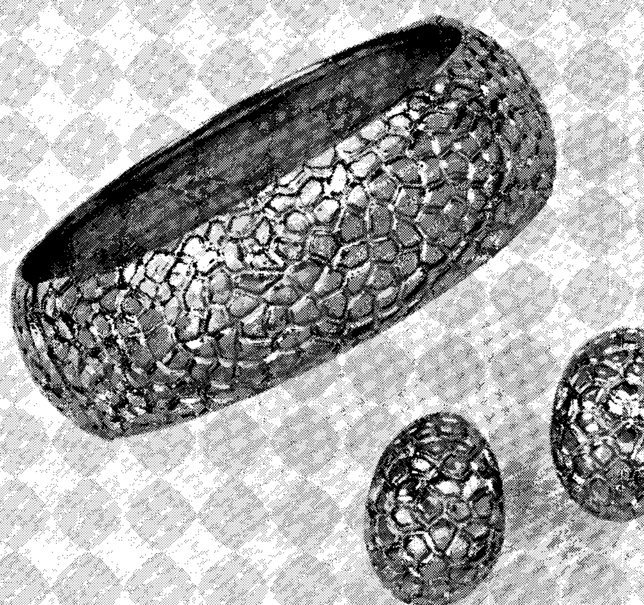

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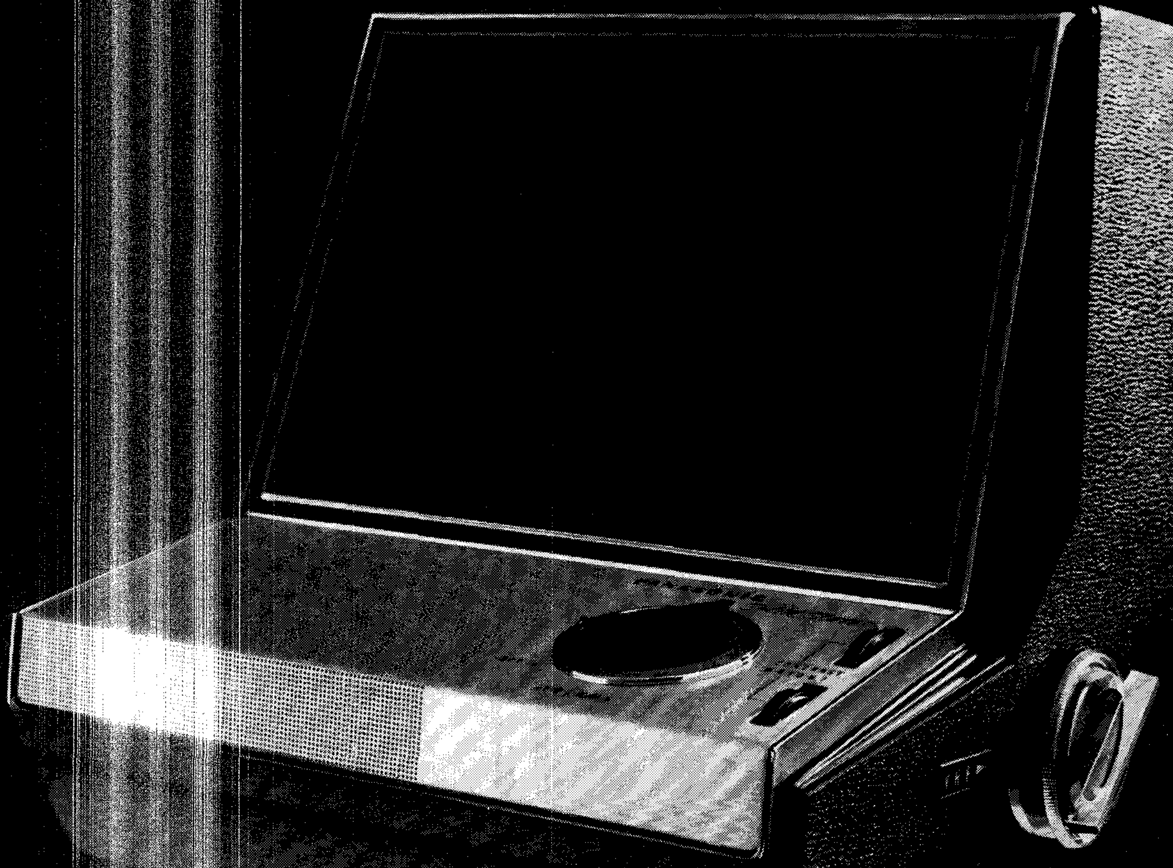

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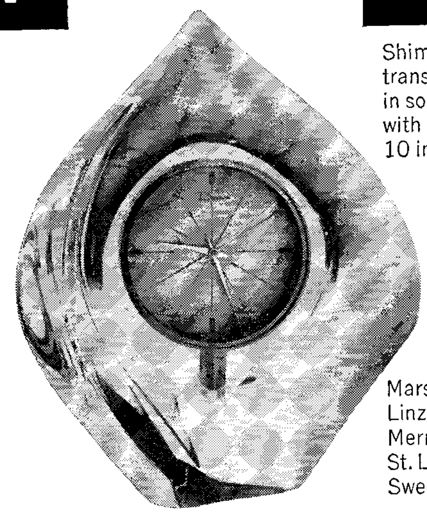

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ognized on the street, her instant reply was that, while it was pleasant in one sense, the fact that strangers called her and her husband by their first names was something that she rather resented.

In the sitting room, there was a spaniel sleeping on a brown couch, snoring lightly. Mrs. Lindsay sat down a few feet away on a chaise longue, and I took a chair across from her. "It's impossible to realize the demands of being Mayor until you live it," she said. "John could work twenty-four hours a day seven days a week and he'd never be finished. So the most important thing is to set your priorities. He's been very tough in limiting his schedule of appearances, but he still gets home late nearly every night—usually around midnight—and he brings along a folder four inches thick, with just the most essential stuff he has to work on. Some of that he may do in the car riding back and forth, some he roars through with his secretary at the office, but some he has to do here. We try to work it out so he can have dinner with the children *one* night a week. That's my highest sight at the moment in this respect. Even when we got away for a few days, skiing in Stowe this winter, he spent a large part of that weekend on the phone. I try to keep Sundays free. But take last Sunday. At four in the afternoon, there were still three men waiting to see him. Sure the children miss him, but they're resigned to it."

I asked her when the Mayor's day begins.

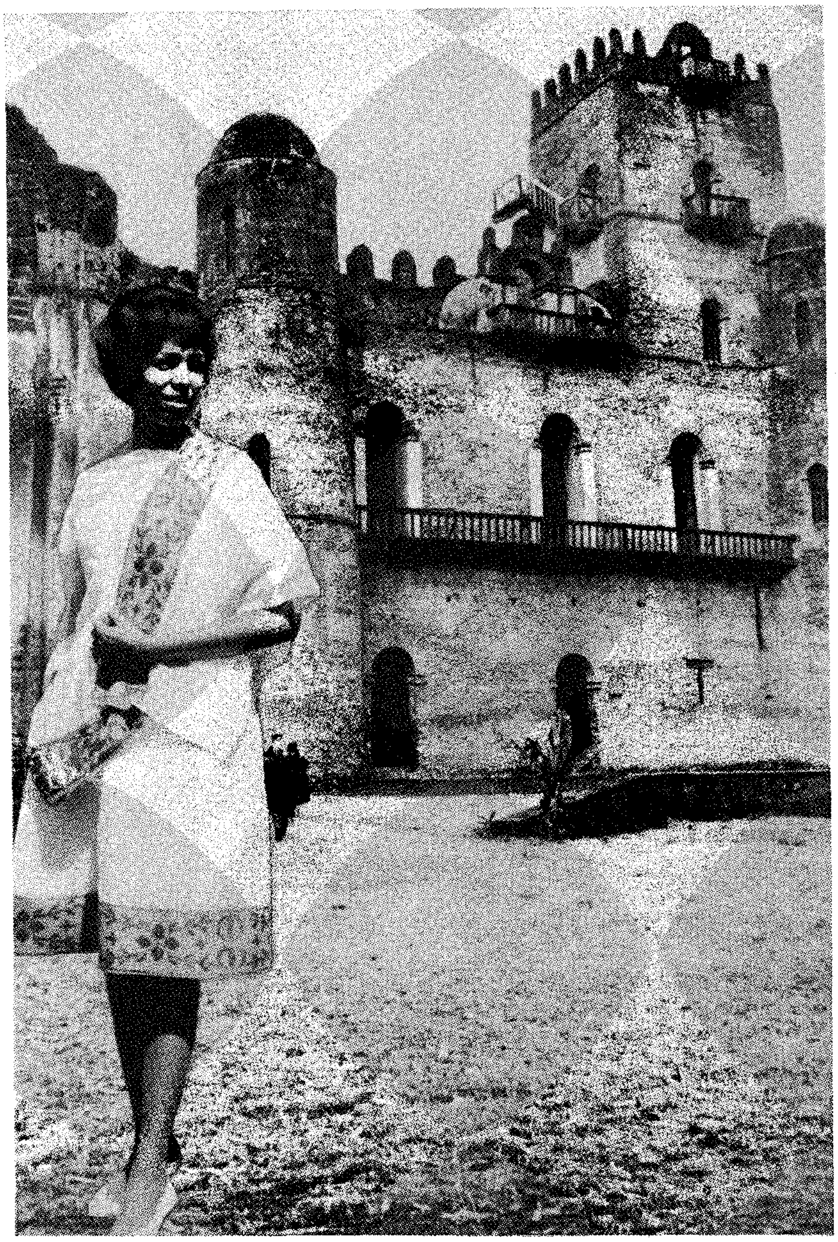
"He's usually off by seven-thirty or eight," she said. "If he hasn't left by eight, he says he's late. I tell him he never looks very happy in the morning. He never goes bouncing out, looking forward to the day ahead. You can see in his face the innumerable things ahead of him. It's especially bad now, at the beginning, because he has to make most of the decisions himself. I'm hoping that eventually the administration can be structured so that more of the people around him can take more responsibilities on their own. He often talks about problems with me, but I try hard not to ask him about anything to do with the city unless *he* starts it. I figure there are some nights when it would be a relief for him *not* to talk about what's gone on during the day."

The phone rang, and Mrs. Lindsay made arrangements for her son to have lunch at a schoolmate's home the next day and then go to the Park with him and his mother. "If you see a big, tall, nice-looking man following you, don't get nervous," she said on the phone. "He's a detective."

As Mrs. Lindsay hung up, she said to me, "I don't mean to sound as if it's all crisis or pressure. A week or so after the transit strike was settled, John and I took a Saturday-afternoon walk from Fourteenth Street down Broadway to City Hall. People stopped him, of course, but everyone—people looking out of coffee shops, kids looking out of windows—had a smile for him. That felt good. And, you know, during the transit strike, when he'd be walking downtown to the office, there'd be people at the doors of restaurants holding out a cup of coffee for him. So when he gets discouraged at a particularly bad morning's mail, I tell him the people who write are usually only the angry ones. I like to see the mail, to see what people are saying. I get twenty-five to thirty letters a day here, and I read them all. And others are addressed to me at City Hall. If someone doesn't like something, and if the complaint is something I can answer, and *if* there's a return address, I answer.

"I said he sometimes gets discouraged, but actually he gets more worried and concerned than discouraged. I'm sure, though, that, little by little, things will become more workable. Being Mayor may never be *fun*, but it'll be something he'll be able to cope with. It will take time. Even in a little way, I can see how hard it is to *move* people out of rigid patterns of thinking and behavior. During the decorating, for instance, we heaped together a pile of terrible lampshades that were no longer going to be used. And the pile stayed there. I asked the Parks Department man why he didn't get rid of them. 'I can't,' he said. 'I have to go through channels.' Well, after a while I just threw them out the door and said, 'Let channels come and get them!' Goodness, they're like pack rats. They save *everything*."

After another telephone call had been taken care of, I asked Mrs. Lindsay how she felt about the criticism one heard occasionally of the fact that her children weren't in the city's public schools. "I said at the very beginning—and I even said it on the 'Today' show—that our children have always been in private schools, and that when we came back to New York from Washington there was never any question that they'd stop going to private schools," she said firmly. "One of the girls did spend a year in a public school in Washington. It was a happy time for her, but they didn't



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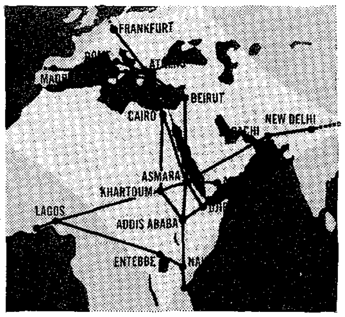

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put enough pressure on her academically. I also feel—and this has been the experience of many people in public life who have young children—that the children have to be kept out of the limelight as much as possible. It's not good for them to be made much of, and that would certainly happen in our case if they went to public school. The private schools, however, bend over backward in this respect. They pay *no* attention to whose son or daughter it is. Everybody is there to get an education, and that's all there is to it."

I suggested that the children wouldn't be able to escape the limelight entirely in any event.

Mrs. Lindsay smiled somewhat ruefully and said, "Oh, I don't think our lives will ever be what you could call normal or peaceful. But when people say 'How do you *do* it?' I tell them it's not a question of that. Long ago, I made up my mind this is the way life is going to be and I'd better enjoy it. Otherwise, we'd all really be miserable. That is, I enjoy it as much as I can. I don't know any woman in public life who *really* enjoys it."

Mrs. Lindsay had to prepare to attend a luncheon, and when she led the way down the stairs the first floor seemed even colder than before. "There's only one thermostat for this whole, huge house," she said, grimacing. "But we did get some storm windows put in. Well, I have to think of what to say at this meeting. It's one of those occasions when I stand in for John. I try to limit them to the daytime, because I like to be here when the children come home. I feel they need at least one of us around." She smiled suddenly. "And tonight John and I are going to the theatre," she said. "It's a pleasant respite for us, and every time he goes it gives people in the theatre a little boost. But do you know that we get letters criticizing John because he does go once in a while? Why, the theatre industry is one of the largest contributors to the city's economy—and there are also the taxis and restaurants. I think it's important that the Mayor is interested in the theatre."

AFTER talking with Mrs. Lindsay, I decided to get an appraisal of the early stages of the Lindsay administration from the Democratic side of the city government. I called on a reform Democrat who had held a high post in the Wagner administration and now held a staff job with the City Council, which has offices in the east

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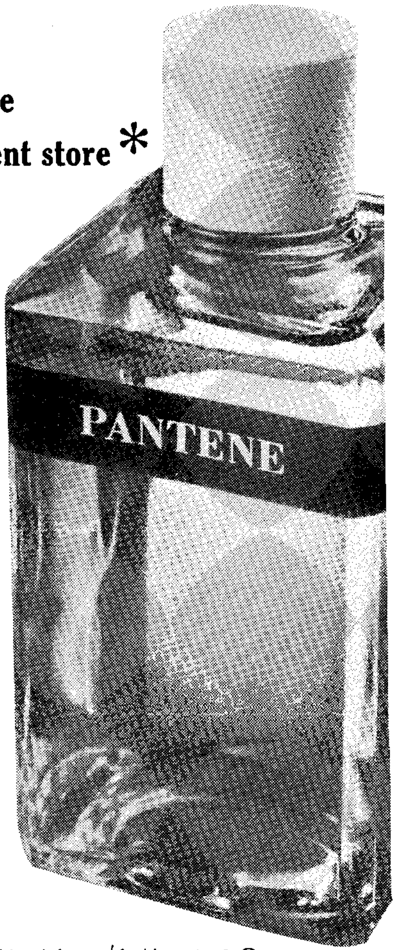

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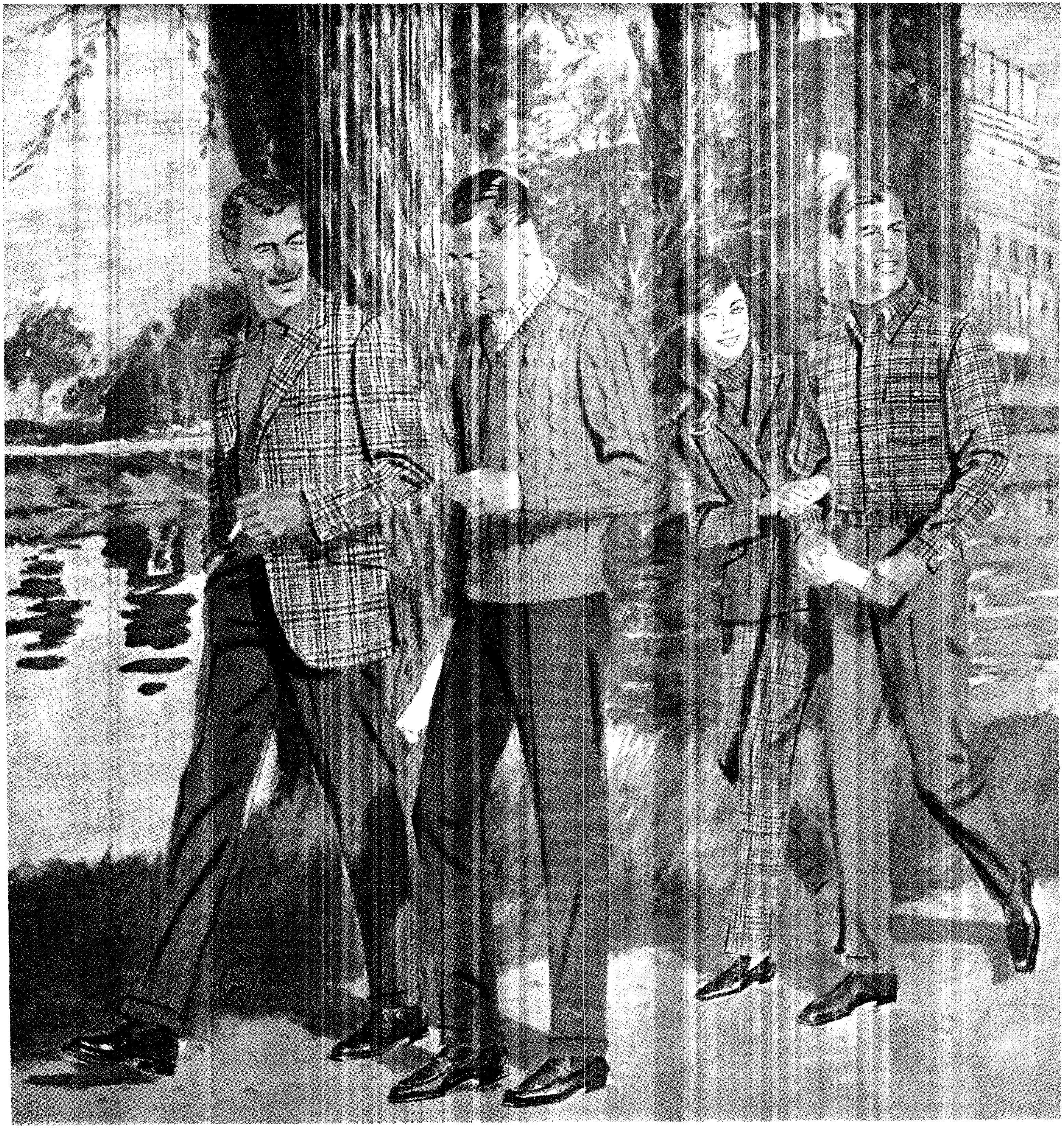

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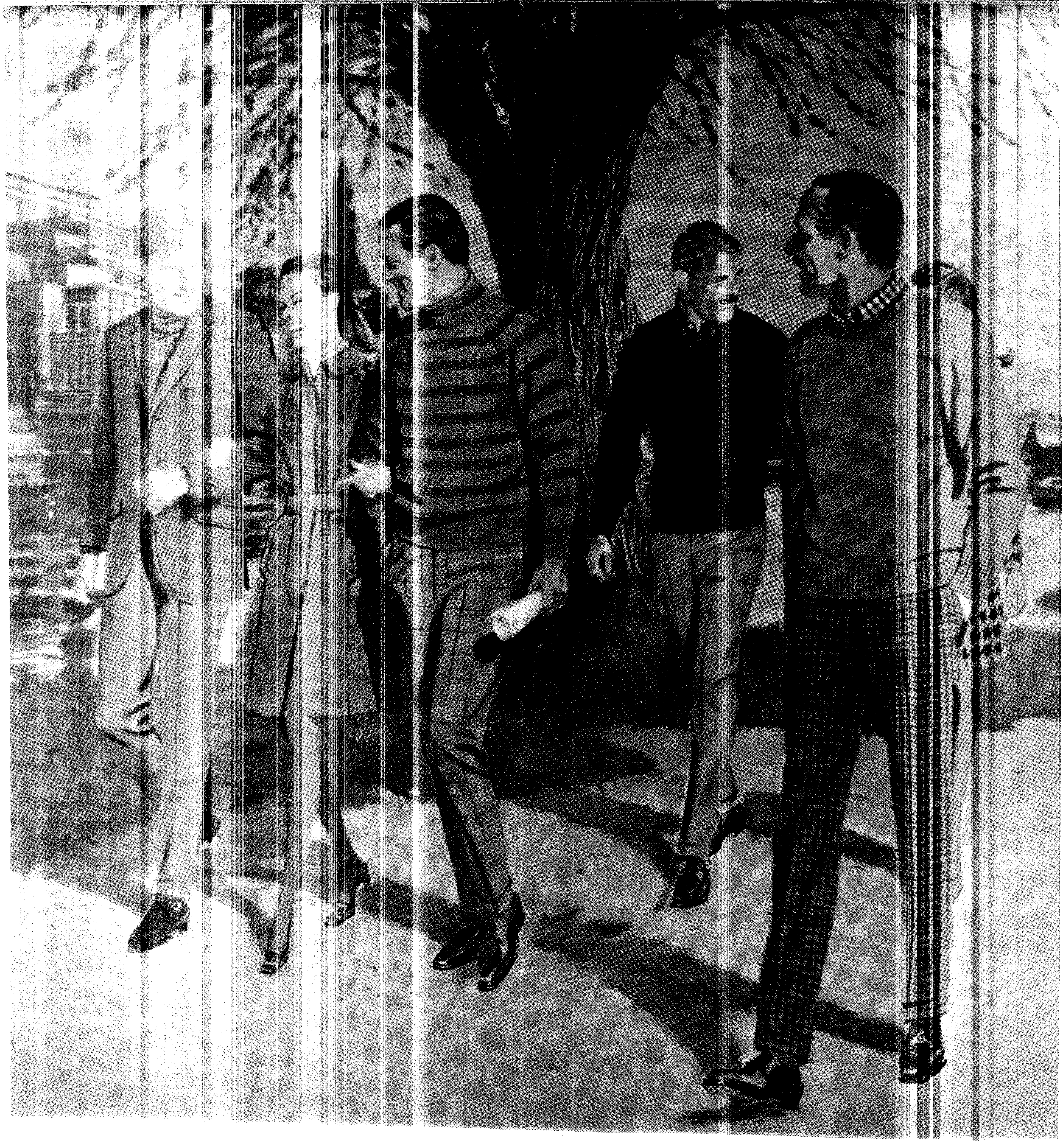

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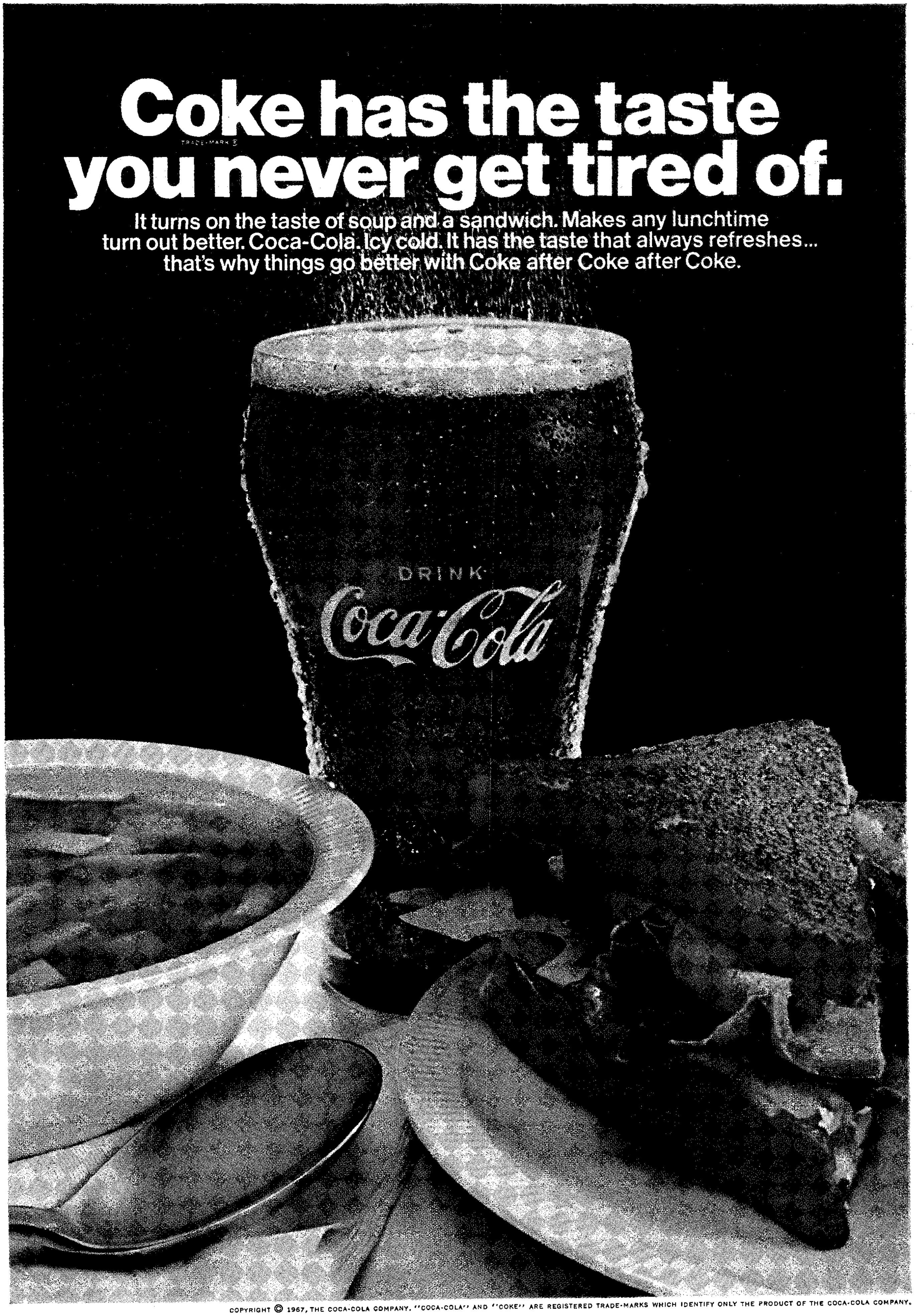

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wing of City Hall. By contrast with the bustle in and out of the gate leading from the rotunda to the west wing, it was quiet at the entrance to the east wing. The official I had come to see, a graying, urbane man in his forties, greeted me in a relaxed manner, and after suggesting that I sit down on a couch opposite his desk he said, "Wagner was not fully understood by the public, but in retrospect his skills seem to me to have been all the more valuable. He was extremely knowledgeable and highly intelligent—his mind worked almost like an I.B.M. machine. A proposal would be made to him and thirty seconds later he would tell you who'd be for it, who'd be against it, and how the opposition could be neutralized, if that was possible. But Lindsay . . ." He lowered his voice. "I voted for him, and so did my wife, but I have a lot of regrets now. For one thing, he doesn't figure out carefully enough in advance who his allies and his opposition may be on specific proposals. Thereby he doesn't do enough planning with allies or potential allies, nor does he attempt to chip off the opposition. That's why he's run into so many frustrations. Look at the way he handled his attempt to reorganize the transportation system. There are people in this wing and in the legislature who would have worked with him on that if he'd called them in early enough and consulted with them. And look at the unnecessary hassles he created for himself in pushing for his city-income-tax program by trying to bull it through the City Council and the state legislature. Sure Wagner procrastinated, but sometimes there was method in those maddening delays. He was waiting for the particular time when he could get a particular plan through.

"I've also been disappointed—amazed, really—at the attitude of Lindsay and some of the men immediately around him. I mean self-righteousness, arrogance, claims to omniscience. He comes on as if he's bearing the white man's burden. With him, it's a matter of noblesse oblige rather than facing people as people. I'm not talking about the mistakes they've made. Those are inevitable. In some ways, the government of New York City is as complex as the federal government, and you know it takes any President two years to master the mechanics of that government. The same is true here. This municipal government is a monster. Working for it are three hundred thousand people, addressing themselves to a myriad of problems

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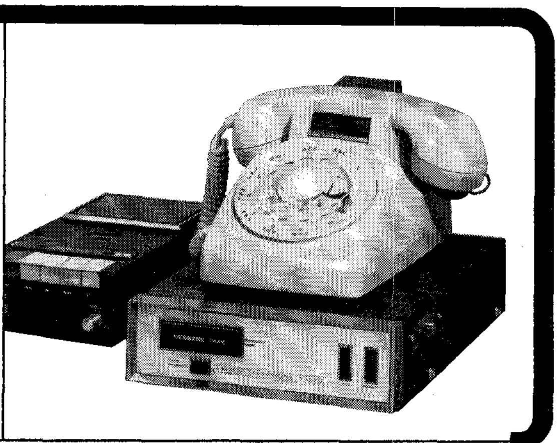
one step at a time, but not in any orderly sequence. What bothers me about Lindsay is his lack of humility in trying to conquer this monster. He doesn't seem to know what he doesn't know. There were other ways of trying to get the Little City Halls through. Again, he didn't consult early enough or fully enough with some of the people over here. So he exacerbated relations with the City Council. That could have been avoided. That's a deadly combination—ignorance linked with an assumption of knowledge. Maybe it's his insecurity at suddenly being placed in charge of this administrative maze without having had experience in that line. But if that's the explanation, he would have been wiser to keep quiet until he'd learned something."

The Democrat stopped to light a cigarette, leaned back, and said, "On the other hand, let me be as fair as I can. No Mayor of this city can fully deliver so long as the resources of our society are allocated the way they are now. One plain fact is that whereas the Mayor of New York has tremendous governmental powers, he has practically no power to solve the ultimate problems of the city, because he doesn't have the money or the means to raise enough of the money. Certainly the answer—or a large part of it—is much more federal funds. I don't see any sign that we're going to get enough of those funds fast enough, yet unless this society solves the problems of the cities we won't have to worry about the dangers of war from abroad—we'll explode because of the tensions in our cities. And even if there were enough money, you'd need time. You cannot wipe out in four or eight or twelve years the effects of decades of poverty and poor planning and no planning.

"This man is in trouble—in great trouble. Even if Lindsay had been all I'd expected, much of what he could do—with resources allocated as they are now—would be limited to dramatizing the problems of New York, just calling attention to them, in the hope that there would be enough of a cumulative impact on the society to get the help that's needed to keep the tinderbox from exploding. But, with his disadvantages, and with the current priorities in Washington, consider what the Lindsay administration is going to have to face in its last two years. Inevitably, there'll be some attrition in the top levels of his administration by then, particularly if not enough money is coming in to enable them to get things done. So how many first-rate people—



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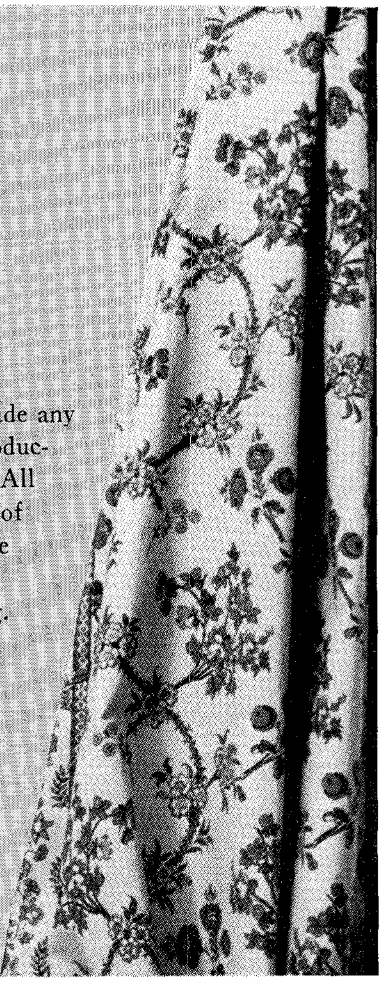

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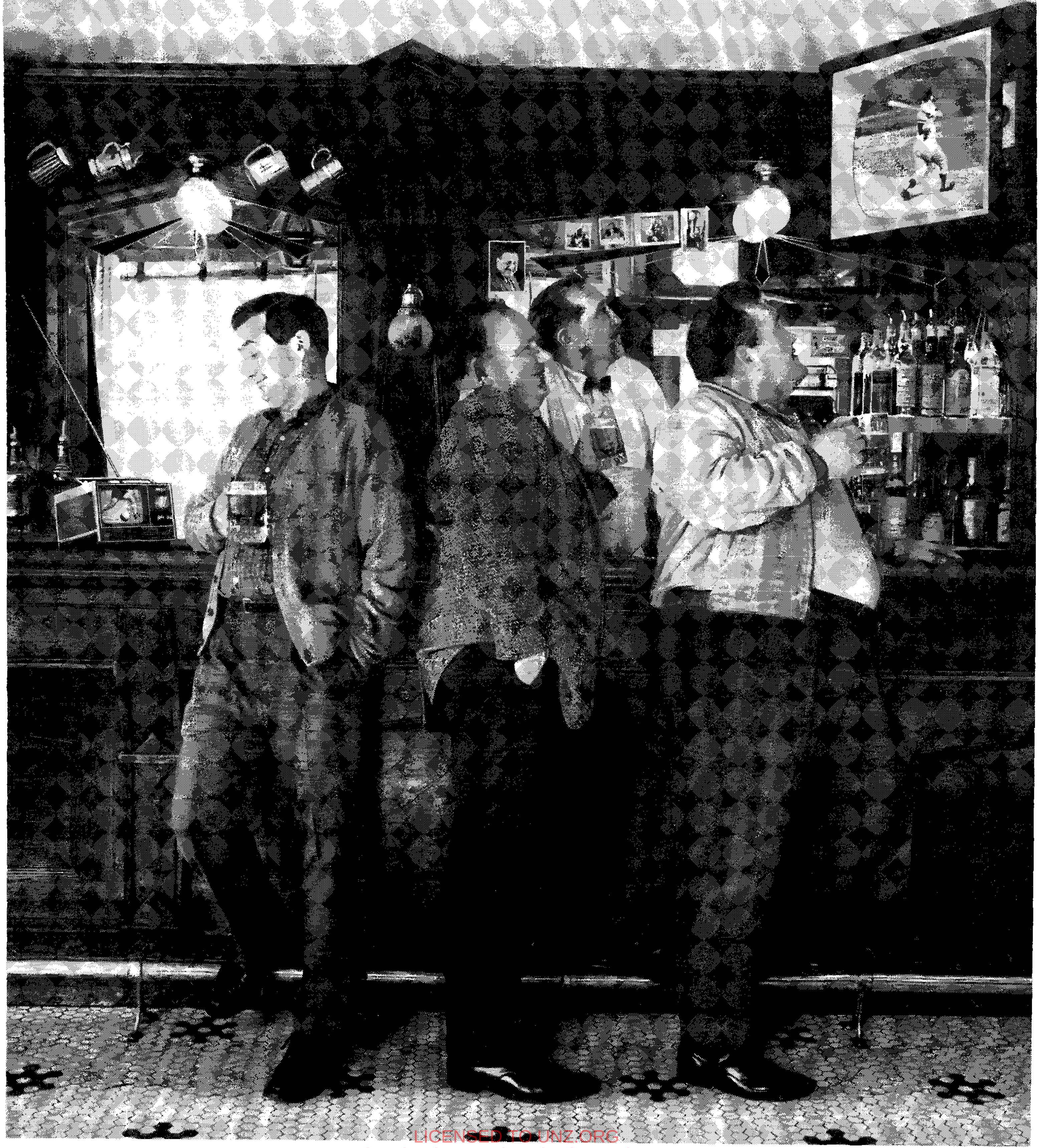


not that he's gotten so many up to now—will he be able to recruit then? In two years, this won't be nearly so glamorous, so attractive, so trailblazing an adventure. No, sir, I do not envy Mr. Lindsay."

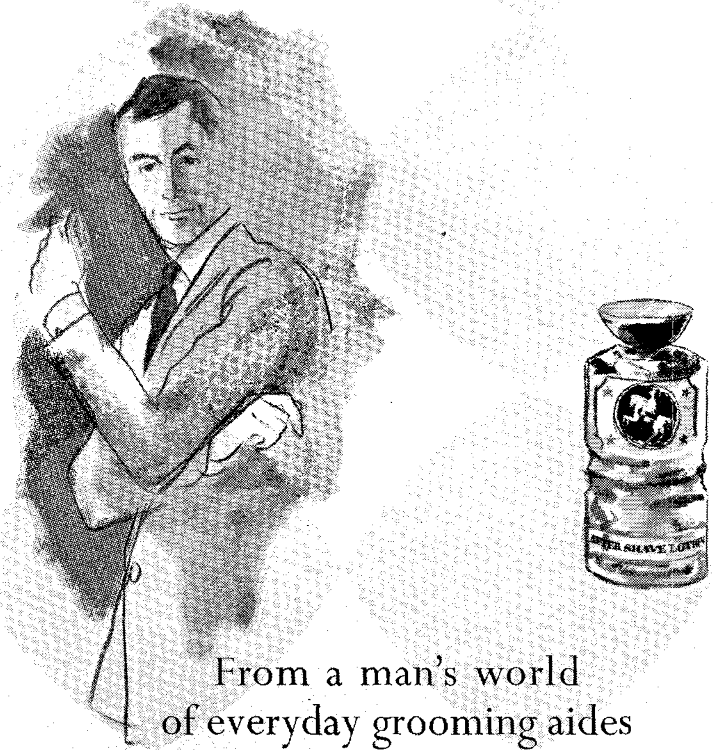
THERE were days when I didn't envy the Mayor, either—particularly those days when City Hall seemed to be under siege by armies of homeowners, sanitation men, or various representatives of the poor who seemed convinced that the War on Poverty was being directed against them. And the assault troops were usually accompanied by television cameras. At least, they were one morning in May of Lindsay's first year in office when a joint hearing of the Board of Estimate and the City Council's finance committee was to start considering the Mayor's proposed expense budget. As I walked up the front steps of City Hall, about a hundred sanitation men, all of them looking aggrieved and bellicose, were massed to the left. At the top of the steps, several television cameramen were setting up their equipment. Inside, in the rotunda near the entrance to the Mayor's wing, I saw William Booth, the chairman of the city's Commission on Human Rights. During the previous administration, Booth, who was then New York State chairman of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, had been arrested for picketing against the discriminatory practices of certain craft unions in the course of demonstrations at Rochdale Village, in Queens. I told him I was impressed that Gilberto Gerena-Valentin, an especially militant Puerto Rican leader, had just been appointed co-chief of the business-and-employment division of the Commission on Human Rights.

"Yeah, but I'm getting some flak," said Booth. "He's a controversial guy."

"You mean flak from inside the Puerto Rican community?"

"No, no. From some of these so-called liberals. He's too strong for them. However, we're moving along. There's a real change of attitude in the Police Department, I'll tell you. I got a call from Commissioner Leary, and he wanted to come to *my* office to talk to me. That's unprecedented. In the old days, we couldn't even get through to high police officials. This man Leary seems to *want* better relations between the police and minority groups."

Just inside the gate, in the office of the Mayor's press staff, I met Alfonso Troche, a new assistant press secretary. Troche, a native of Puerto Rico who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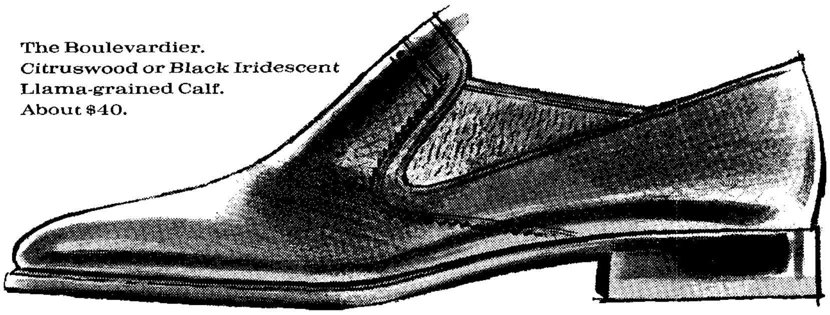

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The Hasselblad System...
and why a certain kind of person might fall in love with it.

There are many people who buy and use a car just to get from point A to point B, and who buy any piece of mechanical equipment strictly on the basis of it performing a particular function with the minimum of involvement on their part.

For this kind of person there is a certain kind of camera, the kind that does all the thinking for him. Film is loaded in the form of a cartridge, a button is pressed...and that's all; total non-involvement.

Now don't misunderstand us, we are not criticizing either the person or the camera. They both will probably be very happy with each other...But, there is another kind of person. The kind who buys a fine automobile, not just to get from point A to point B, but also for the great pleasure he gets from actually driving it. For this kind of person there is also a certain kind of camera...the Hasselblad... A camera that doesn't do all the thinking for you.

The Hasselblad is a camera for the kind of person who buys a piece of mechanical equipment, not just to perform a particular function, but also for other, almost intangible, reasons. For the feel, the look, the touch, sometimes even the smell of it. Certainly he could give you very sound, logical reasons for buying it and probably spending much more money than he would pay for the simpler, non-involving "push-button" model, but none of these would be the real reasons.

The real reason is very simple—he fell in love with it. Many men (and a very few lucky women) fall in love with a beautiful machine. To these men, there is something about a piece of equipment that not only looks, but feels good and performs its function better, because it's designed and built better than anything else in the world.

And that's what the Hasselblad is. The best designed and built camera in the world.

Many people have bought a Hasselblad after just holding one in their hands for a couple of minutes. They seem to know instinctively that it will take great photographs. And, if even further proof is needed, not only has a Hasselblad been carried on every NASA space flight, but more top professional photographers use Hasselblad than any other camera in the world.

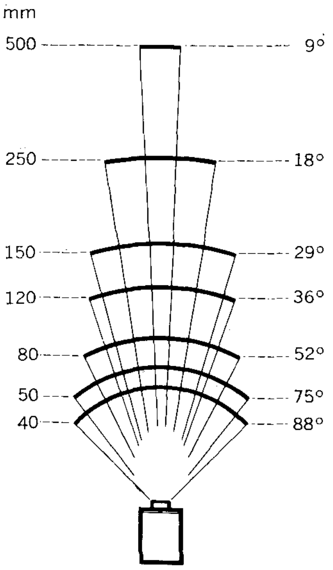
The basic Hasselblad camera is really just part of a completely integrated and interchangeable system of camera bodies, film magazines, lenses and accessories.

The film format used in the Hasselblad System is 2¼″ square. This has been described as the "ideal" format, and with good reason. It's big enough to give you pictures of superb quality and definition, and yet small enough to allow the design and physical shape of the camera to be as compact as it is.

The Hasselblad uses the single lens reflex viewing system. The beauty of this method is that you see the object you are going to photograph on a large 2¼″ square ground glass viewing screen, as you look through the actual lens that will take the picture, so you always know exactly how your finished picture will turn out.

There are three bodies in the Hasselblad System, each one designed and constructed to perform its own particular function better than any other camera of its type.

Firstly, the 500C. This could almost be called the "workhorse" of the Hasselblad System. It is the standard body in the System and takes all the lenses and magazines that are available for the Hasselblad. No single camera has been used and praised more by the top professional and amateur photographers than the 500C. The other two bodies are more "special purpose" cameras. The 500EL, which is an electrically driven camera allowing for rapid exposures and remote control, and the Superwide C wide angle camera. No other camera using the 2¼″ square format has as wide an angle of view as the Superwide C. On its introduction, this camera was hailed as a breakthrough in camera design. There are seven lenses in the Hasselblad System, all by Carl Zeiss, makers of superb quality optical glass for generations. The lenses range from a 40mm wide angle, to a 500mm telephoto. Every lens has a built in Synchro Compur shutter with provision for flash and strobe synchronization at all 10 shutter speeds, from 1/500 of a second to 1 second.



Interchangeable Lenses. This diagram illustrates the focal length (l.) and the angle of view (r.) of the seven lenses available in the Hasselblad System.

One of the most striking features of the Hasselblad System is the interchangeable film magazines, each one of superb design and construction. The beauty of these magazines is that with just one camera body, a photographer can shoot pictures in black and white. Then, before finishing the roll, change to a magazine loaded with color, shoot a few color shots, then go back to black and white film. One magazine even allows you to make 70 exposures on one roll of film. Hasselblad was the first camera system to offer the advantage of interchangeable magazines.

There are many many accessories in the Hasselblad System, each one designed and built to the same extreme standards of quality and craftsmanship that Hasselblad has become famous for.

Shown below are just a few items in the System.

Like all good things in life, the Hasselblad is expensive, but if you're the kind of person we have been talking about (and you wouldn't have read this far if you weren't) then, who knows, with this kind of camera, perhaps you could live on love alone.

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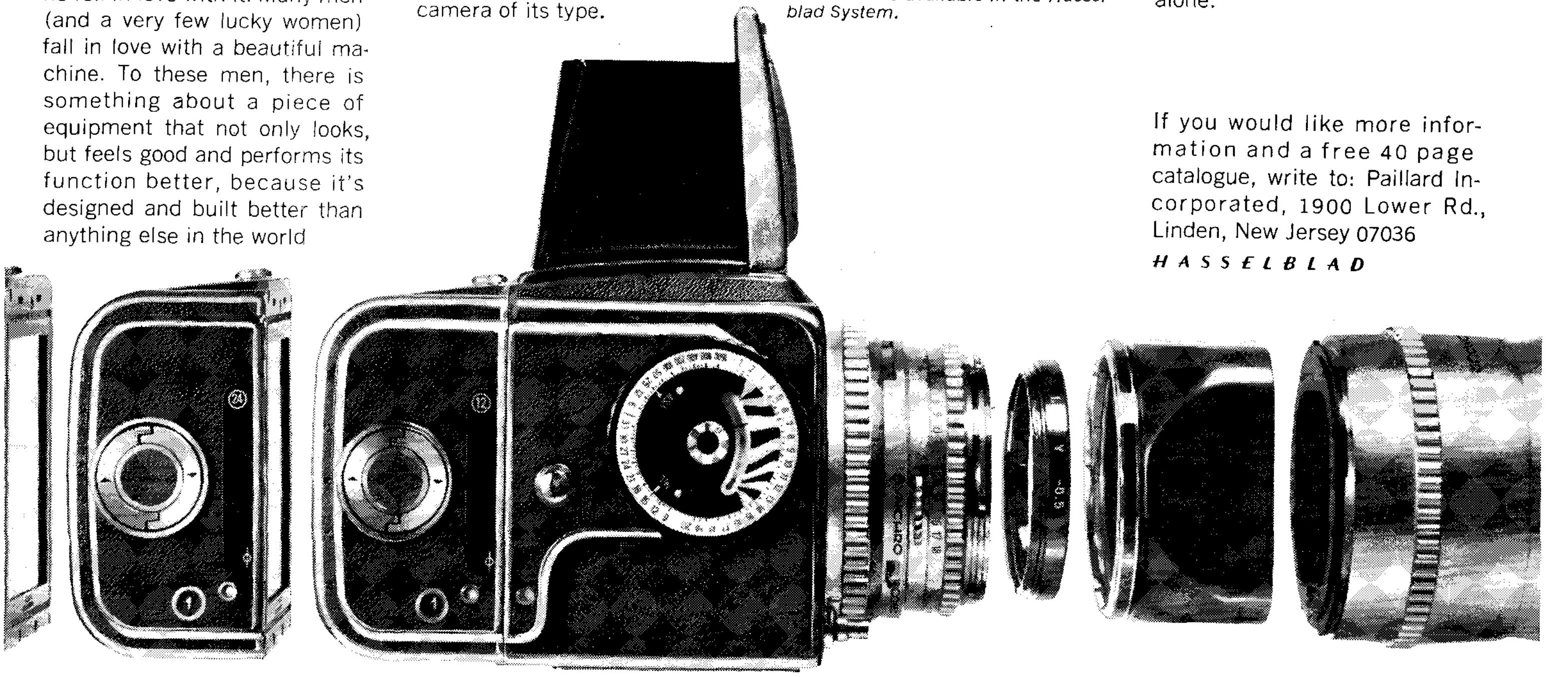

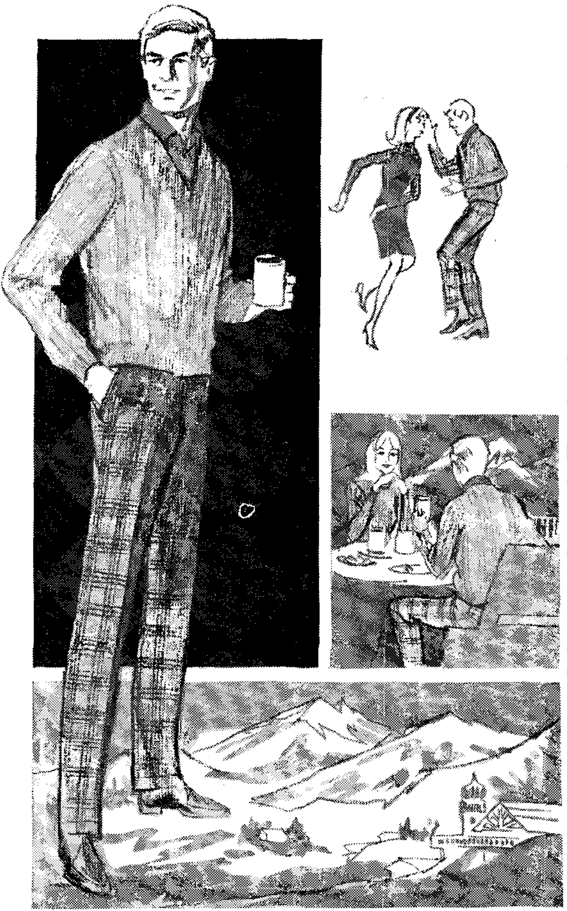

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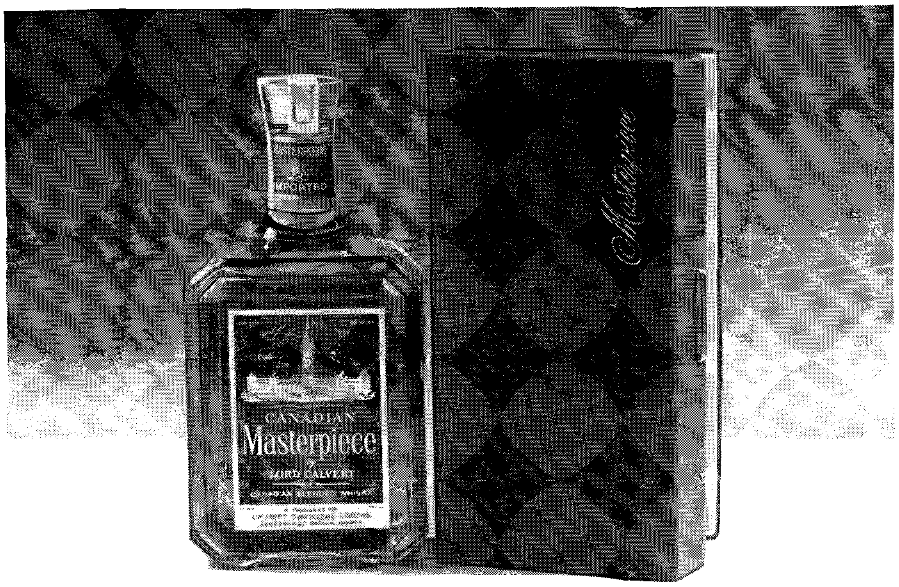

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was still in his twenties, had graduated from high school and college in New York and had gone on to become an Army officer and a newspaperman. On the wall over his desk, he had taped up a quotation: "I do the very best I know how—the very best I can. And I mean to keep on doing so until the end."

"Abraham Lincoln," Troche told me. "He kept me going through the Army."

Troche's shoes were being shined by a middle-aged Negro. A slim, brown-haired secretary came by, and Troche said to her, "I bet you don't know I used to have the shoeshine beat on a Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. I used to average thirteen dollars a day."

"How old were you?" the girl asked.

"Thirteen, fourteen. Then I got promoted to an exclusive franchise in a barbershop, and then I graduated to shining shoes in a shoe-repair shop. *There*, I was really making money." The shoeshine man stood up, finished. "Hey," said Troche. "Can I use my American Express card?" The Negro grinned. "I still have my shoeshine box," said Troche as he paid the man. "I save it as a relic."

I asked Robert Laird, another young assistant press secretary, what the Mayor's schedule was like.

"All full, as usual," he said. "We tried to hold out a chunk of time in the afternoon, but it got filled."

"When does he have time to think?"

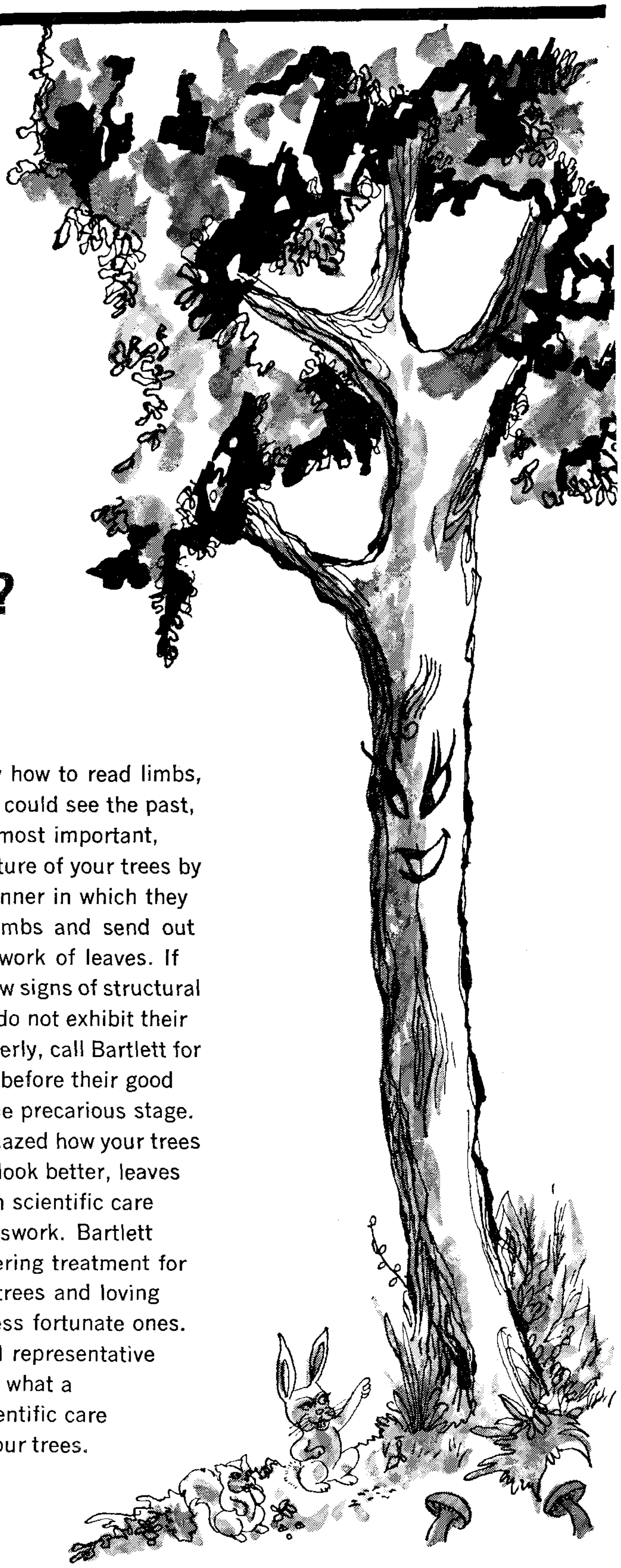
"That's a good question," said Laird. He looked at his watch. "He's already behind schedule. Every one of his aides has something that will take just two minutes—that's one of the reasons."

A meeting had been scheduled for ten o'clock in the Blue Room, just outside the Mayor's private office, between Lindsay and a delegation of Negro clergymen and other civic leaders who were preparing the agenda for a White House conference on civil rights. A TV cameraman, with his equipment all set up, was waiting in the Blue Room, but a press aide told him there was to be no TV coverage. "That's all right," said the cameraman, dismantling his camera. "I'm used to it. Time was you could set up anywhere around here, but not now." The delegation was already seated at a long table in the Blue Room. At twenty minutes past ten, they were joined by William Booth. At ten-thirty, the Mayor strode in, looking fresh and ready for business in a dark-gray suit, a white shirt, and a maroon-and-silver striped tie. After introductions and handshakes, he asked for specific information about what the White House conference was to cover. With his arms folded and his eyes roaming the table, he listened as the visitors spoke of urgent problems in housing, welfare, and job training. Then he was asked what else he thought should be on the agenda.

Lindsay looked around the table again and said sombrely, "The best contribution New York can make is to make it clear to the White House and to Congress that, small as it is in comparison with the needs of our decayed neighborhoods in this country, if the Demonstration Cities Program doesn't go through *intact*, you might as well forget about this conference. We don't have enough money for established programs, let alone new ones. Mitch Ginsberg can lay out twenty-five different areas in the Welfare Department in which the federal government can be of specific help in race relations—in making real changes in the way people live. The same is true of housing and jobs. I wish you'd tell the White House that my conviction is that this is an economic problem more than anything else. There's so much that has to be done here, and that *can* be done if we have the money."

At quarter of eleven, the Mayor was on his way upstairs to the budget meeting. He moved so quickly that two staff members and I almost had to trot to keep up with him. "You're getting soft," the Mayor told me. "I bet you slept till nine. Start off with me at seven some morning."

In the spacious chamber where the Board of Estimate meets, the Mayor took his seat at the center of a long semicircular table. In the audience in front of him I saw about forty of the sanitation men who had been waiting outside. They looked, if anything, more aggrieved and more bellicose. Around the table were the President of the City Council, the Comptroller, the five Borough Presidents—these officials, plus the Mayor, make up the Board of Estimate—and the members of the City Council's committee on finance. Hovering behind each official was at least one staff member. As the hearing got under way, a succession of middle-aged men representing civil-service unions and other groups rose to make statements. Some of them demanded higher pay for sanitation workers. The Mayor listened with a slight, somewhat grim smile but without comment until a spokesman for Local 300 of the Building Service Employees Inter-



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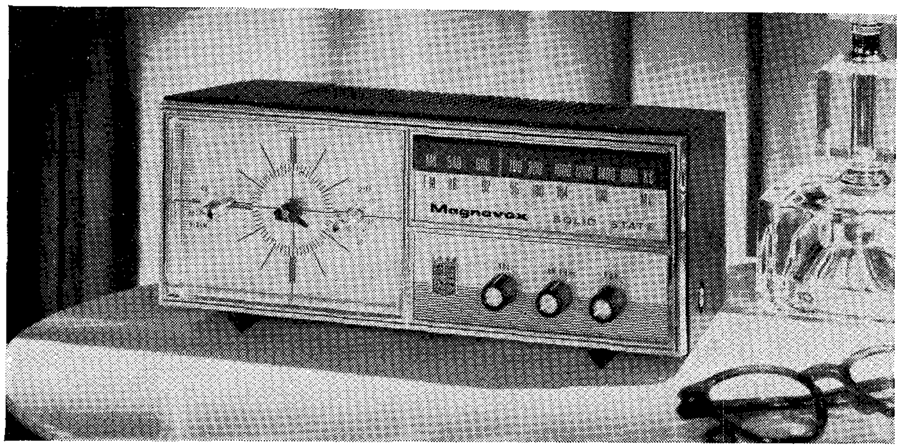

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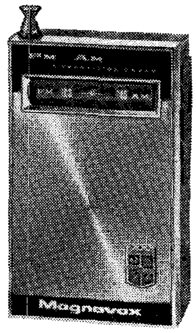

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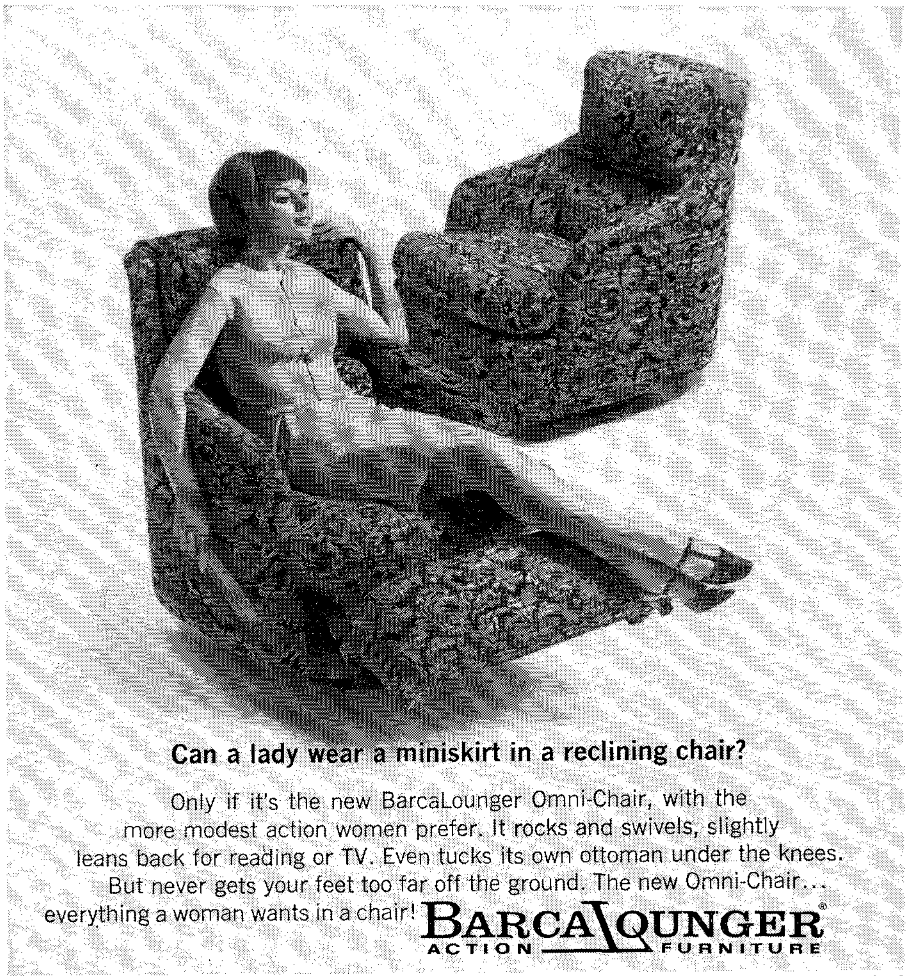

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national Union, pointing straight at him, finished loudly, "We must, then, Mr. Mayor, assume that if the sum you have allocated, sixty million dollars, for salary adjustments is not sufficient, additional funds will be made available to provide a just and living wage for the competent, dedicated employees you stated are needed to translate well-meaning intentions into workable programs."

The Mayor had put on glasses, which he wears infrequently, for reading, and, leaning forward, he said, "Let me ask you, as a leader of this fine organization, have you taken a position on the Mayor's city-income-tax program?"

The spokesman appeared somewhat flustered, but he recovered quickly. "We have not taken a stand on *how* you raise taxes. We are *for* taxes if the money received is used wisely, but we don't want to get into a controversy as to how they're going to be raised."

The Mayor laughed.

The lights in the chamber were on, but it was sunny outside, and my attention wandered during the next witness's statement as I looked at the first leaves of spring on the trees in City Hall Park. The Mayor suddenly stood up and rushed out. Downstairs, he strode back to the Blue Room to preside at a ceremony for schoolchildren who had won awards in an art contest sponsored by the Department of Parks and the school system. As he handed out savings bonds under bright lights set up for television cameras, Alfonso Troche, leaning against a wall, shook his head. "If I was Mayor," he said, "I'd cut *all* this stuff out and just do business."

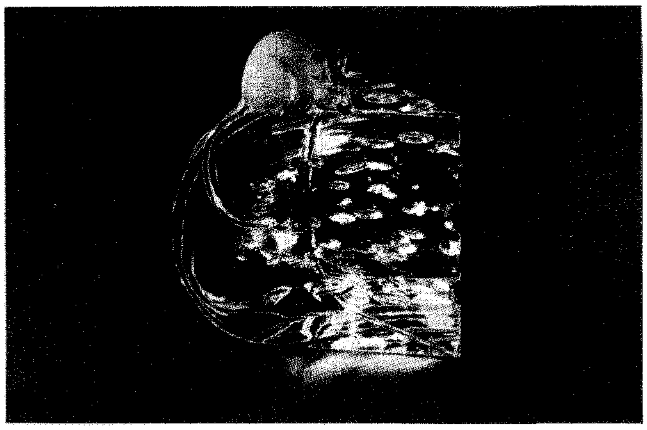
After looking carefully at each winning painting and congratulating the children, the Mayor sprinted up the stairs again. Managing to keep a few steps behind him, I asked if he ever got time to read. "Oh, I get it in," he said, turning his head without breaking step. "Like I read the early edition of the *Times* at midnight, and then, in the morning, I look at the late edition to see what changes there have been."

Some turbulence had been created upstairs by a proposed appropriation of forty thousand dollars for green uniforms for building inspectors, who had previously worn civilian clothes. An aide to the Mayor told me that a certain amount of bribe-taking had been detected in the department and the theory was that in uniform the inspectors would feel themselves more visible and would therefore be less likely to take

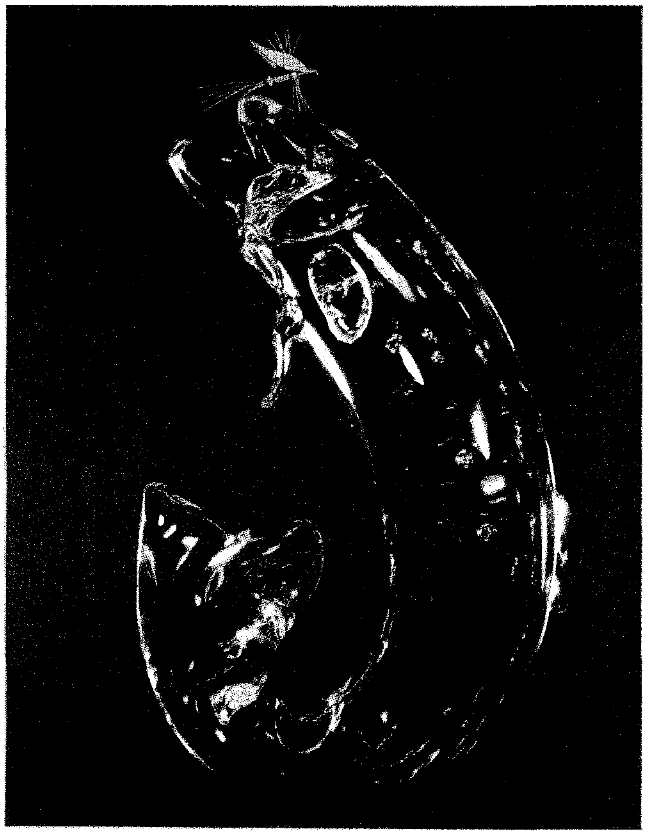
STEUBEN GLASS

Collector's Items in Crystal and Gold

Steuben Glass presents a new group of ornamental *objets* in crystal and gold. Designed by James Houston and fitted with cases of red leather, they are now on view at the Steuben shop: Fifth Ave. at 56th St., New York City.



Mouse and Cheese · Height 4″ · Gold, 18k · $550



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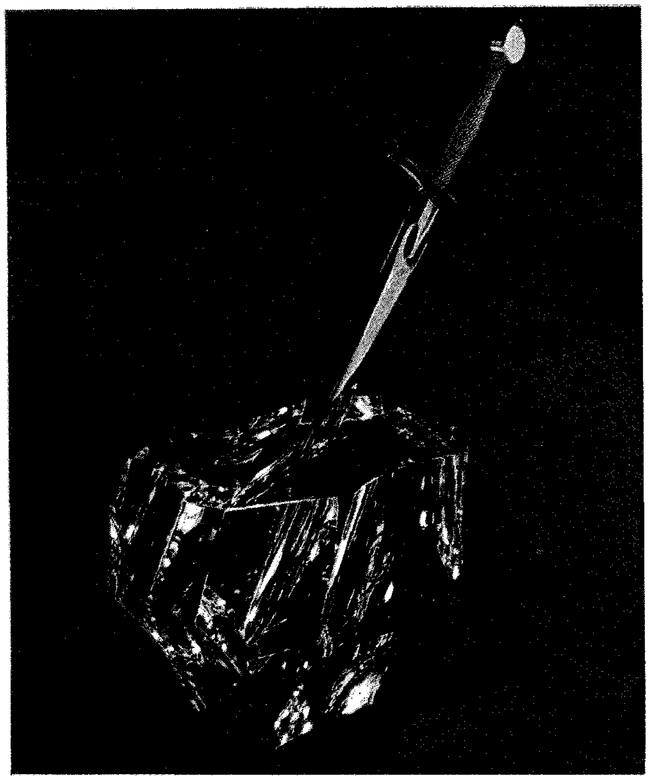
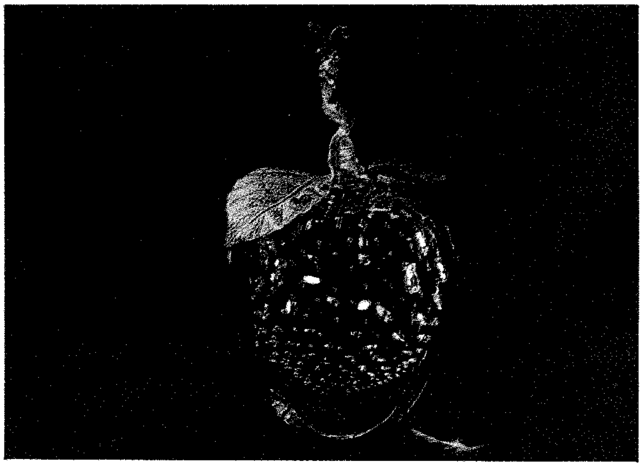
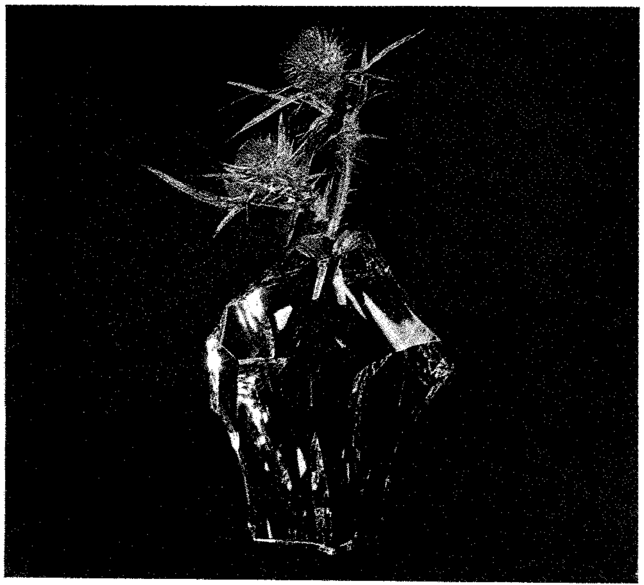


Excalibur · Height 8″ · Silver, sterling · Gold, 18k · $650



Apple of Eden · Height 6″ · Gold, 18k · $550



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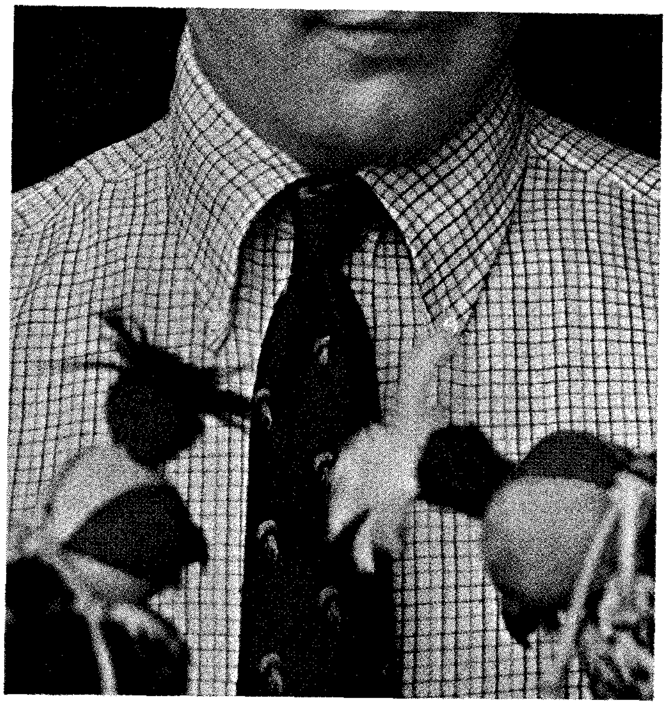
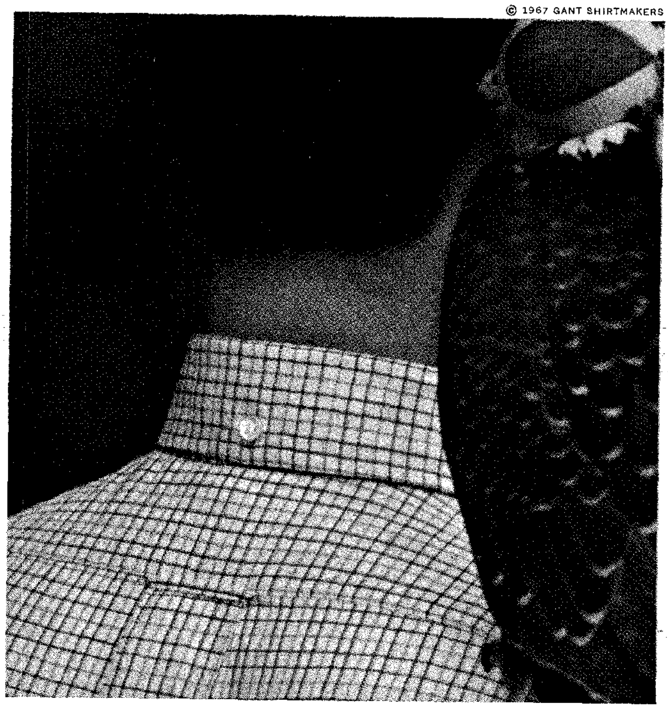
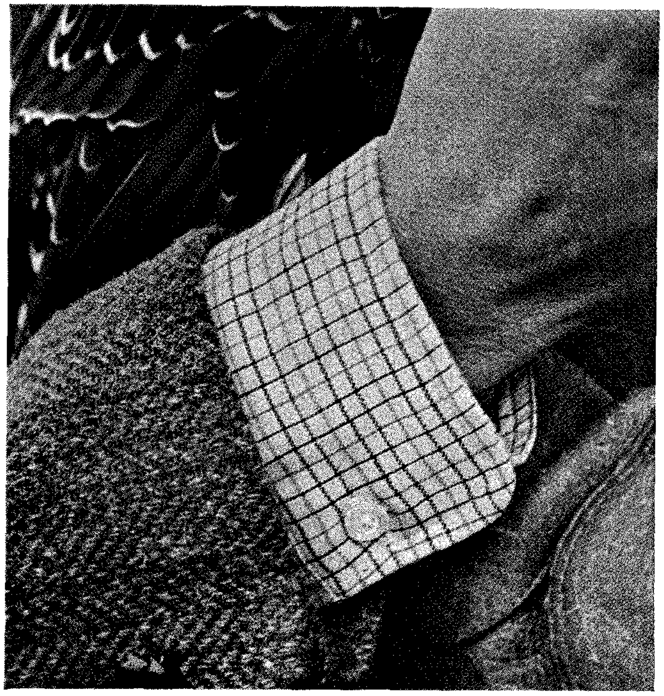


bold-bright...



Oxford Tattersall...



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risks that involved breaking the law. A heavyset man with a patch of gray stubble on his chin, his round face flushed and sweating under the television lights, stood before the table speaking hoarsely. "I was ordered by my doctor to stay home for a month and rest, but this is a *burning* issue. I've been an inspector for eleven years, and I've seen commissioners come and go. Each one thinks *he* will be the one to do the proper job for the Buildings Department. But they're all the same. However," he went on, forcing his voice to a strangled shout, "I want to commend this Mayor because he is the first Mayor to back up *any* idea of his Buildings Commissioner, no matter how asinine it may be."

The Mayor pressed a pencil to his lips in a largely unsuccessful effort to conceal a smile. He leaned over to listen to an aide. Frank O'Connor, the President of the City Council, was also being whispered to. "Gentlemen, pay attention to this!" cried the building inspector. "Don't talk among yourselves. These uniforms are going to take *money!* It's forty thousand dollars now. In future budgets, it will mushroom to over a million dollars. Do you think we're going to stink away in one uniform, one tie, one shirt, one pair of shoes? You're going for broke! And where is the money coming from?" He took a handful of change out of his pocket. "The money for the uniforms and the money for the generals and assistant generals and aides and aides to aides that our new commissioner has appointed? From me, that's where! It's my money! It's my taxes!"

Out of breath, he paused. Then, moving close to the table, he looked directly at Lindsay and said, "Almost everyone who worked in your campaign is being rewarded." The Mayor's smile was now tight. "I ran a grocery store. My mother did. My father did. *They* never got a reward for running a grocery store. And I—after eleven years, I'm making the same salary as men who are just coming into the department. Where is my reward, Mr. Mayor?"

The Mayor broke in to say, "I hope you notice that, for the first time in many, many years, people in the ghetto neighborhoods are beginning to feel that the Buildings Department works for them and—"

"From what money, Mr. Mayor? From what money? From what money?"

"—to the extent you people are coöperating in that effort to make the people in the ghettos feel there is

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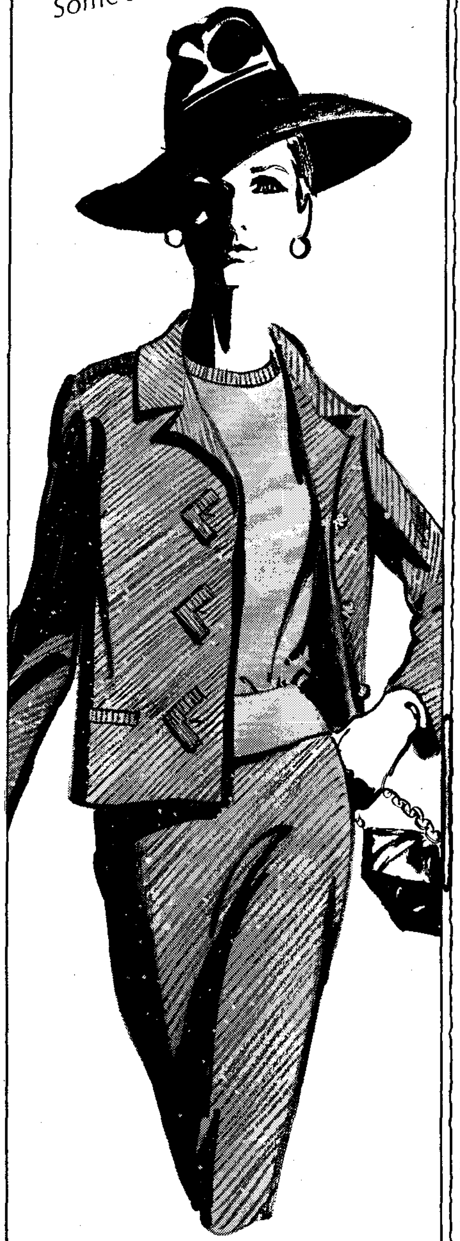

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movement, the city is deeply grateful."

"Mr. Mayor!" The inspector threw his shoulders back and smiled in a manner he presumably thought was ingratiating. "You don't expect us to shirk our jobs?" He put a hand on his heart. "If this be my last act on earth, I will be happy knowing I have served the City of New York, but do not put uniforms on us. We're not dirty. We should not be demeaned, disgraced, dishonored. We should be handled as human beings, not as dirt and filth, the way the newspapers and some commissioners handle us. Many of our sons are doctors, priests, nurses, lawyers. And now are we to be demeaned? Gentlemen, if I were younger I wouldn't mind dying in a green beret!"

Comptroller Mario Procaccino, who had appeared more interested in his cigar than in the proceedings, suddenly sat up. "Attaboy!" he shouted.

The building inspector was now so hoarse that his voice was little more than a whisper. Pointing a finger at Lindsay, he croaked, "If God grants you life, Mr. Mayor, remember re-election!"

The Mayor looked back at him without expression and said, "Thank you for your well-reasoned and constructive statement."

As the next speaker rose, the Mayor asked him if he could be brief. He was. Handing the Mayor a piece of paper, he said, "I am the attorney for six taxpayers in an action in Supreme Court, Queens County. This is an order restraining the issuance of uniforms to building inspectors on the ground that the Buildings Commissioner ordered men into uniforms in February without appropriations for those uniforms having been voted." Amid a popping of flashbulbs, the Mayor looked at the restraining order with distaste.

Another speaker came forward, and I went outside to talk with a member of Lindsay's press staff. When I returned, five minutes later, the Mayor was gone and Robert Sweet, the Mayor's executive assistant (he is now a Deputy Mayor), was in his place. "He's got a luncheon," the aide said. I imagined that, for once, the Mayor might welcome a dais, as long as it wasn't in City Hall. Downstairs, at the gate leading out of the Mayor's wing, Woody Klein had just finished a heated colloquy with a group of Negroes from the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn who had come to City Hall to protest a delay in the start of several anti-poverty projects, which they claimed was caused by red tape. Klein,

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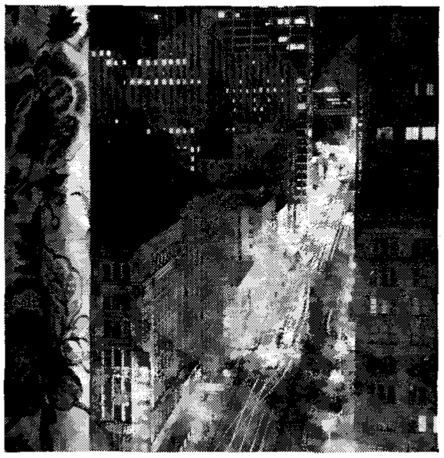

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who had finally arranged an appointment for them later in the day with one of the Mayor's assistants, was looking tired. "Everybody comes to that gate," he said. "I tell them they're right. I know how they feel. O.K., we're going to integrate all the anti-poverty programs into a Human Resources Administration. And we've got studies, reports, analyses. But these people still go home from that gate to some crummy apartment. And so many people in this city still don't have jobs. I tell them, 'Give us time to get started.' And they say, 'We've heard that before.' And they have. And then they insist on seeing the Mayor. Everybody wants to talk to the Mayor. And that's the way it should be. But he can only see so many people in a day."

LATE that afternoon, I went to call on Dr. Donald Shaughnessy, then an assistant to the Mayor for economic development. Shaughnessy's office was in the Tweed Building, and I found myself becoming depressed by the institutional dun color of the walls as he spoke on the phone. "I have to get a budget line for this man," he said at one point. "I need this guy. It's absolutely essential."

Shaughnessy, who had been director of the Foreign Scholar Program at Columbia University before he joined the Lindsay administration, had prepared Lindsay's position paper on the city's economy and had written speeches for him during the mayoralty campaign. A gregarious man with a beaked nose and bushy hair, Shaughnessy at once gave me the impression of being in control of a great deal of information and eager to discuss it—even when, as on this occasion, he had to cope with a stream of phone calls and a visitor at the same time.

"I don't think anyone—least of all the Mayor and the people around him—was aware when he took office of how bad a fiscal mess this administration was inheriting," he said. "Nor were we aware of how much rigidity was built into the budget—how great a lack of flexibility there was because of the civil-service rules. You can't move bodies from A to B without stepping on twelve toes, even if what you want to do is for the best of reasons and for the best interests of the city. It may take four years to do it, but this government is going to be reorganized into a sensible system. Meanwhile, we *are* breaking down some of these little feudal hierarchies that have been built up over twenty years and more."

Shaughnessy shook his head. "It's a

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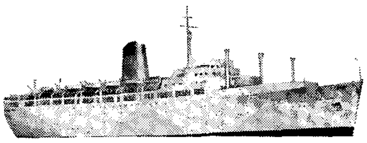

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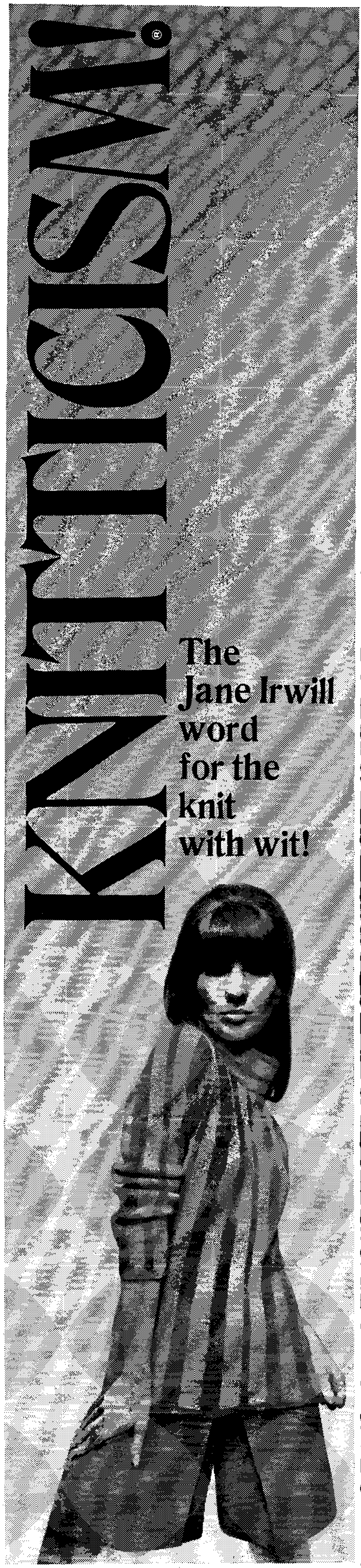

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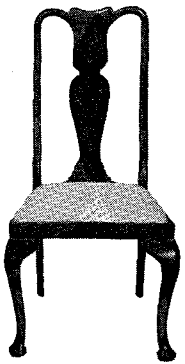
nutty situation. People have been talking about the number of manufacturing jobs New York is losing, but we've been *driving* them out by not doing a goddam thing to keep these industries. Look, let me give you an example. You'd think that someplace the city would be able to find out how much of the land it owns is zoned for industrial purposes. I need this information, because one of the things I want to do is set up vest-pocket industrial parks. About fifteen acres. That's a nice piece of land. So I went to the City Planning Commission for a breakdown of what we had available. They didn't have it. It's the City Planning Commission! Why don't they have it? Because it's never been requested. Now we're assembling the information ourselves, but it's an arduous job. Meanwhile, corporations have been calling the Department of Commerce every day wanting to know where they can get more space. If they get an answer they can use, it's only by accident.

"Another thing," he continued. "When I started, I wanted to find out how bad things really were with regard to jobs. But try to get reliable figures on the civilian labor force. Try to get reliable figures not only on the number of people in New York who are unemployed but also on the number who have been unemployed for twenty-five weeks or more. Try to get precise figures on unemployment among Negroes or teen-agers by contrast with the over-all unemployment rate. You can get data on the national level from the Bureau of Labor Statistics, but we did not have reliable data for the city. Why? I guess because nobody really gave a damn. And that's because, I would guess, there was a built-in assumption all these years that New York is and always will be a major center of economic activity, which would never have problems of job development and economic growth. You know the theory—in a city like New York there will always be jobs for people who really *want* to work. So what happened? Since 1961, the whole country has enjoyed a period of prosperity but, as of the time Lindsay took office, New York City did not share in that growth. Not so far as jobs were concerned. We can change that, but it's going to take a lot of work and new perspectives. I'm sorry, for example, that City Hall is in Manhattan. It should be in Brooklyn or Queens. Maybe there ought to be a portable City Hall that would stay six months in each borough. It's one thing to see New York as the fancy shops and nice build-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I asked Shaughnessy why he, a reform Democrat, had left Columbia to take such a difficult assignment.

"I admit that when I began to be aware of John, in the late nineteen-fifties, I had to conquer my first impression of him," he said. "When I saw him, I saw Cary Grant, and I thought, Nobody has the right to be that good-looking, charming, and affable. But I gradually got to know more about him. In 1963, I did some work for the United States Commission on Civil Rights, and I found out that John had played the most active civil-rights role in the minority party in Congress. Then I looked into his record on housing, civil liberties, and foreign policy, and I saw that a lot of things he was doing required guts. So I worked in his 1964 congressional campaign as co-chairman of Democrats for Lindsay. After that, John and I corresponded about different bills, and I did a few research chores for him. In April, 1965, he asked a number of us whether he ought to run for Mayor. I was pretty much opposed. I thought he'd get clobbered, and even if he got in he'd have a Democratic Board of Estimate and a Democratic City Council. I told him to go teach somewhere. 'Become chairman of a department of political science, write, enjoy yourself,' I said. But he foolishly declined my advice."

Shaughnessy reached for a pipe on his desk. "An interesting thing about working with Lindsay is the way his mind works," he said. "Whenever I begin to explain some concept that is rather imprecisely formed in my head, he invariably comes up with a disturbing question that penetrates to the heart of the problem. He not only grasps concepts quickly; he also grasps the way they interrelate. He'd make an excellent teacher. And he learns all the time. He's a perpetual student."

I said that I remembered being in Lindsay's Washington office a few years ago and seeing a map of Africa taped to the top of his desk. He was memorizing it during telephone calls.

"He keeps surprising me with some of the things he's found out," Shaughnessy continued. "Every month, for example, there's a meeting of the Mayor's Science and Technology Advisory Council—a high-powered group of engineers, technologists, scientists, and businessmen, headed up by John Dunning, who is in charge of the School of

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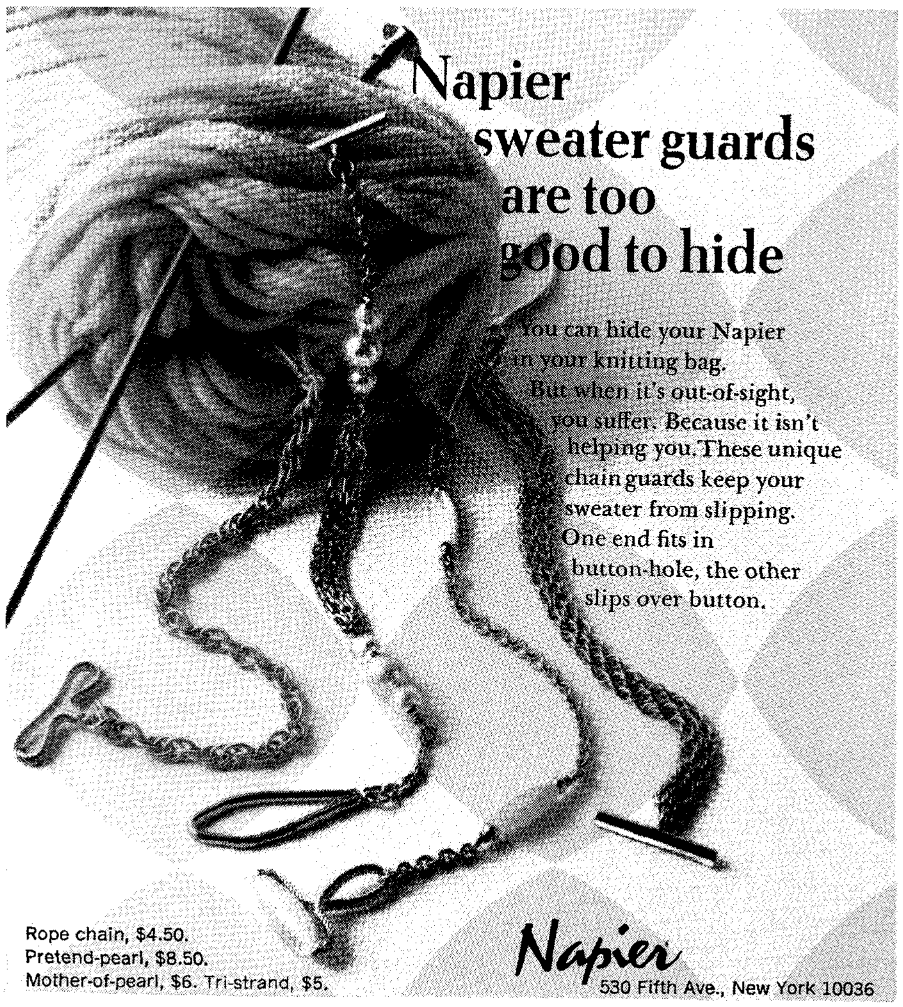

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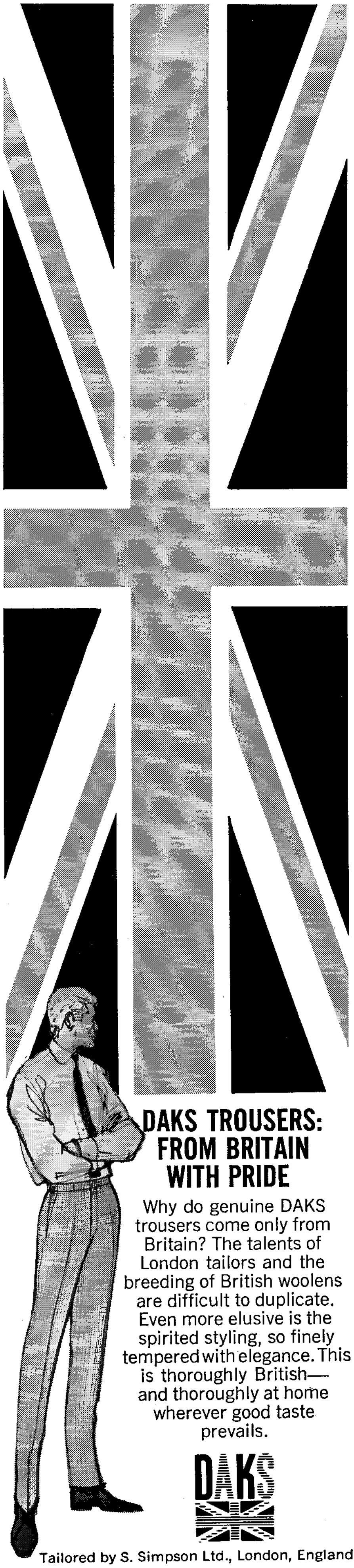

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Engineering at Columbia. Recently, the Mayor was sitting in at one of their meetings. They were talking about econometrics, which is to economics what linguistics is to English literature these days. It's a way of using computers to study economic measurements in order to develop and test economic theories. Well, during the meeting Lindsay referred to some work being done in that field at the University of California. I don't know where the hell he found out about it. And then he linked what those people were doing out there to whether the city should continue to support the Health Research Council's studies to the degree it has in the past. 'Why don't we try *their* way to find out?' he said. Nobody else there had seen that relationship.

"O.K., that part of him I can understand. He has a good, quick mind. He has another quality, though, that impresses but puzzles me—the fact that he cares very deeply about things you wouldn't have expected him to care about. Like civil rights, and what it's like to be poor. He didn't grow up in East New York or Bedford-Stuyvesant. I wouldn't describe his boyhood as having been deprived, although there was no inherited wealth. His father, who became a fairly prominent investment banker here in New York, was a self-made man. Anyway, I've watched Lindsay with people, and that concern of his is real. That's why he can communicate with Negroes and Puerto Ricans on a non-verbal level. And that concern of his is not like the kind, let's say, Franklin Roosevelt had. Roosevelt's was the Hudson River-patrician approach that delivered baskets of fruit to families down the road every Christmas. John has empathy, and a very strong belief that everyone has a *right* to be able to develop himself to his fullest potential."

This remark led to a discussion of Lindsay's own political potential, and I told Shaughnessy about Robert Price's fear that if Lindsay did not develop a political structure of support he might not last beyond his first four years.

"I don't believe that's so," Shaughnessy said. "I'm beginning to think that voters in urban areas are becoming more sophisticated than they were in the past. Their level of education is rising all the time, and therefore a lot of those people in New York who have been claiming for so long that they can deliver blocs of votes may turn out to be wearing the emperor's clothes. Take the labor leaders. I'm not impressed by Mr. Harry Van Arsdale and the voting power he supposedly controls. Oh,

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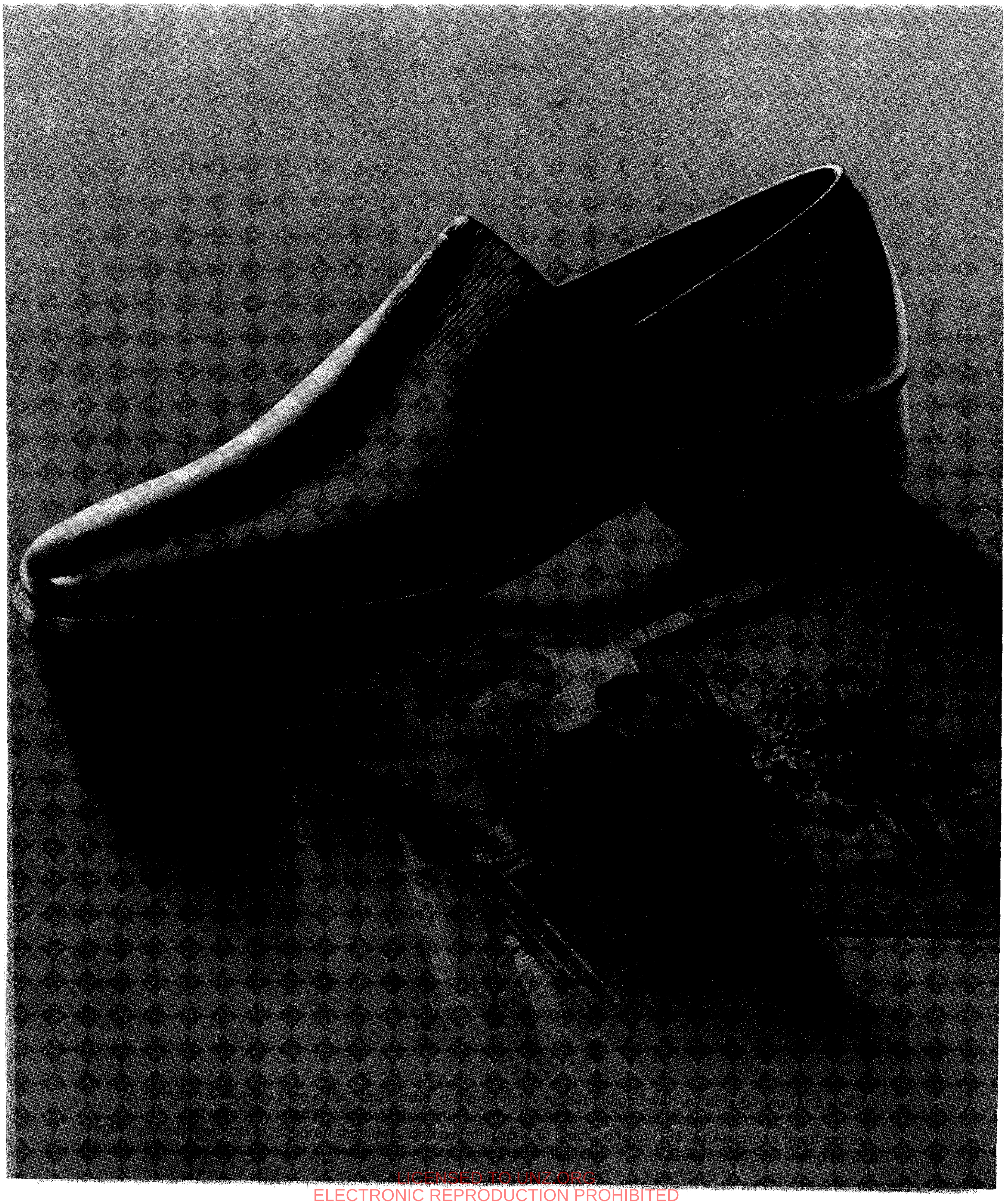

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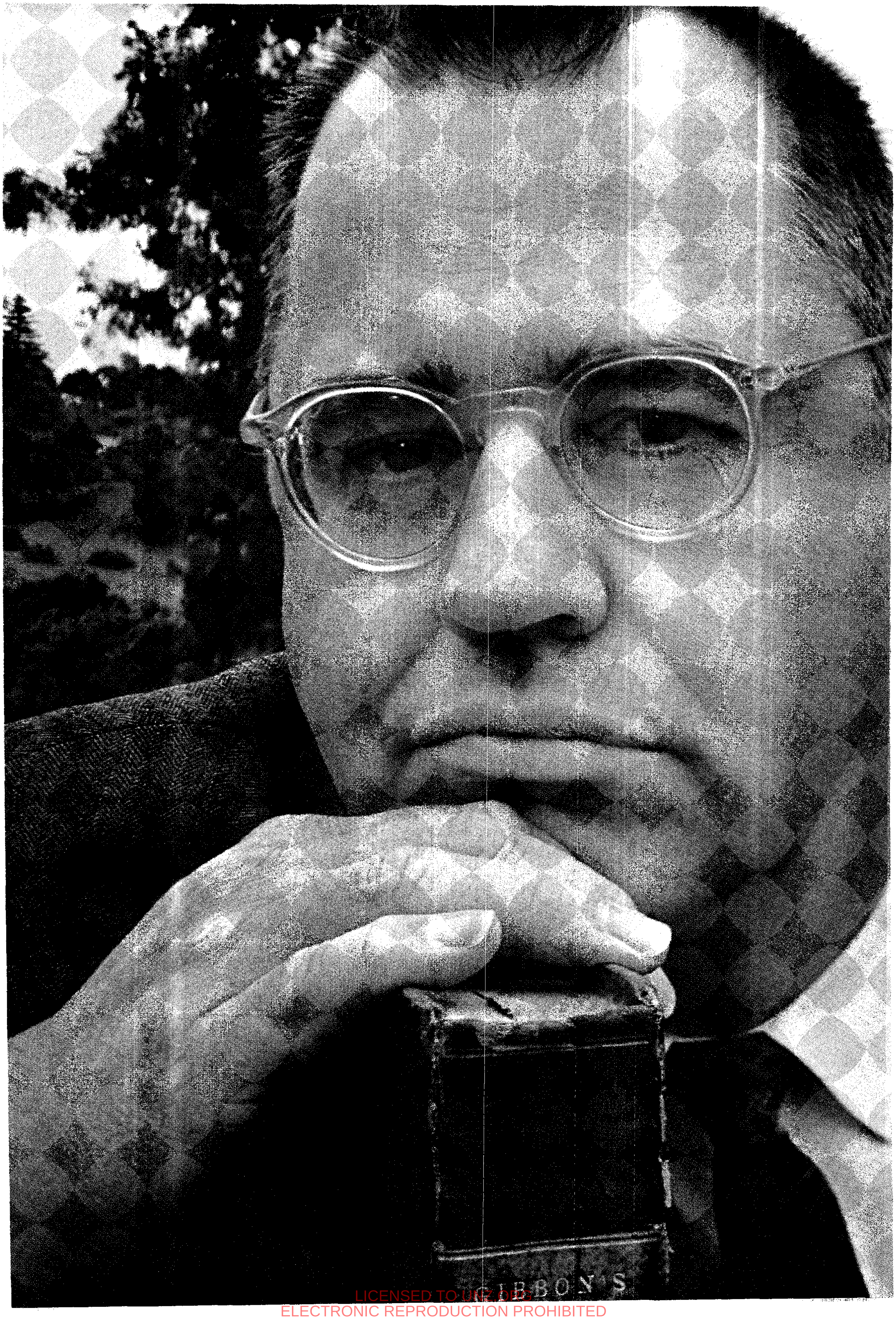
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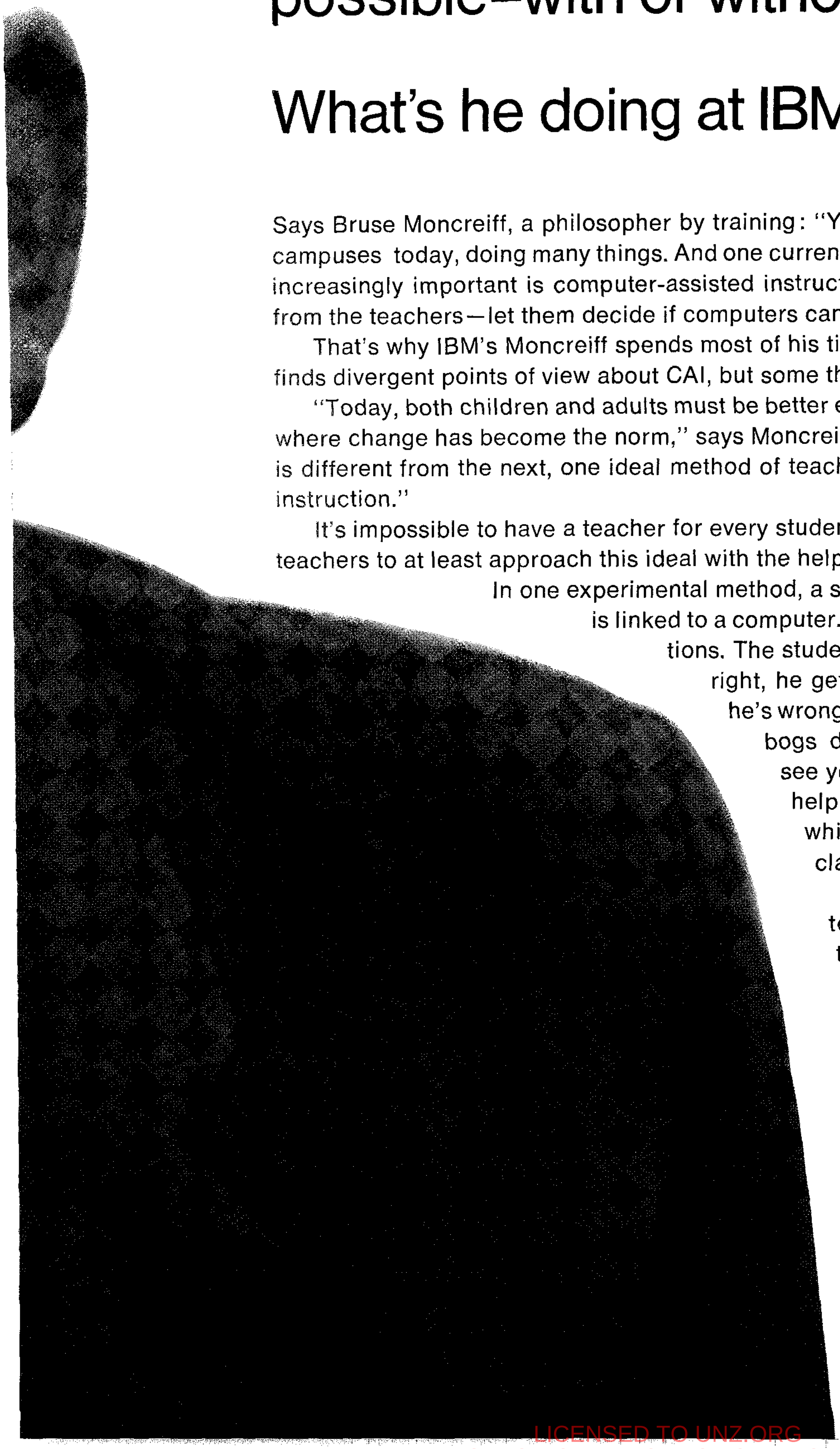

Says Bruse Moncreiff, a philosopher by training: "You'll find computers on many campuses today, doing many things. And one current experiment which may prove increasingly important is computer-assisted instruction (CAI). But we must learn from the teachers—let them decide if computers can be useful as a teaching aid."

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"The computer's role as a teaching aid demands hard thought," says Moncreiff. "Promising as it may seem to us, we must take our lead from those who know the most—the teachers themselves. It is they who will have the final say."

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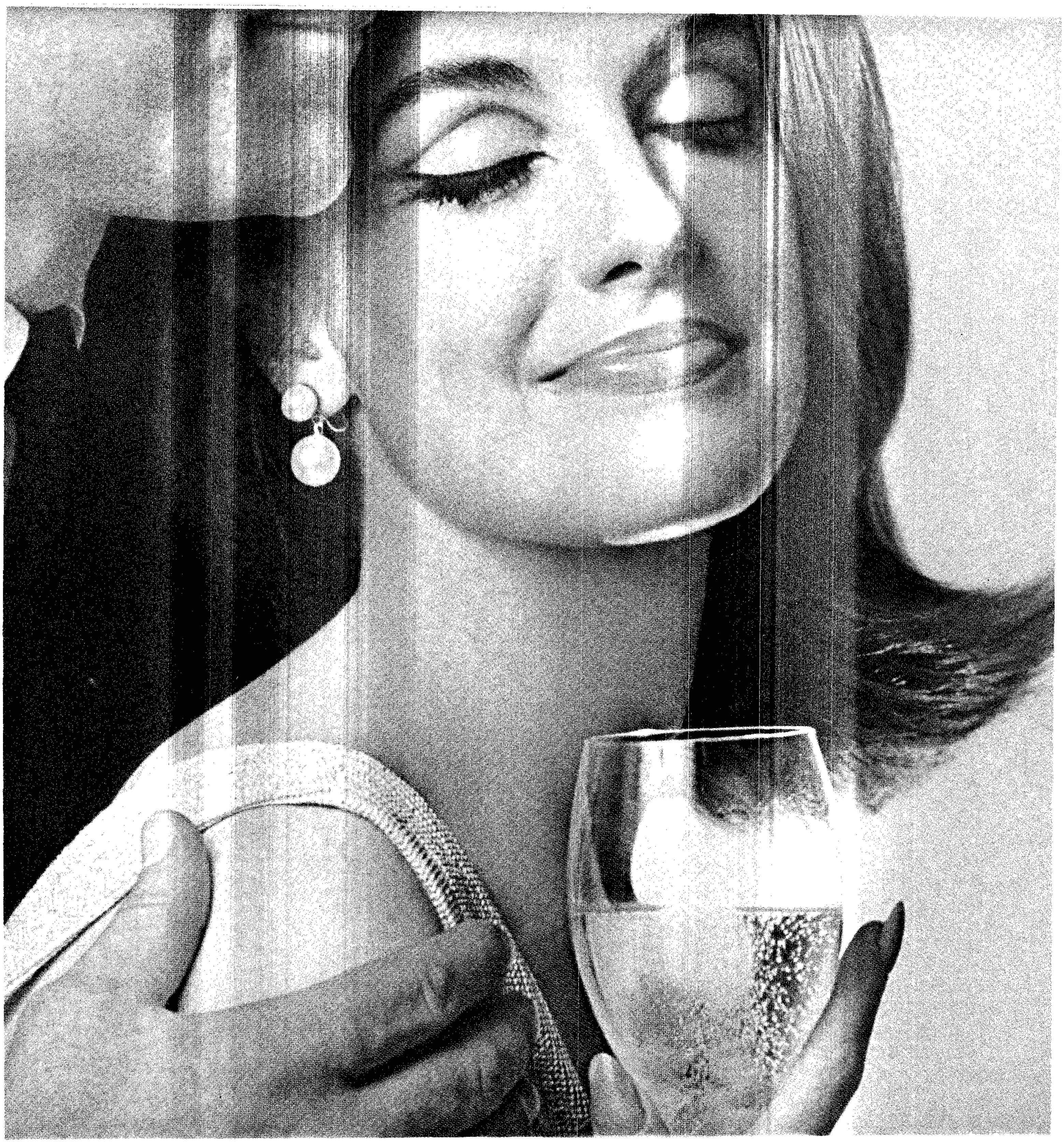

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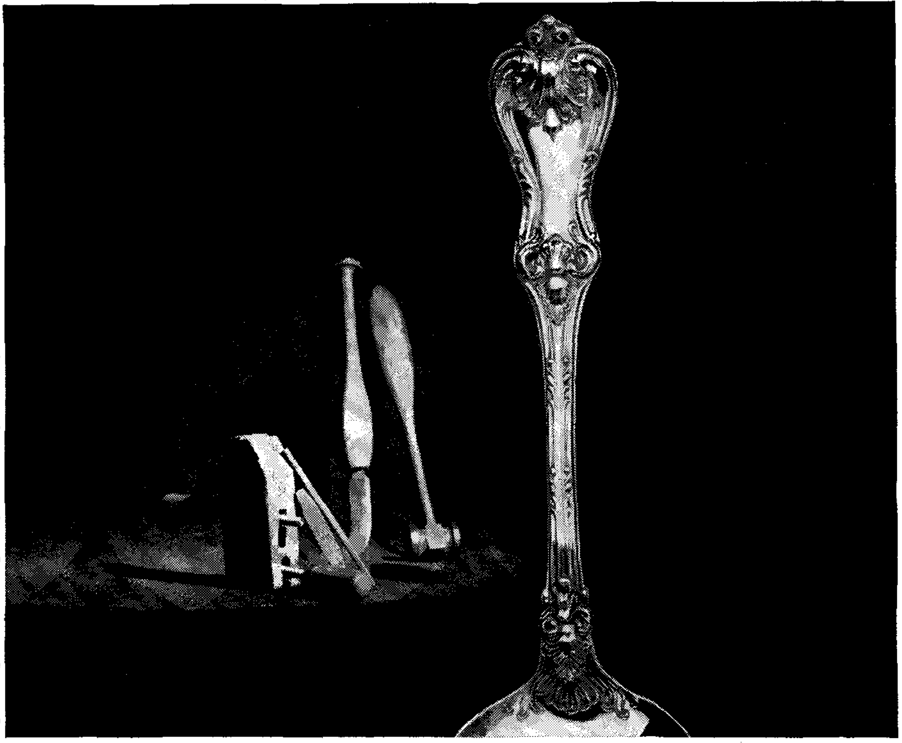
sure, he can get two hundred people to march around City Hall, but you've got to remember that union members are many other things besides cardholders—they're tenants or homeowners, and they're members of social and religious organizations. They can't be manipulated as if they were one homogeneous mass. I don't think it's necessarily going to be fatal to John that he's not plugged into any of these so-called power blocs. It seems to me, as a matter of fact, that what you have to be especially careful about in politics is choosing your enemies. It's important to have good enemies. I'd like John to keep some of the enemies he has: Van Arsdale, the craft-union leaders, the president of the Stock Exchange—that kind of enemy. Also, Lindsay is plugged into something else. He has, as I said, empathy with the way more and more people in this city feel about certain things. The demographic shifts that are taking place in New York—the growing numbers of Negroes and Puerto Ricans—make it all the more important for him to maintain certain enemies. That's why his shakeup of the Police Department—bringing in Howard Leary from Philadelphia as Commissioner, promoting Sanford Garelik to be Chief Inspector, and going for the civilian review board, even though it lost—was of great political worth to him. That breaking up of the Irish Mafia that's been in control of the department for so long was a special delight for me. My father was a cop, and I have first-hand information on the kind of name you had to have to move up in the department. I'm not that worried about John and the power blocs. Don't discount the possibility that John may make it by just being a very good Mayor."

BACK in City Hall, I stopped in at the office of another reform Democrat in the Lindsay administration—Donald Elliott, who has since become Chairman of the City Planning Commission. When I saw him, he was counsel to the Mayor, involved in the development of the capital budget, in governmental reorganization, in housing and urban renewal, and in anti-poverty operations. Elliott, a tall, lean man of thirty-three, struck me as remarkably calm and cheerful compared to some of the young men around the Mayor. I told him about Shaughnessy's conviction that the Mayor's understanding of the problems of the poor and of minority groups was deeper than many people realized.

"You should have been at a meeting

Once you had to inherit it



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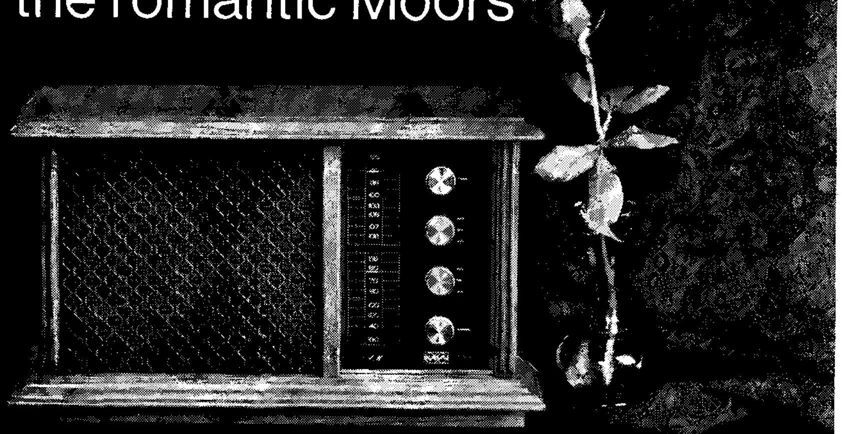

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we had the other day," Elliott said, *with a smile.* "We've been having a difficult time getting a program of legal services for the poor going. Some high-class lawyers have been involved, but they've been resisting giving some of the control of the program to poor people in the community-action groups. These lawyers come from the same sort of firm that John and I were both in. They have enormous affection for John, but they don't understand anything about poverty or poverty programs. So the meeting began with their lecturing John for half an hour on the necessity that the law be left to lawyers. He listened, but then he got tough, and for fifteen minutes *he* lectured *them* on the way the world is going in the twentieth century and on their need to stop being paternalistic in their approach to the poor. 'This program is not a dispensation from on high of good things for poor people,' he told them. 'You have to look at the law as more than a tool by which to continue the status quo. Otherwise, you'll be in trouble, because if you don't go into this program it will be done without you and you won't have a say in it at all.' It was quite a performance. They were stunned."

I asked Elliott whether he believed that the Mayor would be able to change the city in ways more basic than providing legal services for the poor.

"He made a lot of mistakes at first, out of not knowing enough," Elliott said. "In Congress, he had learned a great deal about civil liberties, foreign affairs, and matters of national policy, but he knew much less about the specific problems of New York City. To be sure, the Seventeenth Congressional District is heterogeneous, but it doesn't really have as many difficult problems as the poorer districts in the city. John had not been subjected to all the kinds of fights you have to get into to change patterns in housing and jobs and education in a city like this. But he keeps learning. As of now, he often looks for sharply increased productivity without a sufficient basis of reality for his expectations. But that's certainly preferable to what the city's been used to. However, we need more than activity. The whole government has to be made more responsible to the Mayor. Operations like urban renewal and the poverty program have to be coördinated, so that they reinforce each other rather than compete, as they do now. That means program planning, including program evaluation and review, and it means cost-benefit analysis, so that we're

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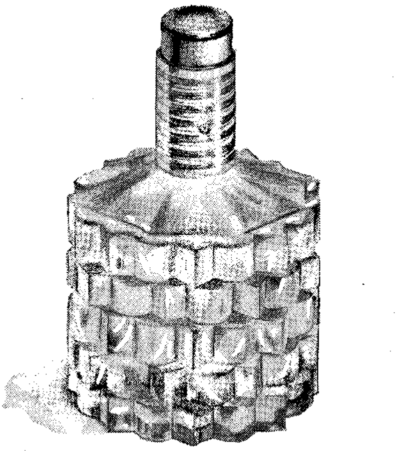

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able to compare the cost and benefit of alternative programs. We need to find out, in short, how to get the maximum payoff for the money we spend. Program planning has never been done in this city before. Of course, you have to balance what you're doing so that there are also short-term results. That's why there are occasional crash programs—like cleaning up East New York. But there are very real limitations on what crash programs can accomplish. I know that the test three years from now—if John decides to run again—will be what basic changes have been made through long-range planning.

"Look at the schools," Elliott continued. "In 1963, the Board of Education made an agreement—and I'm for it—by which they got control of their own budget. It's still made up of specific lines, but they can change the lines. The Board's budget, however, is over a billion dollars a year—a fifth of the whole city budget—and since the Mayor has to produce the money, the city has the right to find out what kind of results the use of that money has produced. We have a right to find out what happened to the new money that was put in last year—especially that proportion of the new money which was supposed to have improved the school system. Why have we been unable to solve the problem of educating the children of low-income families, especially the Negroes and Puerto Ricans? What use has been made of the money allotted for *that* purpose? We have the right to ask questions like this, and we have the responsibility to set up ways of getting answers—of getting the kinds of data that will allow us to determine whether real improvement has taken place. Then if one program isn't working, we have the right to say that no more money ought to be allocated next time for *that*."

Elliott was late for an appointment. "One other thing will have to be accomplished," he said as I followed him out the door. "Most of these programs will have to be decentralized. If the people in the neighborhoods don't get a say in what's going on, we'll have failed."

SOME weeks later, I looked in on the headquarters of the Department of Buildings, on the tenth floor of the Municipal Building. As I entered a large outer office crowded with desks, I saw Charles Moerdler, then the commissioner of that department, in conversation with a young man named Sidney Davidoff, an assistant commissioner. There were only about half a

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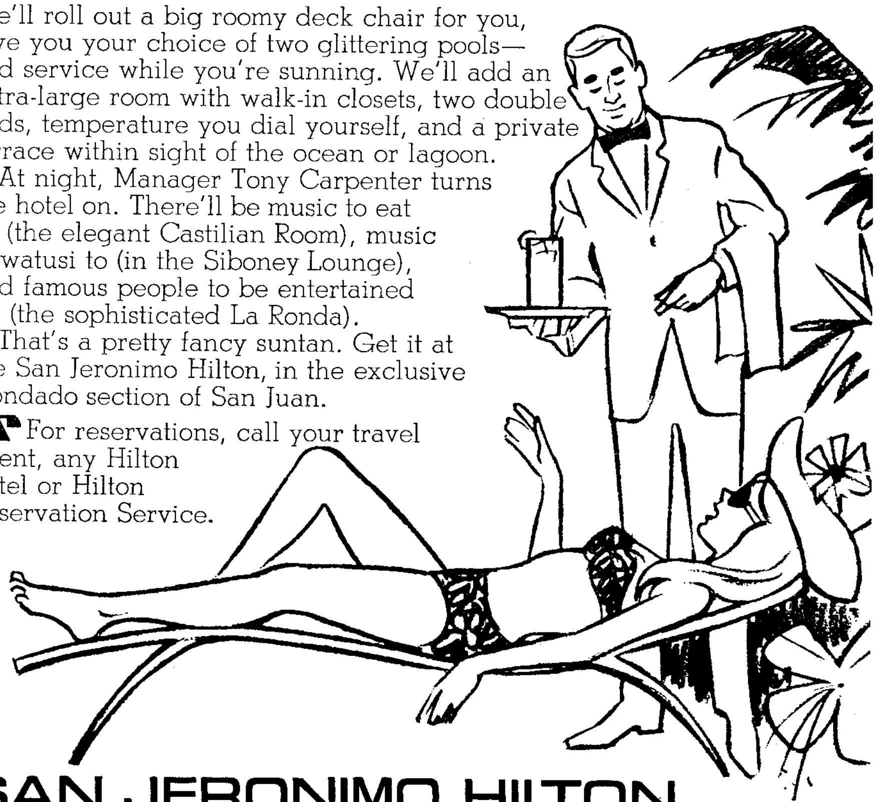

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dozen other people in the room. It was a quarter past nine in the morning, but Moerdler, an intense man in his thirties, looked as if it were five-thirty in the afternoon. "This doesn't make sense," he said, waving a piece of paper at Davidoff. "But it happens every day. *Every* day." Seeing me, Moerdler said wearily, "Welcome to Fun City. If you're looking for anyone in my department today, they're on a boat ride. It's an annual event of the employees' welfare organization. To be more precise, most of the people in the department have a day off. Whether they take a boat ride or not, I don't know."

Moerdler went into his private office, on the door of which there was a sign reading, in big red letters, "STOP THE WORLD, I WANT TO GET OFF!" Davidoff led me to his desk in the outer office. He had been working for Lindsay on and off since his first congressional campaign, in 1958, and often accompanied the Mayor during his breaks for physical exercise in the gym at the Downtown Athletic Club. At the moment, Davidoff was exasperated by what he called "the civil-service attitude." Two weeks before, he had organized a voluntary expedition, headed by Mrs. Lindsay, to Welfare Island to pick up paper and rubbish as the start of a citywide cleanup program. "I wrote to each of the commissioners and asked them to post a notice of the expedition in their offices for anyone who wanted to come," Davidoff explained. "All day, I kept getting calls. 'Do we get lunch money?' 'Do we get travelling expenses?' 'Do we get credit for the time?' 'Will we be covered by workmen's compensation?' Some difference from that small, dedicated staff he had in Washington! I'm not saying they're all just timeservers here. We have some who are great, but, by and large, when people have been in the system for any length of time their spirits get defeated by it. Somehow we've got to find a better method of providing incentives. We do have a program of merit increases now, but some time ago I put in an increase for a stockroom clerk who's been here more than thirty years. It still hasn't been processed, and it may sit on somebody's desk for a year. The system is really something. The time clock in our office upstairs has been out of order for more than two weeks. To get it fixed, you have to go through channels. Both the people who are the channels in this case are on vacation, and nobody else will take the responsibility."

A man in his early twenties who

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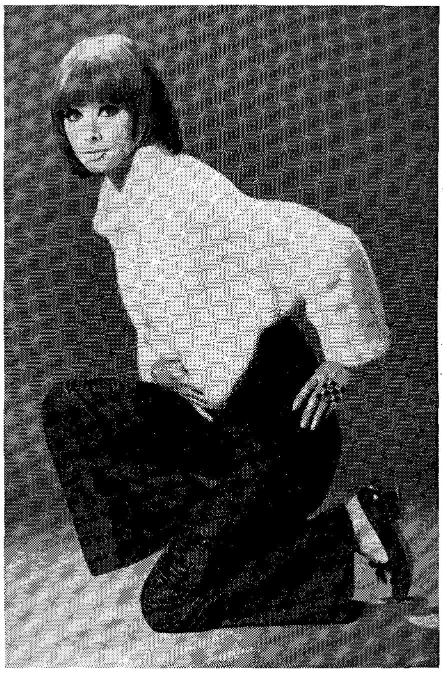

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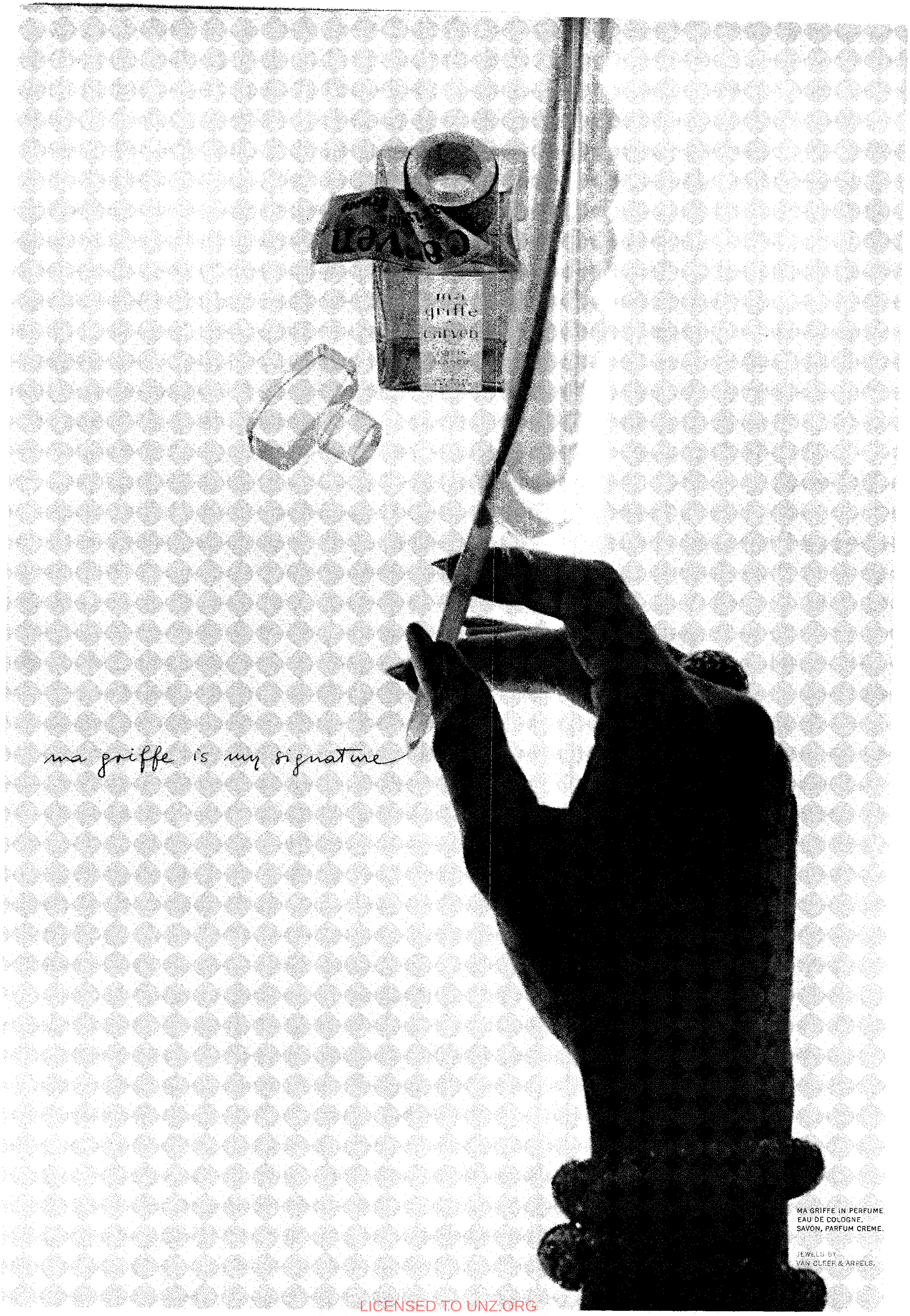
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had just sat down at an adjoining desk broke in to say, "That clock was fixed, but it's still not being used."

"Why?" Davidoff asked.

"Because the sign saying it was broken stayed on."

"Why?"

"I *told* people it was fixed, but they said, 'The sign says that it's broken, and nobody has been authorized to remove the sign.' *I've* been using the clock, checking in, but they're all angry at me for doing it."

Davidoff rolled his eyes to the ceiling. Then his phone rang, and while he was talking Moerdler came out of his office and began discussing the results of the recent local and state primary elections with the young man at the adjoining desk. The Commissioner said he had been pleased by the victories of several reform Democrats but had found it disturbing that a number of other reform Democrats had lost. I walked over and said I was surprised that he, a Republican, was rooting for members of the opposition party. "Opposition party?" he said. "I'm a former president of the New York Young Republican Club, I'm a city commissioner under a Republican, but in Bronx County I'm virtually shunned by the Republican organization. They're eighteenth-century conservatives out there. It's strictly a clubhouse organization, and can't get people elected. They have no base in terms of public support. But they treat us liberal Republicans like lepers. I mean that literally. Yesterday, I saw one of the Republican leaders in the Bronx walking down the street and he wouldn't even say hello to me."

"You should be in Queens, where I come from, if you want to know how a leper feels," said the young man he had been talking with.

Moerdler turned to me and said, "Do you realize that this is the first administration in New York City in many years that is totally without any political-party base outside of Manhattan? So when you find legislators in the Democratic Party whose goals are similar to yours, you support them. I'm still a Republican, mind you, but for a long time the New York Young Republican Club has supported Democrats when we felt they were right. These days, I don't have time to get involved personally in the campaigns, but many of the people who worked for John have been working for reform Democrats in the Bronx and elsewhere. That's the way we can get a real fusion political base. After all, that's how we got a Mayor. If the

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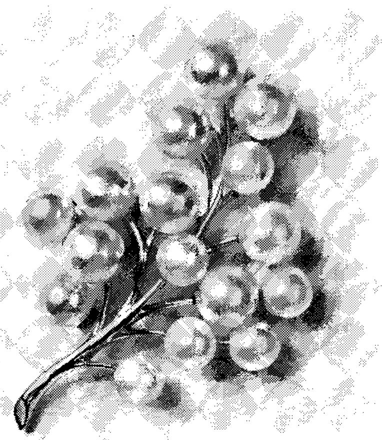

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Lindsay administration and the Lindsay style are successful, either we will have made a drastic change in the two-party system in New York by creating a fusion base or we will have created a Republican Party that's responsive to the people."

The young man from Queens said, "Yeah, but how are you going to do that second thing? Young people are now gravitating to the reform-Democratic clubs."

"That's what I mean," said Moerdler. "We do have the chance, if we remake the Republican Party, to give them an alternative. Look, I'm a lawyer. Once I finish a few major things here"—he looked in the direction of his office—"I'm going back to the practice of law as fast as my feet can carry me. But I'm also going to keep working to create a twentieth-century Republican Party—what we really need is a twenty-first-century Party—that will be responsive to the needs of large numbers of people. I take very seriously that section of the charter of the Young Republican Club that says—Wait a minute." He rushed into his office and came back with a small green book, from which he read, " 'We must correct in our own party that tendency of all parties to make organization an end rather than a means.' "

Someone across the room summoned Moerdler, and I returned to Davidoff. "The system," he was muttering. "A few weeks ago, John was out in front of City Hall for some ceremony, and he looked at the flag. It had forty-eight stars, and was dirty besides. 'Hey!' he said to the custodian. 'There's only forty-eight stars.' 'I know it.' 'What do you mean, you know it? Why hasn't it been changed?' 'It's still a good flag, and we have so many that I hated to waste it.' That's part of the system, too—if you have it, use it. But if you don't have it, and if you can't get it through channels, nothing happens.

"I was out in one of the city hospitals the other night," Davidoff went on. "They'd run out of diaper pins. Why? Because they were short a stock clerk. So they were using adhesive tape instead of pins. Another night, I was there with Bob Price and they were down to the last of their penicillin. He asked why. The week before, they told him, two of the men in the supply room had called in sick. Price got mad. 'Do you mean to tell me,' he said, 'that, in a city of eight million people, if two men get sick you can't get essential supplies?' 'Well,' said the hospital's administrator, 'one drove the truck and the other loaded it.' 'If you can't get

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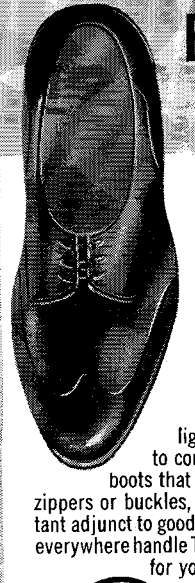

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another truck driver here,' Price told him, '*hire* one, even if you have to pay for it out of your own pocket before it goes through channels.' 'But that's not correct procedure.' 'Correct procedure,' Price said, 'is making things *move!*' "

Davidoff sighed. "Another problem is that a lot of people in the system aren't clear as to what they're allowed to do and what they're not," he said. "Shortly after we came in here, Moerdler saw a school that had a number of obvious violations of the building code. He asked an old-timer in the department to tell him whose job it was to inspect schools. 'It's ours,' the old-timer said. So Moerdler asked when this particular one had last been inspected. 'Oh, we don't inspect schools,' the old guy said. 'We have an agreement with the Board of Education's Division of Maintenance and Operation not to inspect schools.' That's all changed now. We go into the schools. And, to make sure that everyone we hire knows what all our powers are, Moerdler has started a training school for building inspectors. It used to be that the old-timers would break them in. Now they learn in a classroom as well as in the field. They get lectures from the legal department on what they can do, and they get lectures from the administrators here on what we're trying to accomplish in the over-all sense. I hope academies like this one will be instituted in the other departments, too."

The young man from Queens, grinning, said, "The Board of Education was furious when Moerdler started going into the schools. One of the men at the top told Lindsay to get Moerdler the hell out of there. Moerdler heard about it, and he said, 'When John tells me to get out, I will. And then he can get a new commissioner.' "

"We've got a lot of reorganizing to do," Davidoff said. "That's one of John's main themes at the weekly cabinet meetings: 'How can we cut red tape?' But we've made beginnings. Hospital administrators and the people who run municipal health centers are finally going to be given authority to hire people and buy equipment without first having to get approval—which sometimes took years—from the Hospitals or the Health Department. This way, you give a hospital administrator the powers he needs to administrate. *Then* you're able to tell whether he's any good or not. And if he isn't you get another one. One of the hardest jobs we have is getting the people all the way through the system to move. It's one thing to change the pro-

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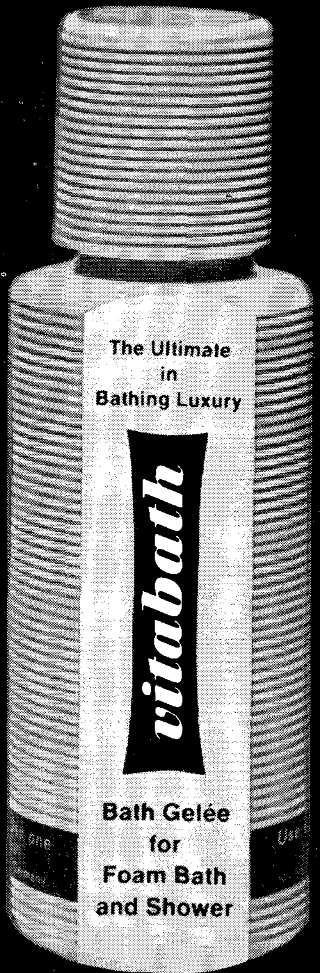
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cedures; it's another to get people to implement the procedures. Time and again, they look at me with blank stares. 'That can't be done,' one of them says. 'Why?' 'Because it's never been done.' 'Is there a rule or directive that *says* it can't be done?' 'No, it's just never been done.' You can waste a lot of time that way."

Davidoff looked out the window. "If John can get a sense of real movement going, maybe we can move these civil-service people, too. I wish he'd get out of City Hall more—that's one way to get that sense of movement across. When a judge is sworn in, he ought to be sworn in in his own neighborhood. If John is going to commend someone in the Sanitation Department, he ought to do it in the area where the man works. And he ought to hold press conferences in the street in each of the boroughs. He does do a lot of walking through the city, and that's a big help. I've seen him walk into neighborhoods in East New York, in Harlem, with no advance publicity. He just starts talking with people about their problems, and the whole area seems to change. Everybody's smiling. There's a new feeling in the air."

"That's this year, and maybe next," the young man from Queens said. "But if the neighborhoods don't really change, I doubt that he'll be able to get away with strolling in, say, Harlem two years from now. What he'll get then won't be smiles."

—NAT HENTOFF

(*This is the first of two articles on Mayor Lindsay.*)

•

...she [Isabella Bird Bishop] went to Australia and New Zealand in 1872 and spent seven months in Hawaii, a stay she vividly described in "*Six Months in the Sandwich Islands.*"—*Note in "The Great Travelers," edited by Milton Rugoff.*

That last month got a little *too* vivid.

•

He poured himself a drink and counted the money. It came to ten thousand even, mostly in fifties and twenty-fives.—*From "The Violent World of Michael Shayne," by Brett Halliday.*

He better pour himself *another* drink.

•

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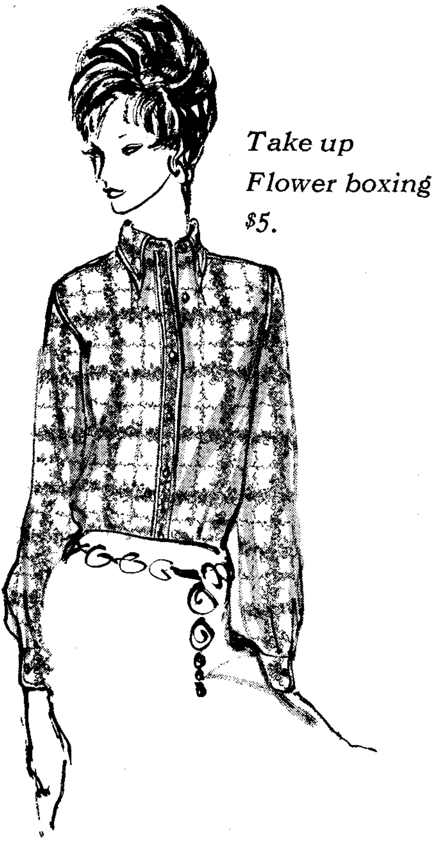

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THE THEATRE

THEY'RE OFF AND STUMBLING

THE Broadway theatre season got under way last week with three prime turkeys in the lead, all of which were decapitated before they could bother too many people. I am often asked why—as if I had something to do with it—such plays as "Dr. Cook's Garden," at the Belasco; "Keep It in the Family," at the Plymouth; and "Song of the Grasshopper," at the ANTA, are allowed to be exhibited hereabouts. In my grave and yet unsettled fashion, I reply, " 'Should I wade no more,/Returning were as tedious as go o'er.' " This sets me up as a Bardolater, and has the fringe benefit of making a modicum of sense, since I am sure that the producers of the aforementioned disasters must have had a premonition somewhere along the line that the smothering waters were closing implacably around their heads. At which point, I assume, they take a tragic stance and pretend that Art's their stuff, rather than mere pelf.

Since there was no order of merit in the late trio, we'll take them as they individually afflicted us. "Dr. Cook's Garden" was the creation of Ira Levin, the author of "No Time for Sergeants," which was quite a hilarious business some years back. For a while at "Dr. Cook's Garden," I thought that Mr. Levin was kidding in a kind of arcane way, but as time went on, it developed that he was in deadly—most deadly—earnest, and giving us as sudsy a bill of goods as I've seen since Lew Ayres turned in his tack as Dr. Kildare. Mr. Levin's invention had to do with an aging doctor in a Vermont village that was described in passing as the "healthiest, happiest" community on the face of God's earth. The doctor, played by Burl Ives, had a lot to do with this euphoric circumstance, it being his custom to knock off any undesirables—the lame, halt, blind, bent, criminal—by slipping them a little cyanide or the like in the course of his allegedly therapeutic rambles. Doc apparently had been going his lethal way for years when a protégé of his (Keir Dullea), newly arrived from a Chicago medical establishment, dropped in and discovered that Doc was trying to play God. Before this poor theatrical venture had exhausted itself and me, Mr. Dullea had been compelled to deprive Mr. Ives of the medication needed to prevent his demise from heart failure. Betimes, Mr. Ives fed Mr. Dullea some cyanide compound in a lamb stew, which threw Mr. Dullea into convulsions. What with one thing and another, I got pretty sick of Healthy Happy Village before "Dr. Cook's Garden" had spent itself, and I intend to do my skiing henceforth in New Hampshire, where the doctors, I'm told, take it easy on the prescriptions.

IN "Keep It in the Family," Patrick Magee stood out boldly as the tyrannical father of a clutch of most dreary children. As directed by Allan Davis, this drama by Bill Naughton was singularly disorganized, with Mr. Magee doing what amounted to a bravura turn and leaving the stage vacant when he wasn't about. Mr. Naughton, as he demonstrated in "Alfie" and "All in Good Time," is fascinated by the worries and woes of the lower middle classes. I am not. When Mr. Naughton wrote this thing, it had as its locale the North of England. As rendered here, it had a Down East situation. Nobody in the cast sounded familiar with either the bean or the cod.

ALFONSO PASO is, according to the program notes of "The Song of the Grasshopper," one of Spain's leading contemporary playwrights. This bodes ill for Spain, but perhaps it is Mr.

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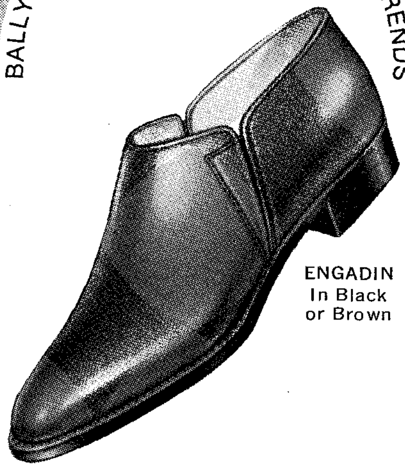
Paso himself who has been done in, by William Layton and Agustin Penon, who adapted his work. I don't know. But I do know that Alfred Drake and the others in the cast were foolish to engage in it. Mr. Paso, or the fellows who interpreted him here, tried to make a case for the carefree grasshopper against the industrious ant. It's an old theme, and repetition doesn't improve it.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Joyce

THE Off Broadway season, for all practical purposes, opened last Sunday evening at the East 74th Street Theatre with "Stephen D.," adapted by the Irish dramatist Hugh Leonard from "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Stephen Hero." The company on hand has served Mr. Leonard very well, its fidelity to the script and characters matching Mr. Leonard's own to James Joyce's originals; under the direction of James D. Waring, every moment is clear. The interior scenes—the schoolroom, the Christmas dinner where the argument about Parnell ends with Dante Riordan in a state of total affront and Mr. Casey in tears of grief for his betrayed hero, the preacher's hellfire speech, the various meeting rooms and pubs where Stephen gathers with his friends and girls and classmates and family and the clergy—are set (by Jack Brown) in front of a transverse ramp that suggests the streets and quays of Dublin. The play opens on a darkened stage with a lighted backdrop. A procession of people dressed for travel and carrying suitcases are seen in silhouette walking across and off. Then Stephen Joyce, as Dedalus, comes on, also with a suitcase. He moves to one side of the stage and recites from the great closing passage of "Portrait;" the action begins and ends with this passage. Mr. Joyce is sometimes narrator and sometimes participant, but always the voice of Stephen Dedalus, from childhood to manhood, is his, and he speaks those glorious words with a quiet, intense sincerity that is frequently moving, although I cannot tell how much of the emotion I supplied myself—brought with me, so to speak—and how much was the result of what I was seeing and hearing. William Prince's delivery of the hellfire speech is properly bloodcurdling and resounding; Roy R. Scheider does well as Cranly, defender of the Church and mother love, and closest friend to Dedalus; and so do



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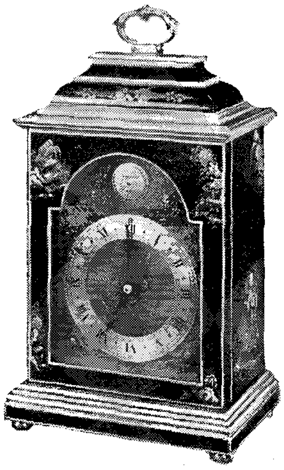

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After all this praise of "Stephen D.," it must also be said that it seems at times to be a recitation illustrated with a chronological arrangement of episodes, and that in vigor, passion, comedy, and sheer dramatic urgency it comes nowhere near a similar venture that, under the title "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," had much too short a run at the Martinique back in 1962. The adapters then were Frederick Ewen, Phoebe Brand, and John Randolph; Miss Brand was the director; and the episodes of the play built logically and with mounting tension to the climax of Dedalus's flight from his priest-ridden existence in Ireland. What I remember best in that production (about which I had some reservations, too) was the crackling final scene between Dedalus and the subtle, nimble-witted Cranly, brilliantly played by Clayton Corzatte. The current "Stephen D." can be recommended for its incandescent words and for its clarity and truthfulness by all hands, but it is too tame and straight a presentation of one of the wittiest and greatest delayed-action explosives in all literature.

"NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN," at the de Lys, rates quite high on what ordinarily matters most in a musical. The show—

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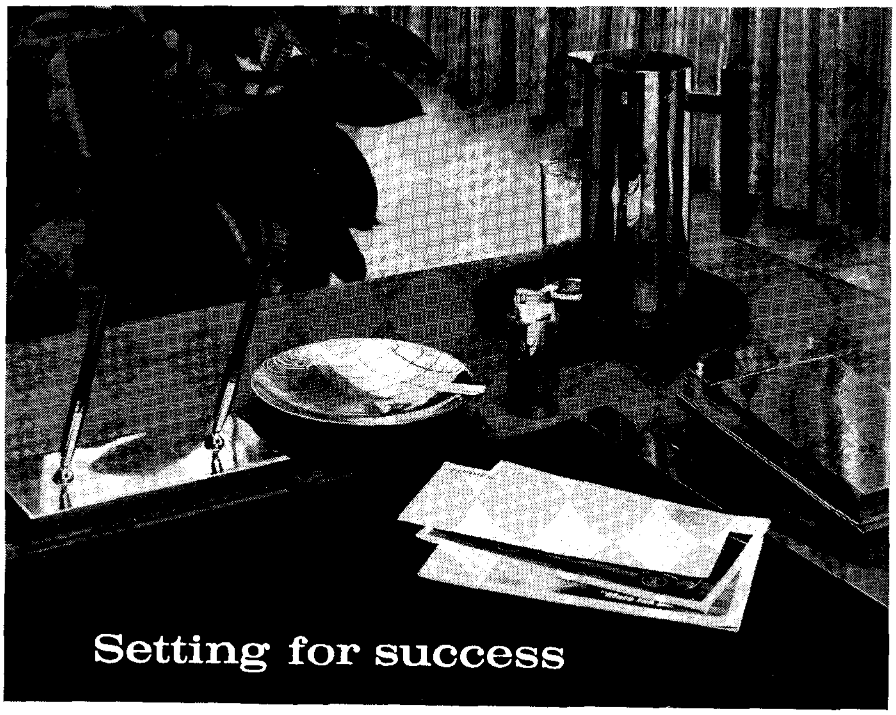

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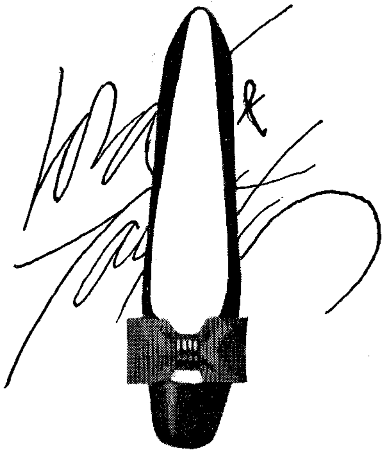
the joint effort, and the first effort, of a new team, Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) and Nancy Ford (music)—has a score that certainly sounds appealing as arranged for a small orchestra by Miss Ford and Stephen Lawrence. Holly Haas's scenery is effective and ingenious. The members of the attractive company sing and dance and act well, their spirit is high, and, under Word Baker's direction, most of the numbers come off with considerable finesse. The trouble is the words. Now, banal words in a musical can often be dismissed, but these are not banal; in fact, a few of the scenes and lyrics are bright and refreshing. The rest of the book, though, is full of message—preachy, inspirational, and awfully intrusive. The idea of setting a musical in a small old-fashioned town in Indiana and then showing the nastiness and violence that lie beneath its nostalgic charm is defensible, but in this case the irony is too pat and heavily applied and too blunted by sentimentality and complacency. Nevertheless, Mrs. Cryer is young and talented and indignant, and young, talented people have much to be indignant about. There is a lot of talent on display at the de Lys. David Cryer's strong voice and stage presence give considerable authority to the role of the hero—a teacher who comes to town from an Army prison, where he has served two years for desertion, and who gets into trouble when he uses Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience" as a text for his work and for some extracurricular activities. I also admired David Sabin as his principal, Judy Frank as a sexy, snaky waitress, Art Wallace as a stupid and brutal (of course) football coach, and a remarkable young fellow named Steve Skiles as the brightest kid in the school.

"THE POKER SESSION," by Hugh Leonard (again), was originally done—and, presumably, properly done—at the Gate Theatre in Dublin in 1963. At the Martinique (again), where it opened and closed recently, it was barely done at all, by a company that just about managed to indicate that there really was a play there—an odd one that, weak or strong, at least held the attention of the audience all the way through. A young man, Billy Beavis, just released from an insane asylum, arranges a poker game at the house he shares with his awful mother, and invites his brother and sister-in-law, his closest friend, who never shows up, and the friend's wife, a girl whom he has been, and may still



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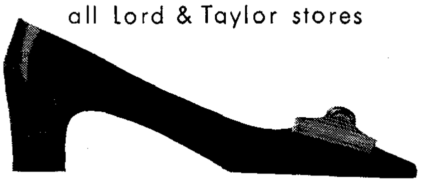

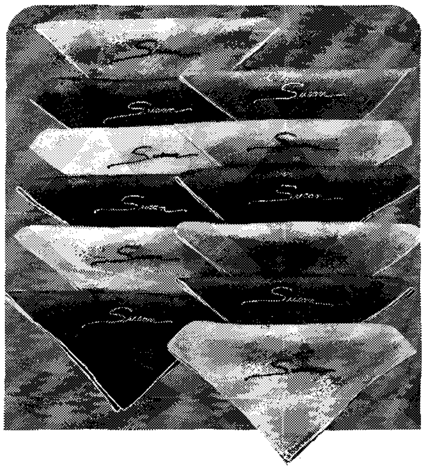

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be, in love with. With the exception of the sister-in-law, they are a disagreeable bunch, variously crooked and hypocritical and given to prissy euphemisms, palaver, and Celtic evasions. At the beginning of the second act, it is made clear that they have been asked for purposes of demonstration. Billy's roommate at the asylum—a brash, brutal, and rather comical fellow—drops in to see for himself these people he has been hearing about over the past year, and to help his host tell them off. Having forced Billy to cut through the evasions and face some unpleasant truths about them, he takes credit for bringing him to his senses. Mr. Leonard has a surprise or two up his sleeve, and his ending changes the complexion of everything that has gone before it. He makes the point that insanity is more mysterious than it often appears to be (on the stage, anyway), and he refutes what has almost become Off Broadway orthodoxy—that giving Mother her comeuppance is the short cut to mental health.

Ron Leibman's performance, flamboyant and tricky, as the roommate was lively enough (scenes in which the wicked are told off are always bracing), though it seemed to be directed more toward the audience than toward the other characters. As for the rest of the company— Well, the reviewer's "adequate" traditionally denotes a brushoff, but what was missing in most of these performances, as it has been in so many other performances in so many other plays, was adequacy—just the plain technical competence that makes a role acceptable, even if only superficially so. My complaint, by the way, does not apply to Tom Keena, whose bullying, slippery brother certainly convinced me. Eugenia Rawls, an experienced actress, seemed miscast as the mother, or else she was just taken aback by the calibre of acting going on around her.

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has borrowed the Biblical parable and used it as a setup for a parable of his own; although his manner is frivolous, it is clear that his intentions are not. The play is an attempt, by way of the dramatis personae, to pit against one another a number of theological speculations and worldly ideas that it would take a witty firebrand like Shaw to bring to theatrical life. There is no life here, but, to be fair, there are a few amusing stretches, most of them supplied by Laurens Moore, in the title role, whose slight Southern drawl makes Jonah sound like a quiet, dead-sure-of-himself preacher from Dixie. I also admired Russell Baker as a sea captain who has always lived by the rules and sees no reason to stop doing so; and Colin Craig as his bos'n.

—EDITH OLIVER

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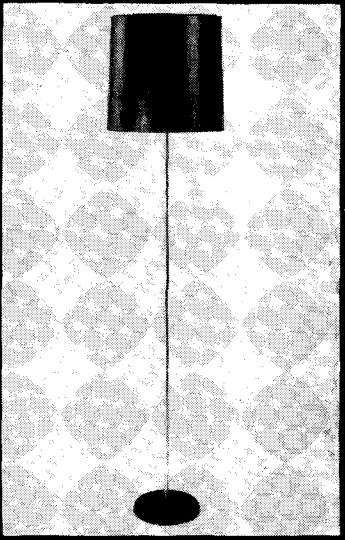

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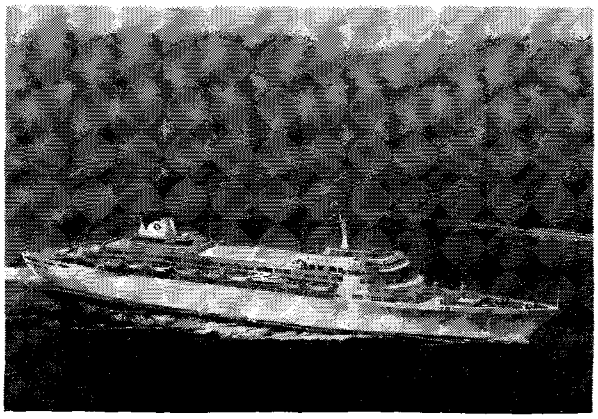

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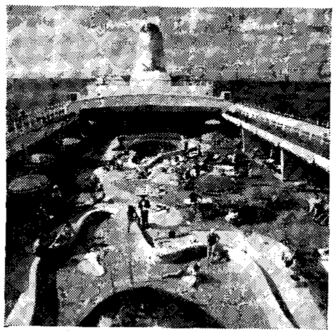
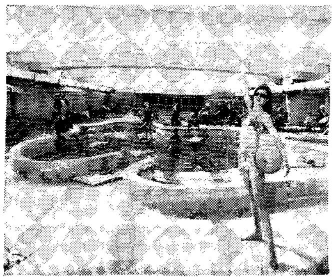


MAGRODOME ROOF—OPEN



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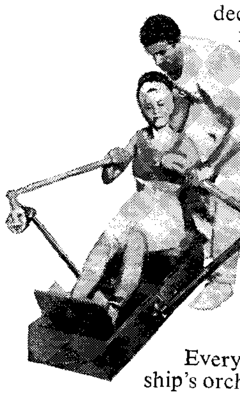

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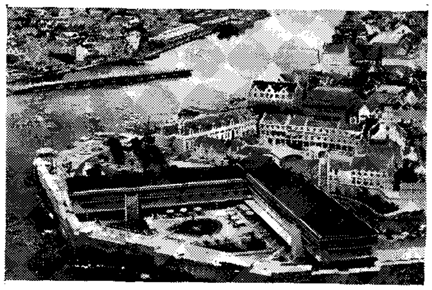

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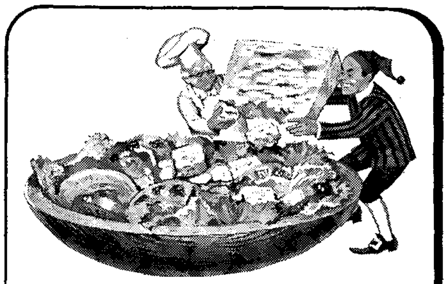
A BRIEF OWNERSHIP

THE Automobile Association had given us a route to Cape Wrath and I was checking it with the Gazetteer of Scotland. "DRUMOCHTER PASS," I read. "The main Inverness road accompanied by the railway traverses this lofty and desolate pass in the Grampians." I saw no harm in that. On winter nights the Inverness road might like to be companioned; and if the car broke down we could wait for the next train. At that point there was a crash in the kitchen and I went off to tell the cat that all was discovered. When I got back, a breeze from the window had flapped over the page. "DULL," I read, "*see* WEEM."

Entangled in an idle curiosity, I began turning over the alphabetical pages of the Gazetteer in pursuit of Weem. In fact, I had not the smallest wish to learn about Weem. We were going to Cape Wrath, and in spirit I had already struck root in Dull.

Dull—as I seemed to know as if I had actually been there—was a small unvisited town in East Fife. It was not even decayed. It was just small and always had been. There was a good ironmonger opposite the War Memorial (the War Memorial was a non-denominational obelisk of shiny granite, to suit all tastes), and a goodish grocer in East Street. Fish came in a van, for Dull was only seven miles from the coast. Dried fish, though, could be got at the greengrocer's, and sometimes cockles, and in July gooseberries, and potatoes and turnips and tinned pineapple at all times of year. From Dull you could go to Cupar. A proverb expressing the philosophy of a race indoctrinated with Calvinism says, "He who will to Cupar maun to Cupar." It is a proverb often on my lips. Even when my hearers don't understand it, they take the stern sense of it and are quietened.

I had settled, however, a couple of miles outside the town. In spring (spring took its time in Dull) the words "Dull Lodge" appeared—loomed, rather—in snowdrops on the bank beside the drive gate. Snowdrops multiply in course of time, and the "g" had got quite out of control. Dull Lodge was a stone-built, slate-roofed, three-storied house, of modest proportions but giving an incontrovertible impression of uprightness. It stood back from the road, and a belt of mixed beech trees and conifers sheltered it from the east wind and the morning sun. From the bathroom window (the bathroom was on the third floor) you could see the melancholy shine of the



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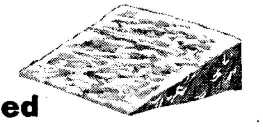

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North Sea. The surrounding country was flattish. There was a pervading smell of sea in the air, mingled with a smell of turnips. Dull Lodge was built in 1850 by a retired wine merchant who had somehow got away from Cupar. It was as plain and purposeful as a ledger, but made one concession to Scottish Baronial in the shape of a small bartizan at the northeast corner. The large sash windows had been put in by the hand of a master. They were totally draftproof, and there was not a rattle among them. Indeed, on stormy nights it could be quite eerie to sit in this impregnable stillness; but comfortable.

The windows were no trouble to keep clean because I had a gardener. He was dumb and went with the place. He lived a quiet bachelor life in a flat over the disused stables, and when his figs and his wall pears began to ripen he tied them up in small muslin bags. As I did no gardening myself, he thought quite well of me.

I did no gardening, because I had gone to Dull Lodge in order to retire. I had furnished it with retirement in view. For once in my life, I had a sufficiency of bookshelves. I also had four black horsehair sofas, which I had bought at a local sale—a couple in the sitting room, one in my bedroom, one in the kitchen. (It is a fallacy to suppose that a kitchen is a fountain of perpetual youth and that the moment one sets foot in it energy courses through one's veins.)

There, on one or another of these admirable sofas, I put my feet up and pursued my researches into the religious life. Research fortifies retirement, which even in a house like Dull Lodge is an imperilled structure, since we are none of us wholly free from conscience: you suppress it about visiting old Miss Tomkins who would be lost without that weekly little cheerful chat on the wickedness of her relations and it starts up afresh in a compulsion to do something for Punch-and-Judy men. But with a good solid blameless piece of research in hand, conscience can howl without and good works blandish like harlots: you are safe, you are buttressed, you may disregard them and continue to lie on your horsehair sofa with your feet up and read about nineteenth-century Church of England bishops.

I had chosen these particular bishops because, except by their biographers, they are singularly unexplored. The light that plays on the *grandes vedettes*, Newman and Pusey and "Satan" Montgomery, leaves them twilit. Yet there they were. I thought a *cata-*

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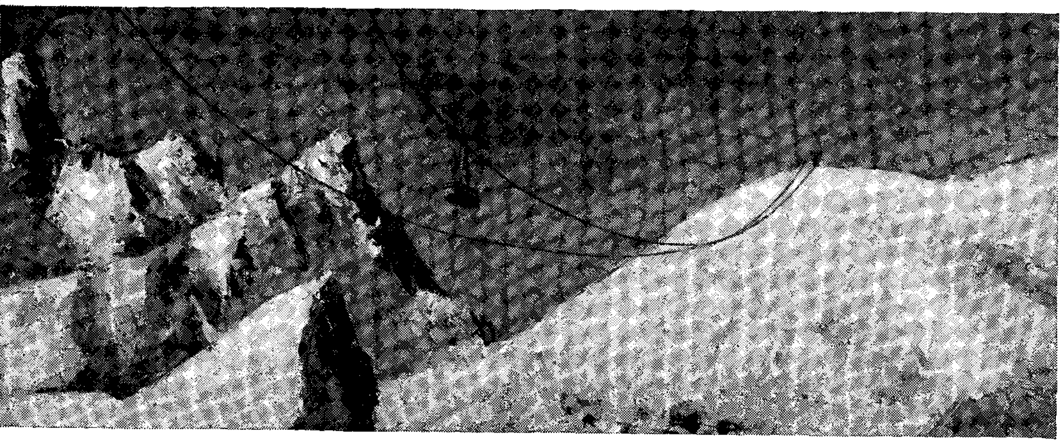

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logue raisonné would not come amiss. At first sight they appear much of a muchness (and undeniably it is a muchness; if I had realized what a lot of them I was taking on, I might have turned to some other subject for research—unicorns, for instance). However diversely they may have begun, whatever vagaries they may have pursued at the university, whatever persuasions may have led them to scratch each other's eyes out, their destiny is their destiny, and by the time they are middle-aged it is pretty clear what will become of them: each in his turn will be ordained bishop by other bishops and merge into the mitred flock. But as a good shepherd knows each of his sheep by something personal to it—a squint, a scar, a pinker nose, a more flippant gait, a more searching expression, a tendency to bloat, a pertinacity in baaing—I hoped to become so conversant with my bishops that I should end by perfectly knowing them apart. Naturally, I had my favorites. I felt a particular affection, positively amounting to approbation, for Bishop Thirlwall of St. David's, who kept cats. Naturally, too, I developed preferences; I preferred Broad bishops to High ones. But High, Broad, or Low, I tried to keep an open mind about them, reading with sympathy of their unmitred domestic hours: the deaths of their wives, the disappointingness of their children, their palace chimneys smoking in a north wind.

And from time to time I found them making remarks of such acumen and humanity that one would have expected everybody to be quite charmed and to leave off snarling immediately, as the animals did when Orpheus played on his lute. Though in fact it proved otherwise.

Thus, moving from bishop to bishop, returning them to the London Library and unpacking new ones (it was extremely rare for a bishop to be unavailable), listening to the wind, watching the changing color of the fields, admiring the snowdrops, eating quantities of ripe figs, tapping the barometer, strolling out in the wistful autumnal dusk when the gardener would not be about to suspect my intentions and even staying out long enough to see the public lighting of Dull extinguished at 10:30 P.M., I lived in contentment and self-satisfaction at Dull Lodge.

AND then I turned over another page of the Gazetteer and had seen "WEEM." In a flash I was out of Dull Lodge, away from the horizon of sea and the gulls and the good iron-

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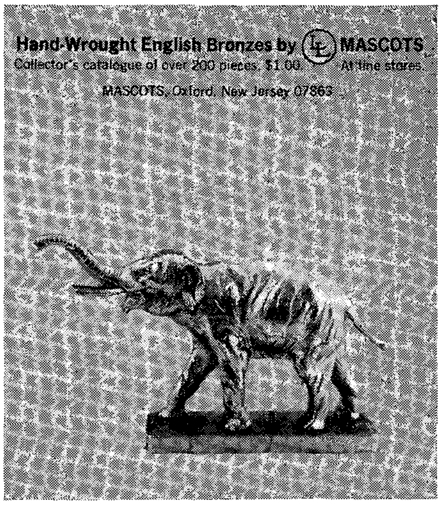

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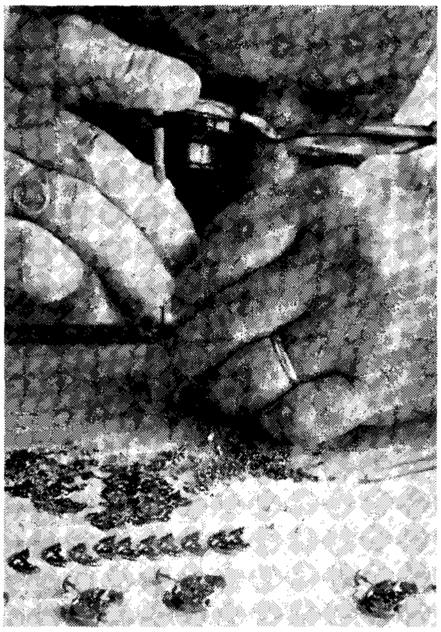

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monger and a far cry from Cupar.

"WEEM," I read. "Perth. Early closing Wed. Lies on the north bank of the River Tay. 2½ miles W. is the hamlet of Dull, preserving an old Cross, while in the vicinity are various prehistoric cairns, standing stones and remains of stone circles."

No.

No, such a Dull wouldn't do. The Tay is a noble river and we shall cross it with admiration on our way to accompany the railway to Inverness. Preserving old Crosses is a laudable industry. Prehistoric remains are pleasing to the young. In short, the revealed Dull, 2½ miles E. of Weem, was in every way a superior article. But it wouldn't do. It wasn't what I had in mind. And the moral of all this is, as usual, Leave Well Alone. By grasping at the substance, I have forfeited the lovely shadow. By fidgeting through the Gazetteer in pursuit of Weem—a place of no interest to me except as an adjunct to Dull (so peculiarly my own)—I have lost Dull Lodge, I no longer possess a property in East Fife, I am not even retired.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

AGAINST CONTROVERSY

Why does discussion take away
From what a single man conceived?
If that was right which he believed,
He knew already more than they.

Where shadow teaches more than sun,
The hedge is knowledge to the wren.
Is logic in a thousand men
Exacter than the thoughts of one?

They crowd so thick upon the mind
With branching thoughts, and yet the way
Through these, where many a false nest lay,
A little bird will always find.

Even gathering swallows move as one
And swerve on that unerring race
Whose pivot, time's magnetic place,
Rewinds the distances it spun.

Where many speakers all take part,
No single truth emerges clean.
Style from the living none can glean.
Against the dead we test our art.

The hawk hangs motionless in air,
Its plumage gathered in the breeze,
And when it drops on what it sees,
The beak consumes, the talons tear.

Fixed or migrating, birds obey
Directives alien to despair.
So man, who knows what all men share,
Yet learns from what no two can say.

—VERNON WATKINS

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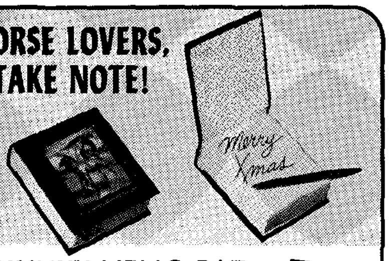

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Out of Boyhood

ONE of the many indirect benefits of the New York Film Festival is its demonstration that people who make movies under political systems radically unlike ours do not necessarily labor under graver artistic and spiritual disadvantages than we do. In a Communist state, for example, where film production is the function of a government agency and where every aspect of the making of a movie, from the first glimmerings of an idea for one through the writing of the screenplay, the casting of actors, the choice of settings, the actual shooting, and the eventual distribution of the movie inside and outside the country, is subject to the close scrutiny of innumerable fellow-workers and official superiors—in such a state, one might suppose that the odds would be very great indeed against any gifted young man's being encouraged to make a movie that was utterly his own, that took the form of a private lyric rather than a public epic, that presented historical episodes to a greater or lesser degree embarrassing to the existing government, and that, above all, championed the sacredness of the individual vision over that of the mass. One might suppose all this, and the interesting thing is that one might well be wrong, as a Hungarian movie, "Father," written and directed by a brilliant young man named István Szabó, convincingly attests.

Every frame of "Father," which was one of the hits of the recent Festival and is now showing here at the Little Carnegie, bears the inimitable mark of its maker; it is as personal—and perhaps as nearly autobiographical—a statement as "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," of which it often reminded me. Joyce's Dublin of the eighteen-nineties and Szabó's Budapest of the nineteen-forties have surprisingly much in common, and what another Irishman has described as "that toil of growing up;/ The ignominy of boyhood; the distress/ Of boyhood changing into man;/ The unfinished man and his pain/ Brought face to face with his own clumsiness" are, in any event, a universal burden, outside time. In the case of "Father," the distress is heightened and made almost unbearable by the fact that, the father having died, the boy's emotional life continues to revolve around him, largely in fantasies of his exceptional courage and cleverness as a member of the Resistance during the Second World War. (In truth, the father had been an attractive, hardworking doctor, who *happened to die of a heart attack shortly* after the war.) The daydreams on which the boy nourishes himself translate upon utterance into lies, which are sometimes easy to challenge; nevertheless, even in his twenties, even to the girl with whom he is falling in love, he cannot keep from telling them. Boldly and delicately, Szabó moves from comedy to pathos in depicting the young hero's self-laceration over forever yielding to that temptation. In order to find himself, he must cast off the weight of his father's imaginary greatness, and yet it is precisely this weight that has been the making of him. In the end, we are allowed to believe that he will arrive, like the rest of us, at some sort of perennially discomfiting accommodation to the truth; the wheel of the generations turns and turns, and soon he, too, will become a father, looked up to and imitated by a son whom he will take particular pains never to desert.

The son as a little boy is played by Dani Erdélyi and as a young man by András Bálint. The dead father, shown executing his feats of derring-do in vivid flashbacks, is played by Miklós Gábor, while the small roles of the boy's mother and sweetheart are played by Klári Tolnay and Kati Sólyom. They are all admirable, but it is the modesty and charm of Szabó's screenplay and the grace of his direction that deserve the bulk of our praise.

"ROBBERY" is the latest—but surely not the last—telling of the grand tale of the most profitable holdup in history. In 1963, a Royal Mail train running between Glasgow and London was stopped, broken into, and robbed of some two and a half million pounds. We saw an excellent German version of this exploit in April; the present version, starring Stanley Baker (who also served as its co-producer), gives less attention to the thieves' assorted backgrounds and skills and is more conventionally melodramatic, even to the point of diminishing the success of the crime in order to increase the neatness of the plot. Mr. Baker is characteristically hard-bitten as the ringleader (by "hard-bitten" I

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guess I really mean "hard-biting;" Mr. Baker always looks as if he could cut through a two-inch iron pipe by merely clenching his teeth a little harder than usual), James Booth is a sensible and, under the circumstances, not very effective Scotland Yard inspector, and Joanna Pettet has an infinitesimal role as Baker's sulky wife—she wants him to go straight and he ends by going straight out of her life. The screenplay of "Robbery" is by Edward Boyd, Peter Yates, and George Markstein; Mr. Yates directed it; and the fancy camera-work is by Douglas Slocombe.

"THE BOBO" is a dreadful movie, as ill-acted as it is ill-written. It gives the impression of having been cooked up forty years ago and allowed to curdle over a slow flame throughout the intervening decades. The scene pretends to be Barcelona, and the plot concerns a totally incompetent singing matador who, in order to further his career, must succeed in spending a minimum of one hour in the arms of a celebrated local tart. The tart is played by Britt Ekland, who looks like a pretty blond Levittown majorette, and the matador is played by her husband, Peter Sellers. Mr. Sellers wears a dejected expression, as if somebody had informed him of the death of a favorite canary just as he was stepping onto the sound stage. The author of the screenplay, David R. Schwartz, has not helped matters by neglecting to provide the members of the cast with a single funny line to utter, and the director, Robert Parrish, has let them make innumerable unfunny faces at each other in lieu of acting.

"THE PENTHOUSE" is a singularly unpleasant attempt at a psychological thriller. It is false in thought, word, and deed, and has been directed and photographed (by Peter Collinson and Arthur Lavis, respectively) with a breezy self-confidence that is not justified by anything we see or hear. A couple—eventually a trio—of criminals with a vague but unmistakable aura of sexual perversion about them enter a penthouse occupied by a pair of lovers, who are themselves none too savory specimens. The criminals tie up the fattish, middle-aged male and proceed to torture him by various sadistic means, which include making love to his mistress. (It turns out that she rather likes it.) We are supposed to be horrified by such goings on, but the truth is that we are merely sickened. The screenplay is by Mr. Collinson.

—BRENDAN GILL

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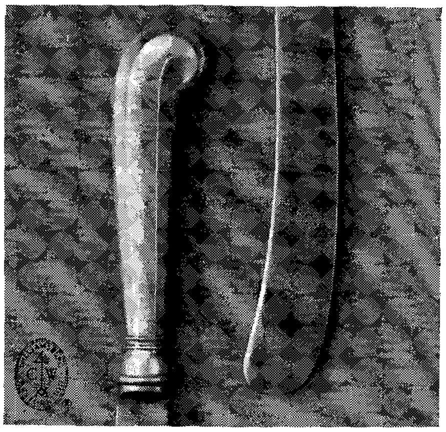

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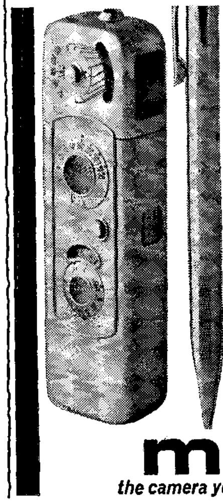

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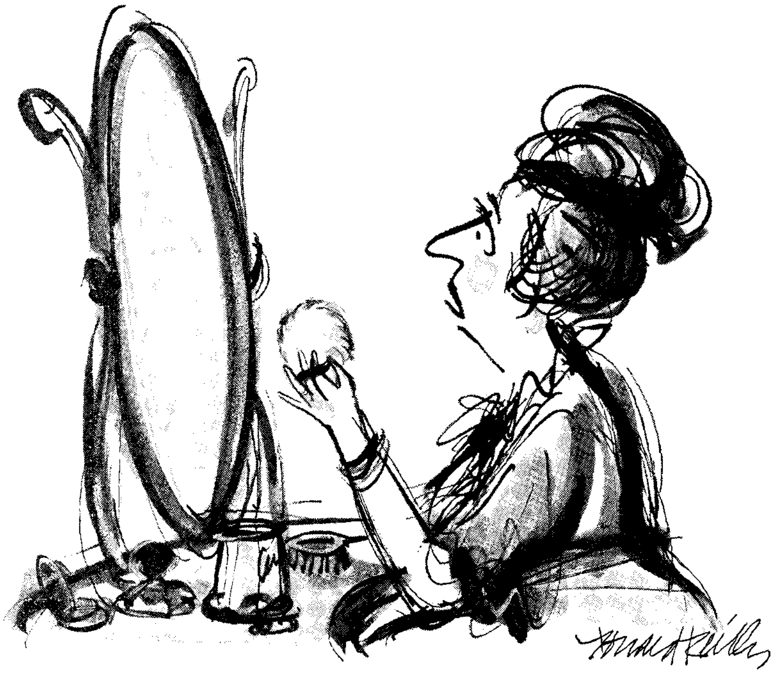
LETTER FROM SAIGON

SEPTEMBER 29

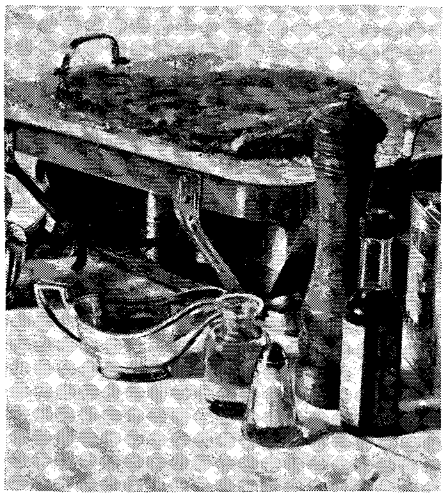
THE assumption—primarily an American one—that the Vietnamese elections a month ago have had, or are likely to have, any salutary effect on the war or on the internal political situation here is regarded by most Vietnamese as unwarranted and unrealistic. This reaction can be attributed partly to national cynicism but much more to an enduring conviction that the whole elective process is simply an American-directed performance with a Vietnamese cast. To a certain extent, this is true; it is very doubtful whether the elections for President and Vice-President and for a sixty-man Senate, which were held on September 3rd, and the forthcoming vote for a hundred-and-thirty-seven-man House of Representatives, to be held on October 22nd, would have been taking place at this time without American prodding. Whether this intercession by the United States—or, at least, its timing—was a sound idea remains to be seen. American officials argue in its favor that we have now replaced a military junta with a constitutionally chosen government, whose election may have been all but a sure thing but was reasonably free and fair despite inevitable limitations, and which will be backed up by a duly constituted civilian-military Cabinet and by a civilian National Assembly. This new government, it is argued further, is superior to the junta in that it can negotiate on a more nearly equal and a more honest footing with the Communists when the time for negotiations comes—though the Americans will, of course, participate in the proceedings and in the making of final decisions. The case against the holding of elections at this time is more subtle but, in the opinion of most veteran observers here, more substantial. Despite the advisability of establishing some framework of legitimacy, this argument goes, more harm than good is likely to result from force-feeding Western-style democracy to the Vietnamese at such a chaotic moment in their national life. This is so because of the war, because of the fact that, notwithstanding the turnout of voters—which, although subsequently exaggerated by the government, was large—the third of the country that is under Vietcong control remains unavoidably unrepresented, and, finally, because an adequate groundwork for representative government here has simply not been laid. This is true both of the countryside—where the recently revamped Revolutionary Development Program has so far had only scattered impact—and of the cities, where the intellectuals, the professional people, and the various religious elements, if they had been given more time and more encouragement, might conceivably have been able to get together and formulate some sort of logical party system before the voting took place. More time, the critics say, would have been especially valuable in preparing for the Senate election, which turned out to be fairly much of a lottery, with people voting for six out of forty-eight slates of ten candidates each on the basis of party symbols, since they knew little or nothing about the candidates. Moreover, it has been suggested, in view of the results of the Senate election, which favor slates likely to support the new government of President-elect Nguyen Van Thieu and Vice-President-elect Nguyen Cao Ky, that they may also have voted on the basis of some fairly firm directives from government agents at the district level, or else that a fair amount of ballot-shuffling took place before the final results were announced.

This election, in the opinion of many Vietnamese—in contrast to that of American and foreign observers who briefly watched and hastily praised it—was less free and fair than the elections in 1965 for Provincial Councils and this spring for village and hamlet councils and officials, and, most notably, than the election last year for the Constituent Assembly, which, in fact, represented a far greater variety of Vietnamese political, social, and religious elements than the new Senate does. But then, words like "free" and "fair" are relative, and nothing much is achieved by making historical comparisons with the limitations of early American—or early Roman—elections. What is important now that the elections have been held is their impact on other events. There is some danger that the defeated Presidential and senatorial candidates, by pressing charges of rigging, will set off a fresh wave of violence, particularly among the perennially discontented students and Buddhists—two groups whose candidates lost out badly in the Senate vote or else were disqualified before it took place on the ground of being "pro-Communist" or "pro-neutralist." An attempt has been made to have the Provisional Legislative Assembly—which is what the Constituent Assembly now is, legally, and will remain until the new National Assembly takes over—declare the election invalid, although its legal right to do this has been questioned. The Assembly seems unlikely to take such a step, and if it did the military junta might ignore or disband it and just continue to run things as before. This week the militant Buddhists have been demonstrating in Saigon, and some student demonstrations against the elections have already taken place here, up north in Hué and Danang, and in Cantho, in the Mekong Delta, but the discontented elements are likely to think twice about stepping up their protests, in view of the setbacks they suffered when they rebelled a year and a half ago. It seems probable that they will choose to bide their time and see what happens.



"Pouf! It goes on. Pouf! Nothing happens."

Having just returned to Vietnam



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after three months in the United States, during which I had plenty of chance to become aware of the pervasive feelings of frustration, discord, and despair aroused by the Vietnamese war, I believe that the elections and their aftermath are especially important in relation to the troubled and confused outlook at home. Although Americans here are expressing hope that the new democratic experiment will succeed as it moves along—that the Vietnamese will learn by doing—there are already various signs that almost everything will in fact remain essentially unchanged. General Thieu, who has expressed his intention of being a strong President, will, following his inauguration early in November, direct the affairs of government on a day-by-day basis through his own inner council (which includes his two brothers) as well as through his Premier and Cabinet. He has already outlined some bold plans for revamping and strengthening both the creaky civil administration and the military organization, but even if he does seriously seek to carry out any such plans, it will take some time for his reforms to have any effect. A further hindrance is that there is now a sad paucity of talent available to overhaul the tired government machine. Many able men are doing too well in private business to be interested in government salaries, others are abroad, and still others are not of a mind to coöperate with the military regime. Some new faces will be seen and some old ones in new places, but, for all the promises and the bold talk, there still appears to be a lack of understanding of what democracy actually means—for example, in the matter of clearly defining the relationship between the new legislative and judicial organisms and the executive. Part of the confusion stems from certain ambiguities in the new Constitution and part is simply the product of history—especially the political fragmentation of the last twenty years, since it is extremely difficult for individuals and factions that have worked against each other for so long to coöperate now in a tidy parliamentary way. To be fair, it must be said that as yet no one knows whether this atmosphere can be improved; on the other hand, as yet nothing indicates that it will be. Once again, those Vietnamese who have been most eager to work closely with the Americans are asking plaintively, "What do the Americans really *want?*" And the Americans, though they did help to put the lid on some crises just before and after the elections, don't seem to know them-

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selves what they really want next. With one or two exceptions, the key members of the American mission tend to react only when a situation reaches the boiling point, and are unable or unwilling to devote themselves to building the sort of sustained relationship with the Vietnamese that can lead to new ideas and useful political exchanges.

In talking with old Vietnamese friends, both in and out of the government, I have got the feeling that they are becoming more and more impatient with the Americans' continuing lack of comprehension of Vietnamese attitudes and Vietnamese affairs—much of it owing to the constant turnover of American personnel here and some of it to a seemingly deliberate ingenuousness on the part of American officials. At the same time, the Vietnamese resent their growing dependence on the Americans, militarily and economically; they recognize that although the Americans are not colonialists, there has evolved here a colonial ambiance that can sometimes be worse than colonialism itself. In spite of improved coordination between the American and Vietnamese armed forces, the Americans are more and more fighting their own war and the Vietnamese theirs, which is less effective, though their methods are slowly improving. If a true joint command was ever advisable (and it may have been), it no longer seems even possible—unless, of course, the war broadens to include China, which remains unlikely. Economically, the United States has managed to shore up the country artificially, saving it from a total financial and inflationary breakdown, by pumping in a variety of miscellaneous exports to soak up excess piastres; by building up the so-called infrastructure of bases and harbors, which has furnished well-paid employment to the Vietnamese; and by bringing in some much needed "crisis commodities," most notably rice. Until now, the Vietnamese have had little say in all this, and their main reaction has been just to hope that it would ultimately do more good than harm. Now, having been prodded by the United States into making an experiment with democracy, they want to carry out the experiment in their own way—which doesn't mean they won't listen to American advice if it is realistic and consistent. At the moment, though, American inconsistency is a particular grievance. For instance, in the matter of facilitating peace negotiations—the hope of which was part of the rationale for holding the elections in the first place—they find it hard to understand

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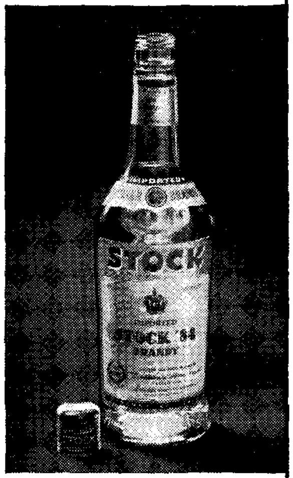

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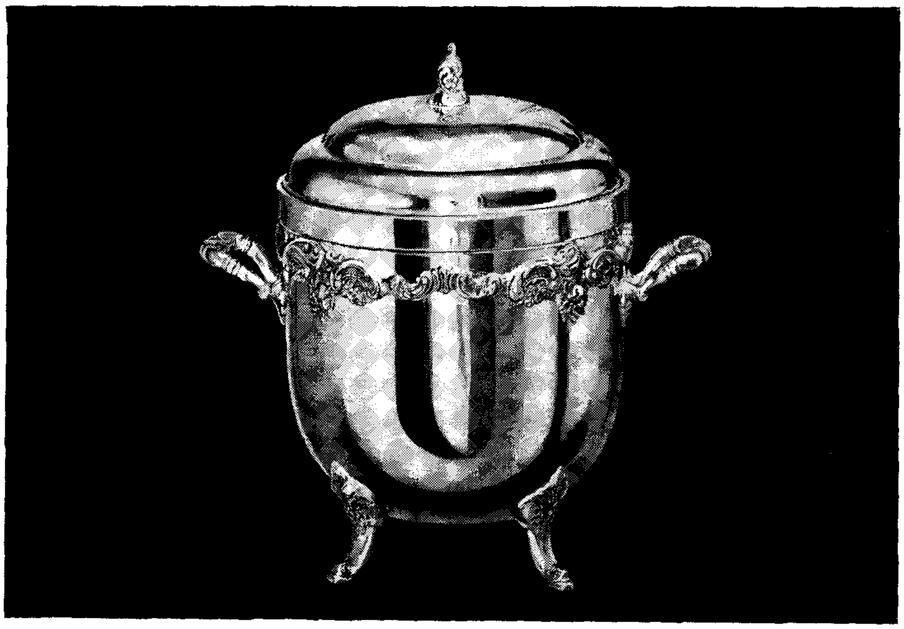

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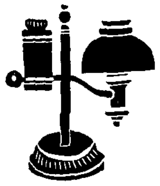
why the United States, having encouraged a new Vietnamese government to make its own approaches to Hanoi or to members of the National Liberation Front, should itself, a week after the elections, have begun a whole fresh set of maneuvers designed to bring Hanoi to the bargaining table. "Either Washington wants us to make our own accommodations or it doesn't," one of my Vietnamese friends said the other day. "If it does, then it should at least give us an opportunity to do so. To be blunt about it, the Americans should stop talking so much, both about peace and about our great democratic prospects."

The fact is that despite General Thieu's preëlection offer of a bombing pause in the event of evidences of reciprocal "good will," very few people here believe there is any chance of Hanoi's accepting such a bid in the near future. The conviction is growing that the harder North Vietnam is bombed, the more determined the North Vietnamese will be to go on fighting indefinitely. Recent declarations by Premier Pham Van Dong and Defense Chief Vo Nguyen Giap have sounded more bellicose and more confident than ever. Also, even though in the Presidential election the peace candidate, Truong Dinh Dzu, was the runner-up, getting approximately half the number of votes received by Thieu and Ky, most Vietnamese who have given serious thought to possible negotiations believe that it would be a grave mistake to begin negotiating now, except, perhaps, in the way of making preliminary soundings among Vietcong representatives. The reason for this belief is a familiar one: If the new government is going to get anywhere at all in introducing reforms and building more efficient administrative machinery and simultaneously pushing ahead with the still lagging Revolutionary Development Program, it must have time. To start talks now, either under cease-fire terms or under the conditions that the Communists call "fighting and negotiating at the same time," would be to invite ultimate defeat, according to this viewpoint, which does not seem an illogical one in the light of the problems that the new government faces.

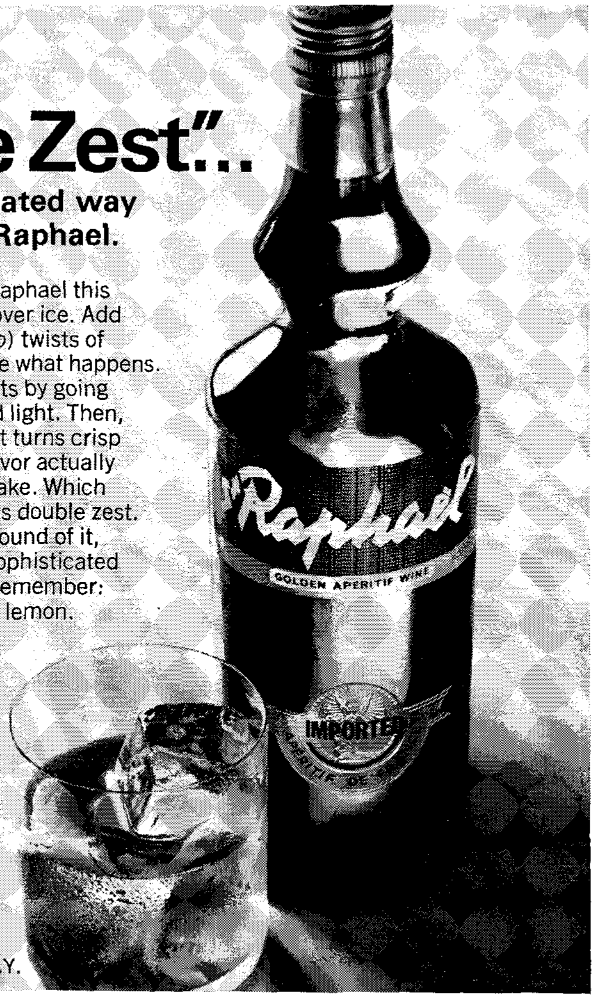


THE most difficult of these problems, as might be suspected, is that of conflicting personalities, and it begins right at the top, with Thieu and Ky. The two men are almost completely different in character and behavior: Thieu is withdrawn, suspicious, and highly cautious—qualities he has demonstrated throughout his career, although he is now becoming more interested in projecting an outgoing Presidential personality. Ky has always been gregarious, impulsive, incautious, and flamboyant, with a political style entirely in keeping with his career as a pilot. During the Ambassadorship of Henry Cabot Lodge, Ky became the American favorite, and when, at the Guam conference, Ky and Thieu pledged that they would not run against each other for the Presidency, the Americans not only naïvely believed them both but assumed that Ky would be elected, thus maintaining the vaunted "stability" the United States had been proclaiming. When Thieu announced in May that he would run, too, the Americans were shocked and disturbed. Apparently, Ky did not at first believe Thieu but thought he was only bluffing. Then, when it became evident that Thieu meant it, the two men, who had never really liked each other, though they had hung together for two years, set out on a collision course. During the first half of June, the Americans made some attempt to persuade one of the two, preferably Thieu, to withdraw, but nothing happened. Finally, at the end of June, General Cao Van Vien—who, as Defense Minister and Chief of the Joint General Staff, was the highest-ranking officer in the country—called a meeting of forty-eight general officers in Saigon to settle the issue, which by this time had seriously divided the military.

The meeting, which one of my Vietnamese friends described as a *coup de théâtre*, lasted three days. It was highly reminiscent of a number of such events since the overthrow of Diem, in 1963, in that it was accompanied by such histrionics as tears and patriotic outpourings, which never interfered with the fundamental jockeying for power. The meeting began with the forty-eight generals berating each other for corruption. Some of them suggested that Thieu and Ky both withdraw and let a civilian be elected President. Others said that the civilians would ruin the country and that the junta should just tear up the new Constitution and go on ruling without one. General Thieu then spoke, in a humble vein. He said that he knew he couldn't win the race for the Presidency but that for the sake of his personal and military honor he felt he had to run. He added that he realized that some of those in the room resented him and were embarrassed by his actions, and as he said this, according to reports by those present, tears rolled down his cheeks. At that point, Ky offered to withdraw, whereupon, just as he had surmised, a sufficient number of generals rallied behind him to persuade him that he couldn't.

During the second day's sessions, while the customary rumors of a coup by the forces of one man or the other swept the city, Thieu had apparently reached a private decision to quit the race, but overnight, at the urging of his advisers, and especially of his wife (wives have always played prominent behind-the-scenes political roles in Vietnam), he changed his mind, and in the morning he returned to the meeting loaded for bear. He attacked Ky at Ky's most vulnerable point—the Premier's failure to fulfill his promise to eradicate corruption—and listed, one by one, various corrupt activities in the ranks of the police in Saigon and among officials at the district and province level throughout the country. By implication, Thieu was thus attacking Ky's closest ally, General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, a swashbuckling, pistol-packing, erratic officer who was the head of both the police and the Military Security Service, and whose conduct materially harmed Ky's own erratic but essentially likable image. As Thieu pulled out one file after another, detailing his accusations of corruption, General Loan became so embarrassed that he left the room. At this moment, histrionics took over completely. Three of the country's four corps commanders are said to have torn off their stars and refused to go back to their commands until the Thieu-Ky deadlock was broken. Thieu is said to have wept again and thanked his fellow-officers for their loyalty. Ky is said to have wept, too, and to have offered once more to quit, and it is said that this time, worn out by the whole performance, the other generals accepted his withdrawal. But they subsequently prevailed upon him to accept the Vice-Presidential nomination, and the American Embassy had no choice but to indicate that it thought this a fine idea. Thieu, the sly fox matched against the leader of the hounds, had clearly won the day.

Before the official election campaign began, on August 3rd, Thieu and Ky appeared together twice, and during the campaign they made only one joint appearance. In fact, neither man really campaigned at all but left the field to the ten civilian candidates, who nevertheless did considerable complaining about the government's treatment of them, in failing to furnish them with



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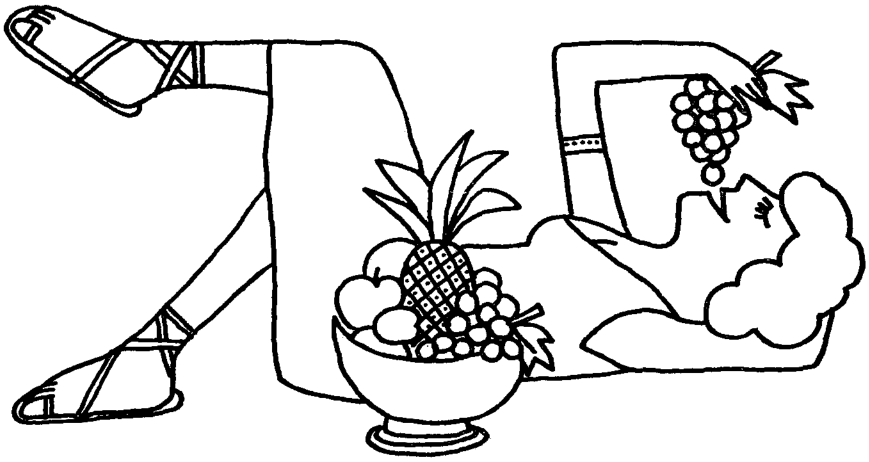

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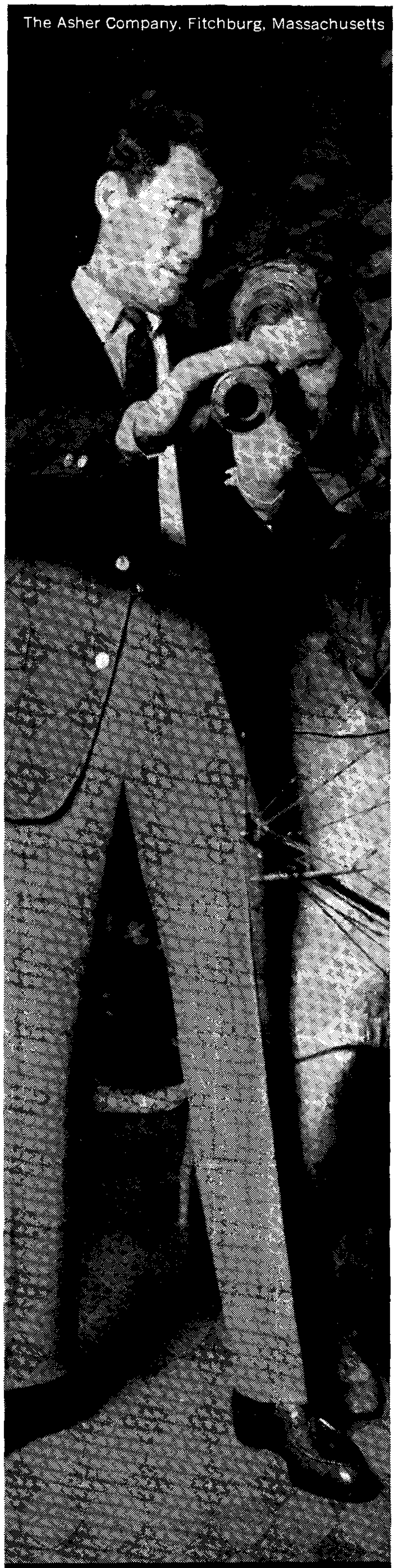

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transportation and other facilities. The confidence displayed by Thieu and Ky was undoubtedly based on their belief that the superabundance of civilian candidates eliminated any threat of a civilian victory. Their confidence was justified, though the election held some surprises—notably the 817,120 votes won by Dzu and his running mate, as against 1,649,561 for the Thieu-Ky slate, with the preëlection civilian favorites, Phan Khac Suu and former Premier Tran Van Huong, lagging far behind, in third and fourth places, respectively.

SOON after the election, it became apparent that its impressive trappings had covered more irregularities than the official observers realized—although no more than might have been expected in the light of Vietnamese political history and of the fact that military leaders controlled the provincial and district officials who supervised the casting and counting of the ballots. As it turned out, these irregularities did not affect the final outcome of the Presidential race, but what apparently happened was this: It became obvious toward the end of the day's count that Thieu and Ky had received only about a third of the total vote cast, whereupon the campaign managers of the military candidates got panicky. There were many unused ballots still on hand, because about thirty per cent more ballots had been printed than there were registered voters, and at this point a number of the local officials were ordered to cast some of these for the military ticket. In Gia Dinh Province, adjoining Saigon, twenty-two thousand votes are said to have gone to the Thieu-Ky ticket at a late hour, and the same sort of thing is reported to have occurred in a number of other provinces. Some cynics have asserted that the whole election was rigged in advance, but the evidence indicates that only this sort of last-minute manipulation took place.

Within a few days after the election, eight of the defeated civilian candidates—including Dzu and Suu but not Huong—declared it to have been fraudulent and demanded that it be invalidated by the Assembly. The eight have since been joined by twenty-seven defeated senatorial candidates in the formation of a front called the People's Movement for the Struggle for Democracy, which, among other things, has excoriated the United States for approving the conduct of the September 3rd elections. American "interference in Vietnamese domestic affairs will de-

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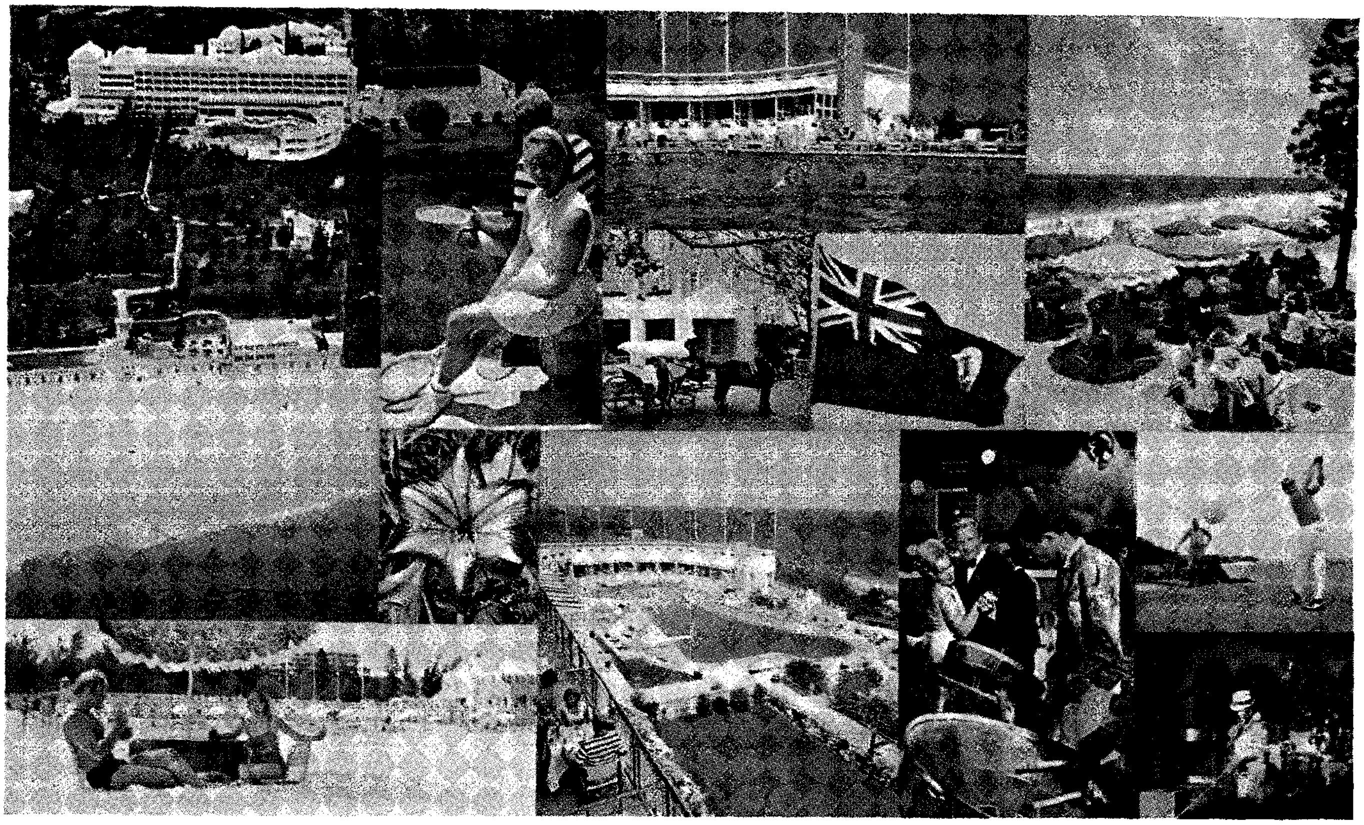

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stroy United States prestige," the group declared in a recent statement, adding, in language strikingly similar to that of the N.L.F., that such interference "will force the Vietnamese people to consider the United States as an imperialist power, plotting colonialism in Vietnam and in underdeveloped countries." The leader of the rebellious octet has been Dzu, a controversial fireball of an attorney, who since the election has been brought into court for a retrial on earlier charges of financial peculations, found guilty, and sentenced to nine months in jail. Dzu's large vote apparently derived from a number of factors, chief among them being a genuine desire for peace among the people, for whom his platform—or at least his white-dove peace emblem—held a strong appeal. Because he obtained heavy support in several provinces where there is considerable Vietcong strength, it seems probable that the Communists ordered some of their sympathizers who held government identity cards and were able to slip back and forth between Communist and government territory to vote for him, more as a gesture of contempt for the government than anything else. One of the branches of the Dai Viet, the old nationalist party, which Dzu has helped support financially, unquestionably ordered its members to support him. Dzu's violently anti-government campaign certainly drew some votes from people who were ready to rally around anyone espousing an anti-government line, and Ky's falling into the trap by counterattacking Dzu as "a dog that should be put in a cage" undoubtedly won Dzu more votes. Finally, it has been said on good authority that Dzu received funds from the French—his six-point peace plan closely resembled French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville's program—and that money was also given him by some of the more affluent American peace organizations.

Dzu sets considerable store by professional fortune-tellers, and they have been telling him for years that he is destined to be President someday. Be that as it may, he represents a new force that must be taken into consideration. He may ultimately be able to play a useful role as a go-between in any government efforts to make contact with the N.L.F., since he personally knows a number of its leaders, including its head, Nguyen Huu Tho, also a former Saigon lawyer, whom he defended, during the French days, against charges of revolutionary activity. Although there are touches of the charlatan and the opportunist in Dzu, he is not pro-Communist, and some observers here think it would be a good idea for the government to seek his coöperation for the future instead of persecuting him further. However, the government seems unlikely to risk such a course of action. In fact, to the dismay of the Americans, the government has so far done little except to move against Dzu and against Au Truong Thanh, a former Finance Minister who was disqualified as a Presidential candidate on the ground that he was "pro-Communist." Last week, after Thanh had announced his desire to go to the United States on a peace mission, he was held for two days at police headquarters and confronted with supposed evidence that he had contacts with the N.L.F. If he does indeed have such contacts—and many Vietnamese, in Saigon and elsewhere, have them, on either a business or a personal basis—they, like those of Dzu, might prove useful at some point. At any rate, the moves against Dzu and Thanh so soon after the elections were a poor idea.

THE moment Thieu and Ky were elected, they began a duel for executive control. Formerly, Ky, as Premier, had more actual power than Thieu did as Chief of State. After Thieu's inauguration, in a few weeks, the tables will be turned, for, under the Constitution, the President is far and away the principal executive figure, the Vice-President's principal tasks being to act as chairman of three advisory councils—on culture and education, on economic and social affairs, and on ethnic-minority matters. As part of their agreement to run together, Ky, it is said, was promised the right to select the Premier and several of the key Cabinet Ministers, including those in charge of defense and of Revolutionary Development. It is not clear how firm a promise this was, or even whether it was made at all, but, in any event, Thieu and Ky, and their respective followers, are engaged in a typically Vietnamese war of nerves, and though there have been attempts to call a truce, this contest seems bound to continue. The Americans and some Vietnamese peacemakers—among the latter is the Ambassador to the United States, Bui Diem, who is now in Saigon—are doing their best to get the two men to meet each other halfway, but their personality differences make this difficult,

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and, besides, Ky does not relish giving up the prerogatives he has enjoyed for two years. Since the election, the two men have scarcely spoken to each other, though they did take one smiling trip together for publicity purposes. Once again, the other important generals, including the four corps commanders, are involved in the fight, and their support is being sought by both Thieu and Ky. General Loan, Ky's police chief, is known to be egging protesting students on, giving them permission to continue their demonstrations for the time being and also allowing the Buddhists to stir the pot. Even more significantly, Loan has secretly urged the twenty-odd Saigon papers—three have been banned since the election—to attack both the results of the election and the American role in it. (One paper, for example, has made a pun of Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker's name, referring to him with the Vietnamese words *bang qua*, which mean "aimless.") Loan and Ky, it would appear, hope to keep the furore over the election going as long as possible and even to discredit the vote if they can. All this appears to prove that democratic forms mean little or nothing where there is no democratic substance.

The top generals have held three meetings since the elections, and although these have not been as acrimonious as the one that finally forced Thieu and Ky to run together, they have not brought about anything more than tentative and mutually suspicious agreement. Meanwhile, no important action has been taken to form a new Cabinet. Various men have been suggested for Premier, including Huong, who is widely respected here as a responsible moderate, and who was, in fact, tentatively offered the job a day or two after the elections but rejected it, both because he felt that the elections had not been fair and because he believed that he might be the first victim of the Thieu-Ky struggle. Huong was a logical candidate for the Premiership, because he is a southerner; Ky is a northerner and Thieu comes from central Vietnam, so someone from the south will have to be named Premier in the interests of regional and national unity. The fact is that though there are precious few candidates who are worth considering, one will have to be picked in the next couple of weeks if a Cabinet is to be formed in time for the inauguration. One man who is being mentioned as a possible nonpartisan "technician" Premier is Nguyen Huu Hanh, the governor of the National Bank. Another possi-

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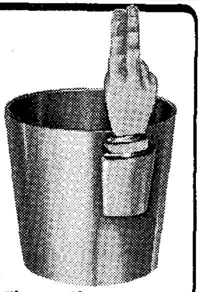

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bility is Nguyen Van Loc, a mild-mannered southern lawyer who was originally Ky's campaign manager and then helped run the joint Thieu-Ky campaign. Unfortunately for his chances, Loc is not considered a dynamic figure or a particularly able administrator. The vicissitudes of recent years have scattered Vietnamese all over the world—to France, Japan, Thailand, the United States—and have made others virtual exiles in their own country; many people feel Thieu would do well to woo these men back, for among them are many of considerable ability who might be willing to serve their country. Furthermore, their return could stimulate others, including men like Huong, to coöperate more closely with the new government.

A fight for influence between Thieu and Ky in the Senate and, later on, in the House of Representatives also seems inevitable; in fact, there have been reports that Ky and his henchmen have been helping to stir up rebellious anti-election sentiment in the Assembly. In many respects, the Senate election was more interesting than the vote for President. Because it was very difficult to determine which Senate slate had won the sixth-ranking position, the final returns were not announced for sixteen days, and this lag was what mainly gave rise to the charges of rigging. Of the six winning slates, only the leading one, headed by former General Tran Van Don, the man who organized the coup against Diem, can claim to be truly independent. Another—the one headed by Tran Van Lam, a pharmacist and a former government official and Ambassador—will probably form the nucleus of a loyal opposition. A third is likely to make some pretense of independence but will probably lean toward the government side, while the three others are considered essentially pro-government. Of the total of sixty senators, twenty-seven are Catholics—a number far out of proportion to the percentage of Catholics in the country's population of close to seventeen million, which is a mere ten per cent. A number of these Catholic senators, though they do not form a solid bloc, are former members of the Can Lao, the quasi-secret society that was the private instrument of Ngo Dinh Nhu, Diem's scheming brother. What is interesting about this circumstance is not so much that it might presage a revival of Diemism—there is no danger of that—as that it appears to reveal an inclination on the part of many voters to forget the past and choose some old familiar faces. It is no

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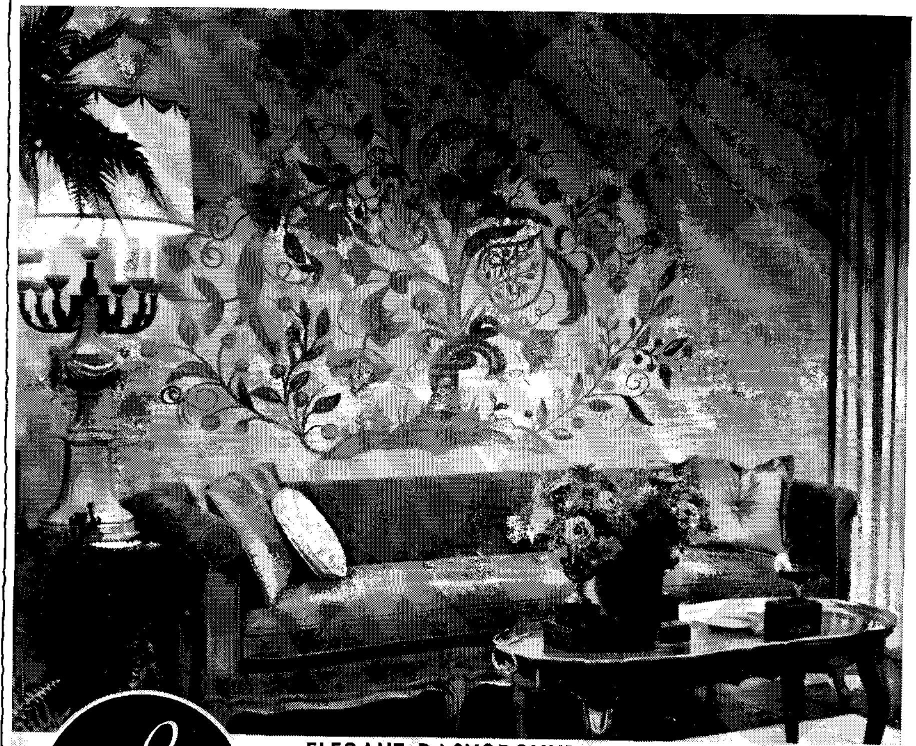

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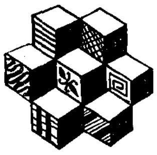
longer true, as it was in 1963 and 1964, when the Buddhists were riding high, that everyone who was associated with Diem is regarded as a pariah. The pendulum has swung the other way, and the Senate vote can be seen as an indication that a good many Vietnamese are getting tired of the men who since 1963 have unsuccessfully led the country from one crisis to another. Thieu himself is one of the few survivors from the days of Diem—though he also played an important part in the anti-Diem coup—and is also a Catholic convert, so his influence in the Senate may be considerable. There is no guarantee, though, that he will be able to retain it indefinitely. Anyway, Ky may well have as many friends among the senators as Thieu, and if the clash between the two men intensifies the senators will simply become their pawns, losing whatever individual political identity they have. Most analysts feel that, in the interests of building a two- or a three-party system, the voters should have been asked to choose two or three men from each slate instead of entire slates of ten. All the slates were loose conglomerations, made largely on the basis of expediency. Of the sixty senators elected, no more than twenty can be regarded as even semi-serious politicians or legislators; the rest range from opportunists to naïve and inexperienced individuals selected by slate leaders in vague deference to that old politician's shibboleth, "balance."



The only slate that shows any promise of developing into a serious party is General Don's, which is called Nong Cong Binh—meaning "Farmers, Workers, Soldiers." Although the Nong Cong Binh has declared itself independent, it will support the government if it feels that the Thieu-Ky regime and a Premier selected after proper consultation with the senators can draw up a workable program and carry it out efficiently. Though Don, who is widely known and liked, headed the slate, its guiding genius is Dr. Dang Van Sung, a veteran nationalist and onetime Dai Viet leader who publishes *Chinh Luan*, perhaps the best Vietnamese-language daily paper in Saigon. Sung is one of the few men in Vietnam who have sought, since Diem's overthrow, to create some kind of new and workable political alignment here. One of Sung's closest allies is Tran Quoc Buu, the head of the Vietnamese Confederation of Labor. Buu initially had a slate of his own running for the Senate, but it was disqualified on a technicality. The Nong Cong Binh ticket finally included one of Buu's labor representatives, and was largely elected through the support of Buu's federation. Buu, Sung, and other Nong Cong Binh leaders have now presented a list of a hundred and fourteen candidates for the House of Representatives. Their aim is to create as wide a base as possible for the Nong Cong Binh, penetrating deeply into the villages and embracing all the divided and scattered elements of Vietnamese society—the Catholics and the Buddhists and the peasants and the workers and the veterans, and also the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai religious sects, which remain split into many political, religious, and military factions. Thai Lang Nghiem, another member of the winning slate, recently made the point that it is only in this way that "a true Vietnam political face" can be achieved, possessing an identity of its own and able, ultimately, to deal on equal terms with the N.L.F. Nghiem said, "Simply to speak of building 'a broader-based government,' without first creating a real political program, is meaningless, and will lead only to more intrigue. The Vietcong have that kind of program, but the Americans *have always confused administration* with political power. The people who have so far been elected to the hamlet and village councils are only links to the district, provincial, and central governments. They are not representatives of traditionally autonomous local units. There is a lot we could learn from the Vietcong slogan 'Let us set up the people's authority of the village.' "

WHETHER there will be enough time to do this before a period of negotiating or of "fighting and negotiating at the same time" begins is a vital question. If the effort to achieve political unity is to meet with any success, it must be pushed by the new government, which should try especially hard to consolidate the divergent elements among the Hoa Hao, the Cao Dai, and the other religious groups. The greatest difficulty will be to obtain the allegiance of the Buddhists, who are now more than ever split among themselves and hostile toward the government. The large number of Catholics elected to the Senate has exacerbated this hostility, and the Buddhists, who from the start were violently opposed both to the Thieu-Ky

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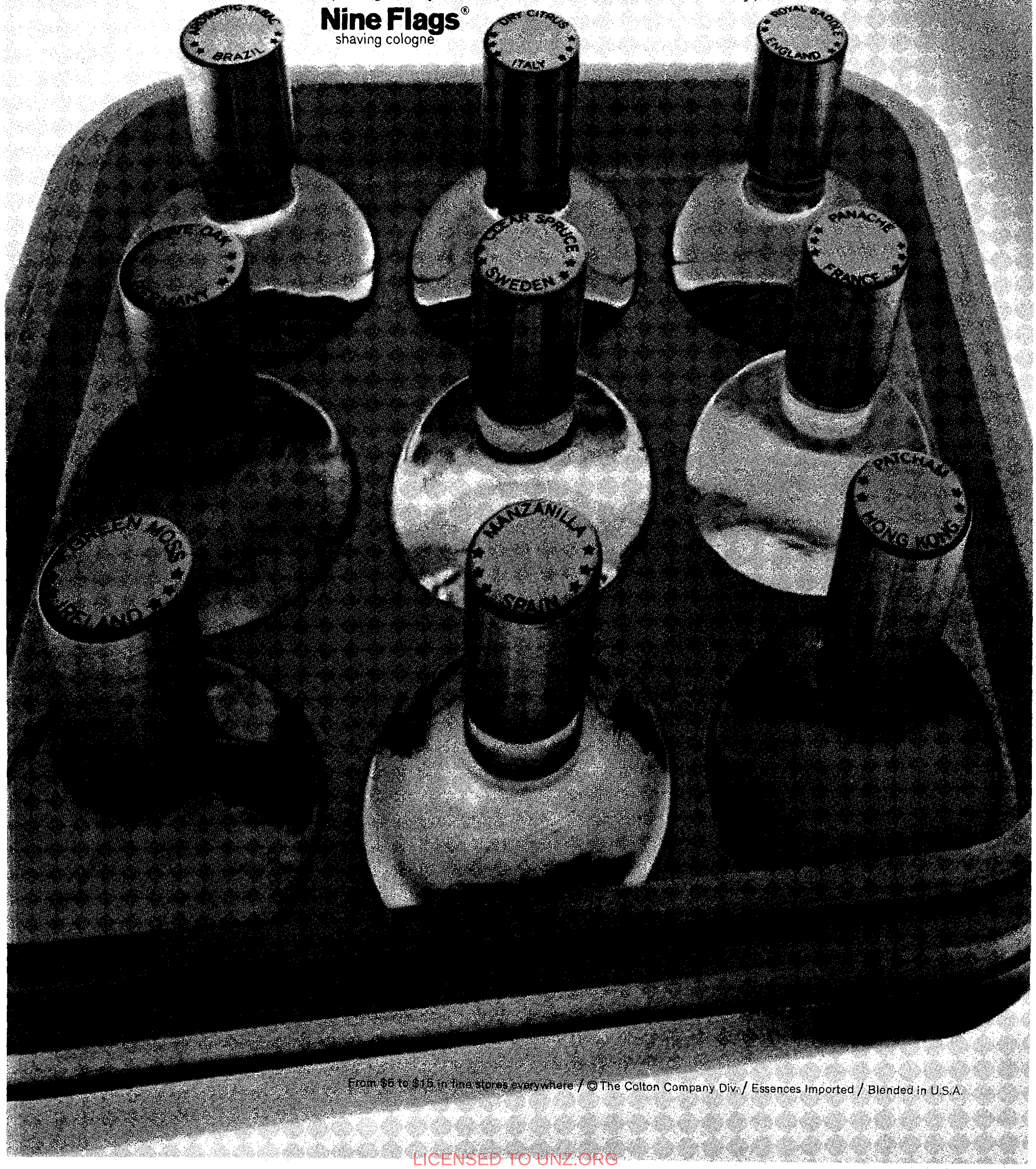
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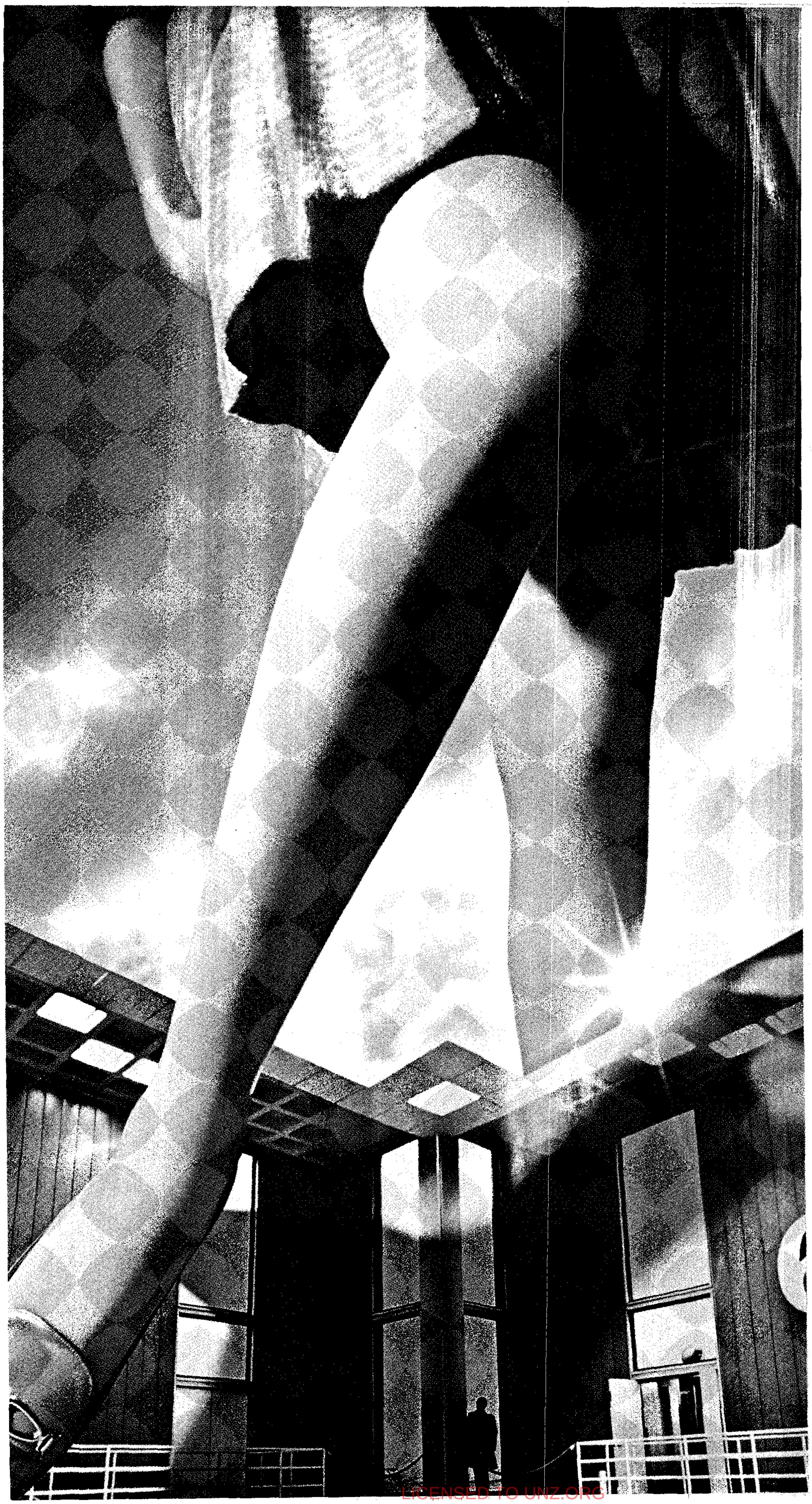

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regime and to its American sponsors, are at least united in maintaining, along with the defeated candidates, that the election was crooked, calling it nothing but an American and Catholic plot to keep the generals in power, and vowing to carry on "a fight to the finish against General Thieu." Ever since the defeat of their struggle movement last year in Danang and Hué, when Ky cracked down on them, the Buddhists have been going through a period of self-examination. They are still divided into a moderate wing, headed by Thich Tam Chau, and a radical wing, headed by Thich Tri Quang and Thich Thien Minh. (There is some evidence suggesting that Thien Minh is now the more important.) A few weeks ago, General Thieu issued a new charter giving official status to the Tam Chau wing—a move that many observers regarded as a mistake, since it gave the radical group new vitality by presenting it with a valid complaint. It formed a Committee to Defend the Old Charter, which gave more power to the priests than to the Buddhist lay leaders—a state of affairs that is modified by the charter issued to Tam Chau, which also gives the southern Buddhists of the Theravada sect a stronger voice against the dominant central and northern Mahayana elements. Tri Quang is well aware that, after the priests' failure to lead the Buddhists to victory last year, there must be a compromise with the lay leaders, but at the moment his attention is centered on prosecuting his case against Thieu and Ky. This week he led a thousand of his followers on a protest march through Saigon, and then he and four fellow-monks encamped on the lawn of the Presidential palace. To the surprise of onlookers, Thieu himself emerged from the palace to engage in a colloquy with Tri Quang. A while later, it was announced that the monk's demand for a change in the charter had been rejected. In any case, it seems certain that he and his group of priests from the An Quang pagoda in Cholon, the Chinese section of Saigon, will remain almost pathologically anti-American. Tri Quang has said, "We face a dilemma. We cannot be Communists, but if we go with the Americans we will lose the masses. I am anti-Communist; therefore I must be anti-American. If I am not anti-American, I will lose the good cause, the right cause. To fight the Communists, one must have a good cause." This sort of cryptic analysis does not hide the fact that anti-Americanism is the best political cause

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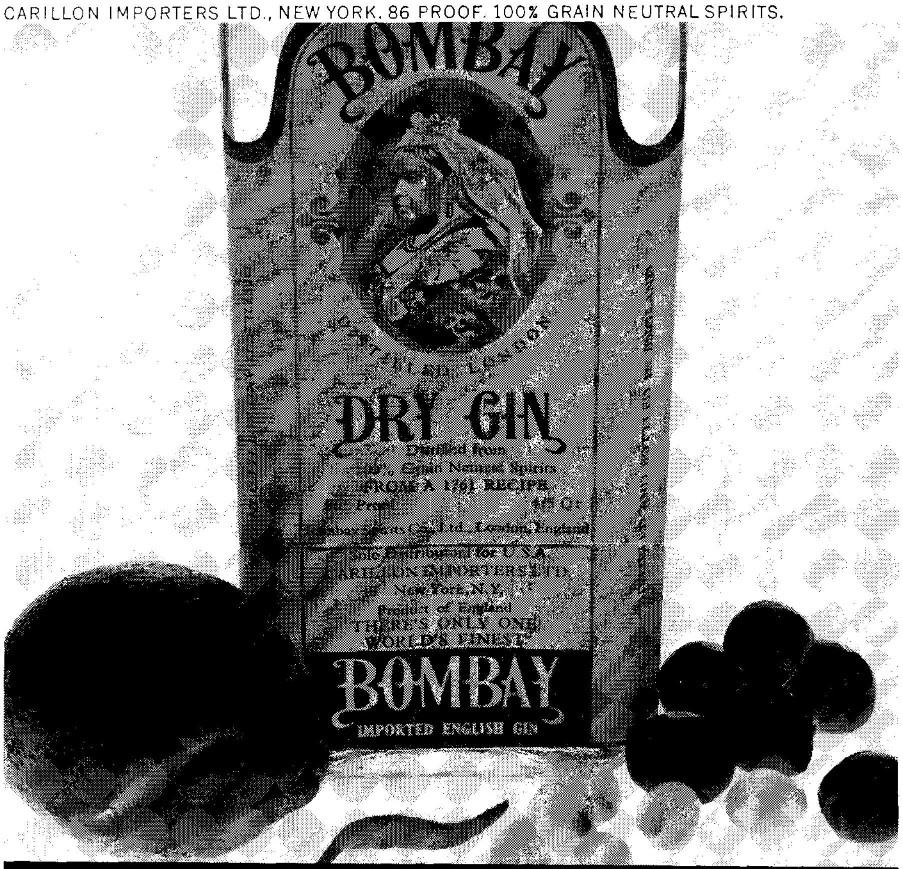

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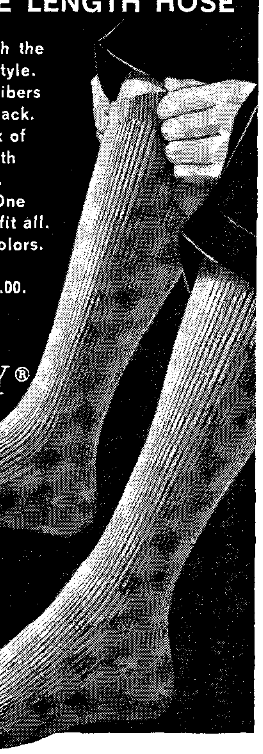
the Buddhists have—perhaps the only one capable of gaining them renewed mass support. And, whatever Tri Quang says, there is always the danger of the Buddhists' moving closer to the N.L.F. (in fact, a good many of the leaders of last year's struggle have joined the Front), which, in its propaganda, is sparing no effort to attract more of them, in the interests of "national unity." At the moment, there is no sign of an effort by either the new government or the Americans to convince the Buddhists that they can end their present state of isolation and come to play an important role, political as well as religious, in Vietnamese life.

This absence of effort springs from the continuing stubbornness and divisiveness that have hobbled political activity in this country and that make it so hard for any observer to be optimistic. The few voices that really counsel a reconciliation with the Buddhists are listened to politely but essentially go unheeded. Buu, the labor leader, says, for example, "In making our current appraisals, we must ask ourselves, What forces can we rely on? What is our current political capital? Then we must work actively to weld these elements together. The government should create a Ministry of National Unity to evaluate the different groups and help integrate them into the society." Another Vietnamese I know, who is close to the political leadership and is dismayed over the new struggle between Thieu and Ky, says, "If only Thieu could mollify Ky with praise, accept Ky's people in some jobs, and thereby neutralize Ky, and then, having stopped the political maneuvering for a while, get around the country and talk with Buddhists, Catholics, Hoa Hao, Cao Dai, and just plain ordinary people, he could do wonders for himself and for Vietnam, too. Right now, instead of bargaining with Ky and letting his entourage scheme to defeat Ky's entourage, he should be visiting the troops and the villages in each of the four corps areas, letting them know who their new President is, and also letting them know that he means to help them. Just issuing proclamations from Saigon about unity doesn't mean a thing." These men and other Vietnamese are most worried by the apparent lack of any sense of urgency. Another high official, who has worked for both Thieu and Ky, told me gloomily, "Christmas is not far off, then comes Tet—the New Year period—then the American primary elections, and all these will act as delaying fac-



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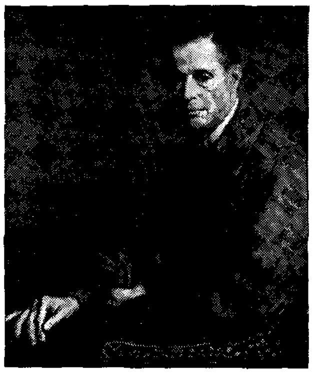

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tors in the creation of an efficient government.”

EFFICIENCY, however, has long been subordinated to two ancient forces: family influence and political corruption, both of which have much more to do with the exercise of power here. Probably the single most important factor in the Vietnamese power structure today is the extensive sway still held by the four Army corps commanders. Certainly this is behind much of the struggle going on between Thieu and Ky and the other generals, including the corps commanders themselves. In some respects, the central figure in the struggle at the moment is not Ky or Thieu but General Nguyen Duc Thang, the capable head of the Revolutionary Development Program and also a super-Minister who runs the Ministries of the Interior, Agriculture, and Public Works. Thang, who is something of a lone wolf among the generals, although he is a pro-Ky man, and is therefore regarded with suspicion by Thieu, has been accused of being an American puppet simply because the Americans like the way he gets things done and have tried to help him as much as possible. If he should survive the Thieu-Ky struggle, he might become either Deputy Premier or Deputy Chief of Staff, though he has said he is unwilling to accept either job unless he will have real control over all of the country’s forty-three province chiefs. These officials, though they are appointed by the central government and are supposedly under the control of Thang as Minister of the Interior, actually remain under the domination of the corps commanders. Only when this situation is changed will any real progress become possible in the two important areas of Revolutionary Development and Army reorganization. The top Vietnamese and American officials all know this, but the power of decision nevertheless lies with a handful of Vietnamese leaders who arose under the old system and still derive their strength from it. This includes not only the four corps commanders but some other old-line Army men, such as General Vien, the head of the Joint General Staff, not to mention Thieu himself, who used to be a corps commander. These leaders are naturally far from eager to preside over the dissolution of their empire. As for Thieu, though he may be willing to give Thang or someone else increased control over the province chiefs, he cannot afford to diminish the over-all power of the other generals, including the corps commanders, be-

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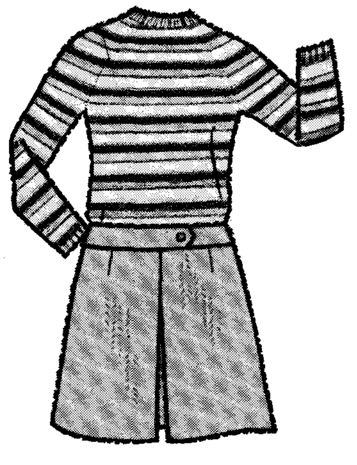

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cause he has to keep the support of a majority of them if he is to win the contest with Ky.

Before the election, Ky, as Premier, made the mistake of announcing that Thang would be Deputy Chief of Staff, with far-ranging powers over Revolutionary Development and Army reorganization. Thang made the further mistake of announcing some sweeping reforms, which naturally alienated the Thieu camp, and as a result Thang's future is now in doubt. If he should quit—he has several times threatened to do so, for personal reasons—there is no one around who could take his place, and the Revolutionary Development Program would undoubtedly suffer a serious blow. With the sponsorship, support, and guidance of Edward G. Lansdale, the American counter-insurgency expert, who is now about to go home, and a handful of other Americans, Thang and a small group of dedicated Vietnamese have made many improvements in the organization of the Revolutionary Development Program, while, on the American side, Deputy Ambassador Robert Komer has managed to unite its military and civilian aspects in a quite smoothly functioning operation. The trouble now is not organization but implementation and political appeal. At present, there are four hundred and sixty-two Revolutionary Development teams, carrying on their work in nearly twelve hundred hamlets. Most of the teams, which are supposed to consist of fifty-nine men each, still average closer to forty men, chiefly as a result of assassinations by the Vietcong. Many of these losses, and the teams' other problems as well, have stemmed from a continuing basic lack of protection. Not only has the regular South Vietnamese Army (ARVN) failed to provide sufficient protection, and thus compelled the teams to provide their own, to the detriment of their assigned development tasks, but the teams have been overextended as a result of unrealistic orders issued to them by Vietnamese division and corps commanders.

Usually, each team works in three or four hamlets, moving from one to another, and remains in one area for six months or more, depending on local needs and on the rate of progress made. Progress is judged by a hundred specific criteria, embracing eleven basic fields of activity, among them the suppression of Vietcong infiltration, the suppression of corruption and exploitation of the people, the development of a democratic spirit of coöperation, the encouragement of anti-Communist activity among the local groups, programs to speed land reform and increase agricultural production, programs to improve sanitation and health, and programs to eradicate illiteracy. The Americans have this all nicely computerized, but one trouble is that not all the criteria are applicable to all hamlets; for example, in some flat areas of the Delta, where there is a lot of rain much of the year, there is no need to build irrigation canals, yet the building of canals is one of the criteria of progress everywhere. At any rate, whatever the imperfections of this procedure, the problem is made worse by the Vietnamese military commanders. To guarantee the security that their own troops fail to provide, the commanders frequently order the Revolutionary Development teams to build fortified New Life Hamlets when the teams haven't even finished their reconstruction assignments in old or reconsolidated hamlets. The three guiding principles for the building of new hamlets are supposed to be the size of the region's population, its economic potential, and its security, but in practice security—or the search for it—becomes the paramount, if not the only, decisive factor. Division and corps commanders use the Revolutionary Development teams as military or paramilitary instruments for their own ends, assigning them, for instance, to build a new hamlet along a main highway solely for military reasons. Used in this fashion, the Revolutionary Development teams become disillusioned; desertions take place, and the teams fall prey to Vietcong attacks. They have no chance to inculcate a fresh political ideology in a truly contested populated area, let alone organize a properly motivated self-defense corps, before moving on to the next place. Though it is true that there are some areas where the teams have functioned well, opening roads and stimulating production, there are still too many places throughout the country where, in the words of one leader, "we organize for shape and form, and not for substance. We go on making the same mistake that Ngo Dinh Nhu made years ago, when he had us build strategic hamlets for show."

This situation will not be improved unless the Revolutionary Development Program can operate on its own, without military interference, and this is the fight that General Thang has been

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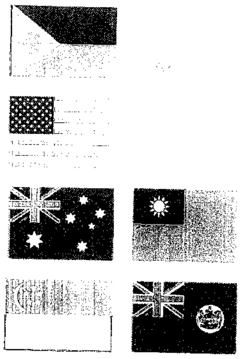

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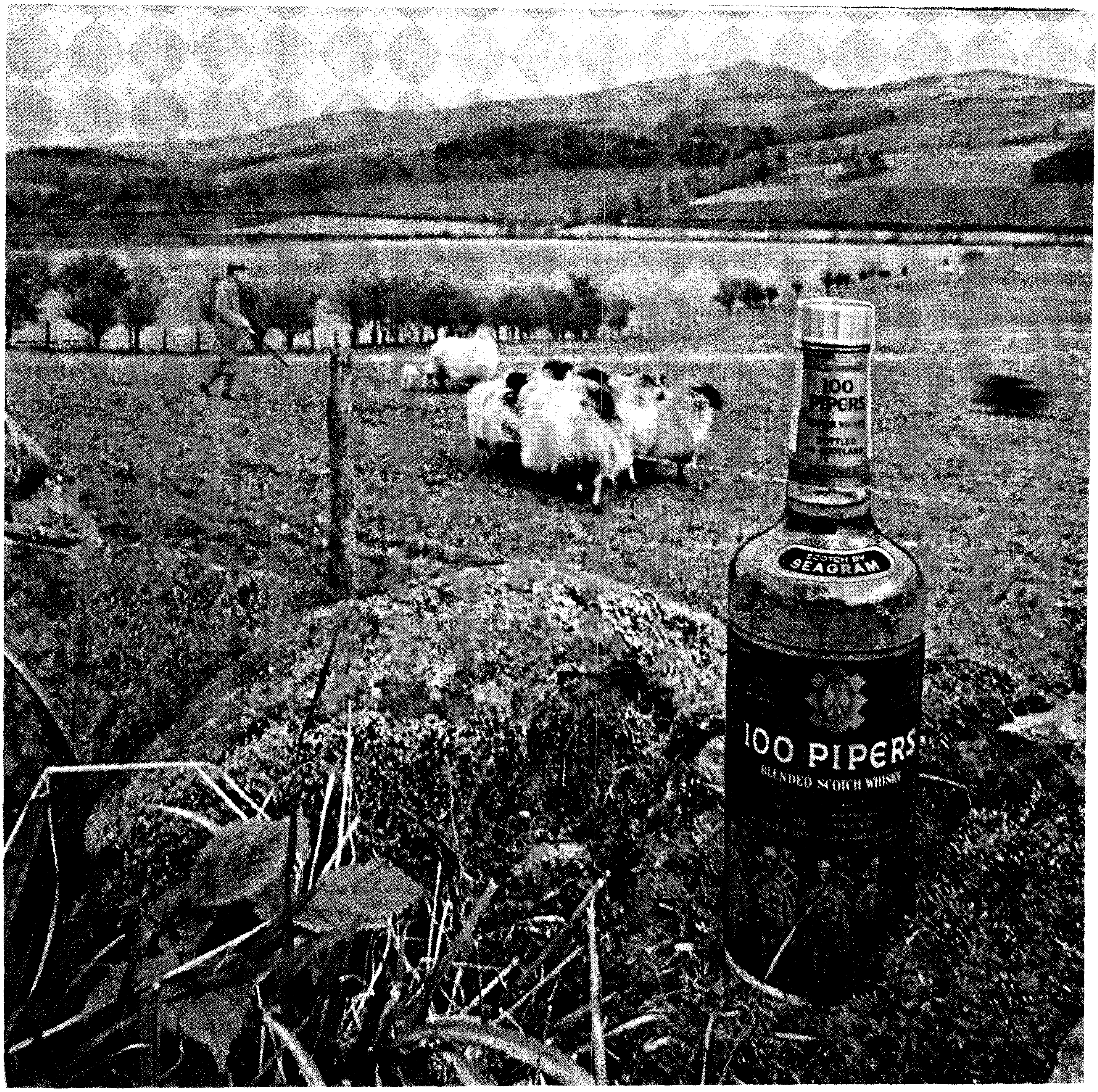

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The mere fact that at this point in the history of the American involvement in South Vietnam those in charge of prosecuting policy here can speak

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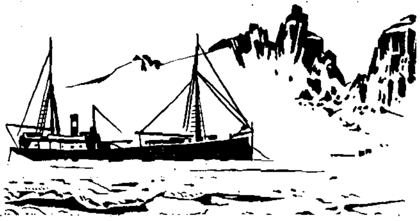

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of smothering the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese amounts to an admission that politics and ideology have failed, elections or no elections, Revolutionary Development or no Revolutionary Development. Obviously, in what has always been a political war, there can never be a purely military solution, even if General William C. Westmoreland is given a million troops and North Vietnam is obliterated by bombing. The fact that a growing number of ultra-hawks, here and in the United States (actually, I have always considered them pro-tem hawks), are now saying that if we can't "bomb the hell" out of North Vietnam and "force it to buckle under" we ought to get out indicates the current mood and emphasizes our political bankruptcy. The facts and figures cited to show the increasing effects of the Northern bombings and the difficulties the Communists are having in the South are irrelevant to this. It may be that Vietcong recruitment in the South is down from seven thousand a month to thirty-five hundred, that the monthly average of infiltration from the North is down from six or seven thousand to four thousand, and that the total enemy armed strength is not three hundred thousand but closer to two hundred and thirty thousand (with the addition, however, of seventy thousand political workers, and not forty thousand, as was earlier supposed). It may also be that General Westmoreland's campaign to strike the enemy main-force units and root out the guerrillas at the same time is making slow but sure progress. (He is the first to admit that it would take a long time, even with a lot more troops, to "smother" the Communists or drive them out of their villages and base-area sanctuaries.) Even so, there is no sign either that the American people will be patient enough for such a long struggle or that any sort of permanent victory can result, given the political endurance of the Vietcong and their ability to lie low and rise again, as they did in 1946 and again in 1958.

THE N.L.F. and its parent, the Central Office for South Vietnam, which directs the war in the South under Hanoi's supervision, do not hesitate to admit their own shortcomings, as recently captured documents show. Their self-criticism is especially harsh in dealing with the work of local Party chapters, saying that these are lacking in zeal, forcefulness, and organizing ability. The chapters, they say, have failed "to operate by themselves step by

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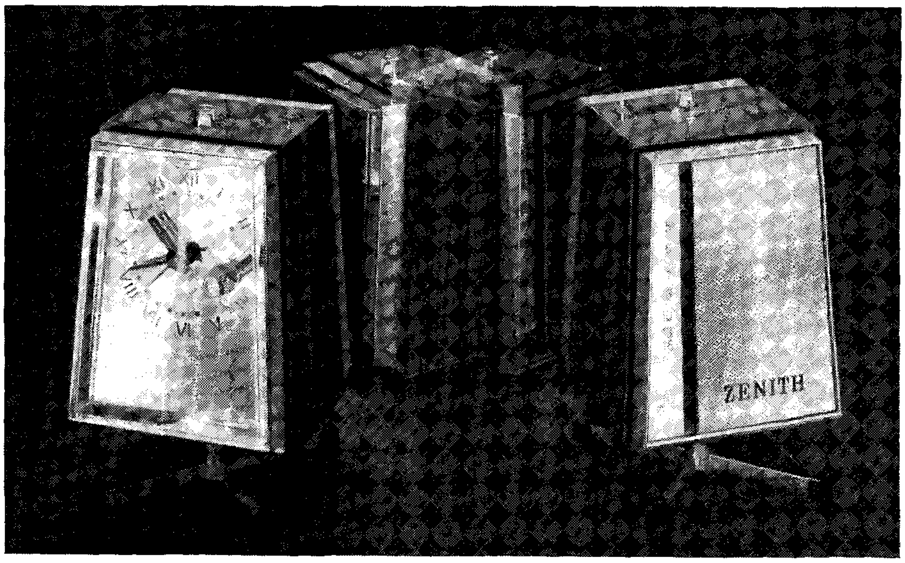
step," to take independent action to organize local cells and be "real schools" at the hamlet level, and "to guide the people into the tasks of counter-espionage and preservation of secrecy, armed political struggle, troop proselytizing, and counterattacks to protect hamlet and settlement." This sort of self-criticism, genuine but exaggerated, is a traditional part of the Communists' agitation-and-propaganda kit. The fact remains that the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, although they have suffered heavy losses in battle and are unable to sustain an offensive without pausing to renew their strength and replenish their food and ammunition, have amply demonstrated in recent weeks that they can strike sharply and quickly almost anywhere they want, employing both terror and power. In the I Corps area, in and below the Demilitarized Zone, they are engaged in their only full-scale campaign at present, designed to keep a large force of American Marines pinned down in what amounts to a conventional war posture, and thus prevent them from engaging in the process—more destructive for the Vietcong—of rooting the guerrillas out of the countryside. Elsewhere, there have been few major engagements, and the Americans, the Koreans, and the Vietnamese have been doing what they can, which is considerable, to chase and kill guerrillas and occasional main-force elements in lieu of finding and challenging larger Communist units. All this, however, adds up to a state of irresolution, and is possibly a prelude to the period of "fighting and negotiating at the same time," which could begin within a few months but, in the opinion of most observers, won't start until after November, 1968. In any event, neither through military search-and-destroy or digging-out operations nor through pacification or by any other method has the so-called Communist infrastructure—the permanent and future manpower reservoir—been really damaged.

The confidence of the Communists was well demonstrated in a new political program that the N.L.F. announced in mid-August—the first such major plan issued since 1960. The program was published on the eve of the elections here, and obviously was a calculated attempt to confuse the Vietnamese people about how to vote, and to let them know that they had a positive alternative in the form of a generous offer of coöperation from the Front on a broad basis of harmony and coalition. "The tasks and objectives of the South Vietnamese people in the struggle



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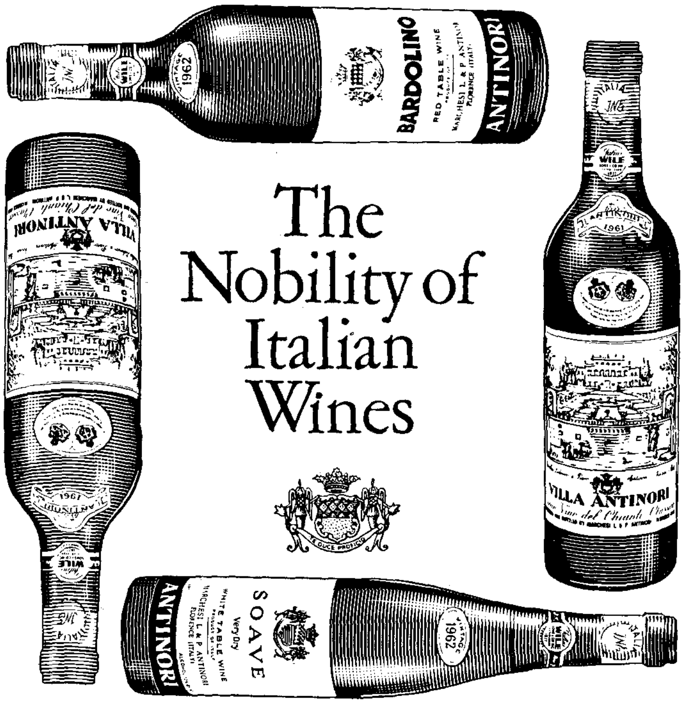

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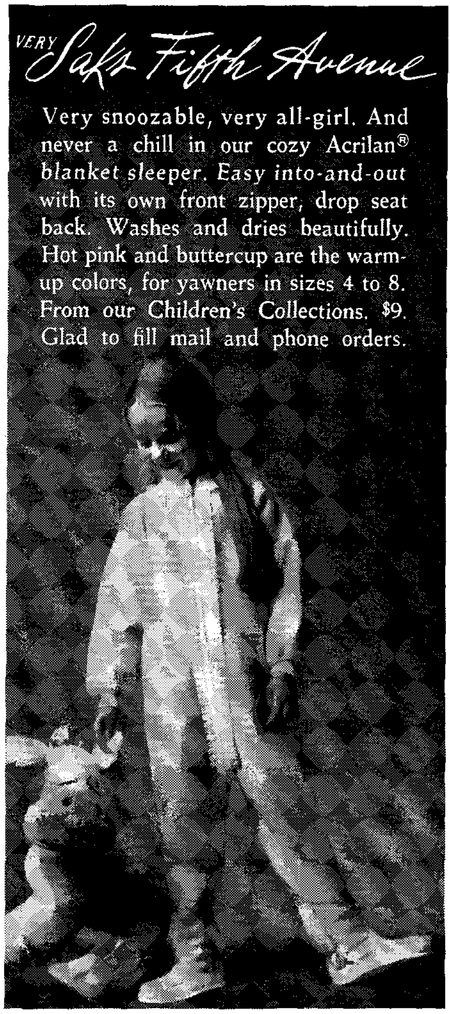

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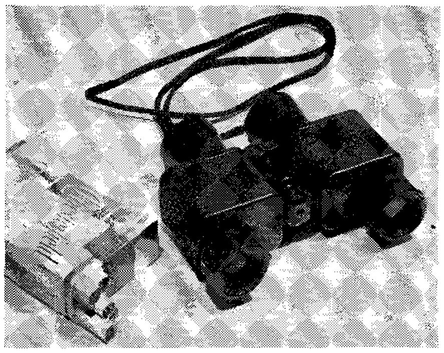

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for national salvation are now as follows," the program, which was broadcast repeatedly all over the country and is now being widely distributed abroad, began. "To unite the entire people, resolutely to defend [against] the United States imperialists' war of aggression, overthrow their lackey puppet administration, establish a broad national, democratic, peaceful, neutral, and prosperous South Vietnam, and proceed toward peaceful reunification of the fatherland." It went on, "The National Liberation Front of South Vietnam constantly stands for uniting all social strata and classes, all nationalities, all political parties, all organizations, all religious communities, all patriotic personalities, all individuals, and all patriotic and progressive forces, irrespective of political tendencies, in order to struggle together against the United States imperialists and their lackeys, wrest back our sacred national rights, and build up the country." Echoing the Chinese Communist line as it has been laid down by Mao Tse-tung's designated heir, Lin Piao, the Front pledged itself to "take an active part in the common struggle of the world's peoples against the bellicose and aggressive imperialists, *headed by the United States*, for peace, national independence, democracy, and social progress."

The fourteen-point program that followed, which included the first open reference to a "national coalition government," was a compendium of propaganda and promises designed to win the largest possible mass support. Among the points were these: The South Vietnamese Constitution and elections must be abrogated and there must be new "free general elections" for a truly representative Assembly, followed by the establishment of a government embracing all "social strata." American "economic slavery and monopoly" must be abolished in favor of a combination of capitalist and Socialist enterprise to improve agricultural production and stimulate industry. Land reform must be prosecuted, both through a redistribution of acreage and rent reductions. The Liberation Armed Forces must be built up "with a view to liberating the people and defending the fatherland." Guarantees must be provided to assure "the rights and livelihood of workers and civil servants," the rights to include an eight-hour day and an incentive system. Women must "be equal to men, politically and economically." National minorities must be protected, and "puppet officers and men and puppet officials" must be "shown leniency" and welcomed back to "the

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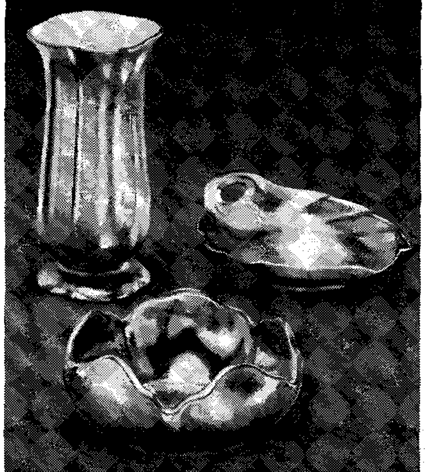

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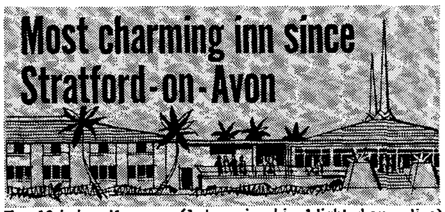

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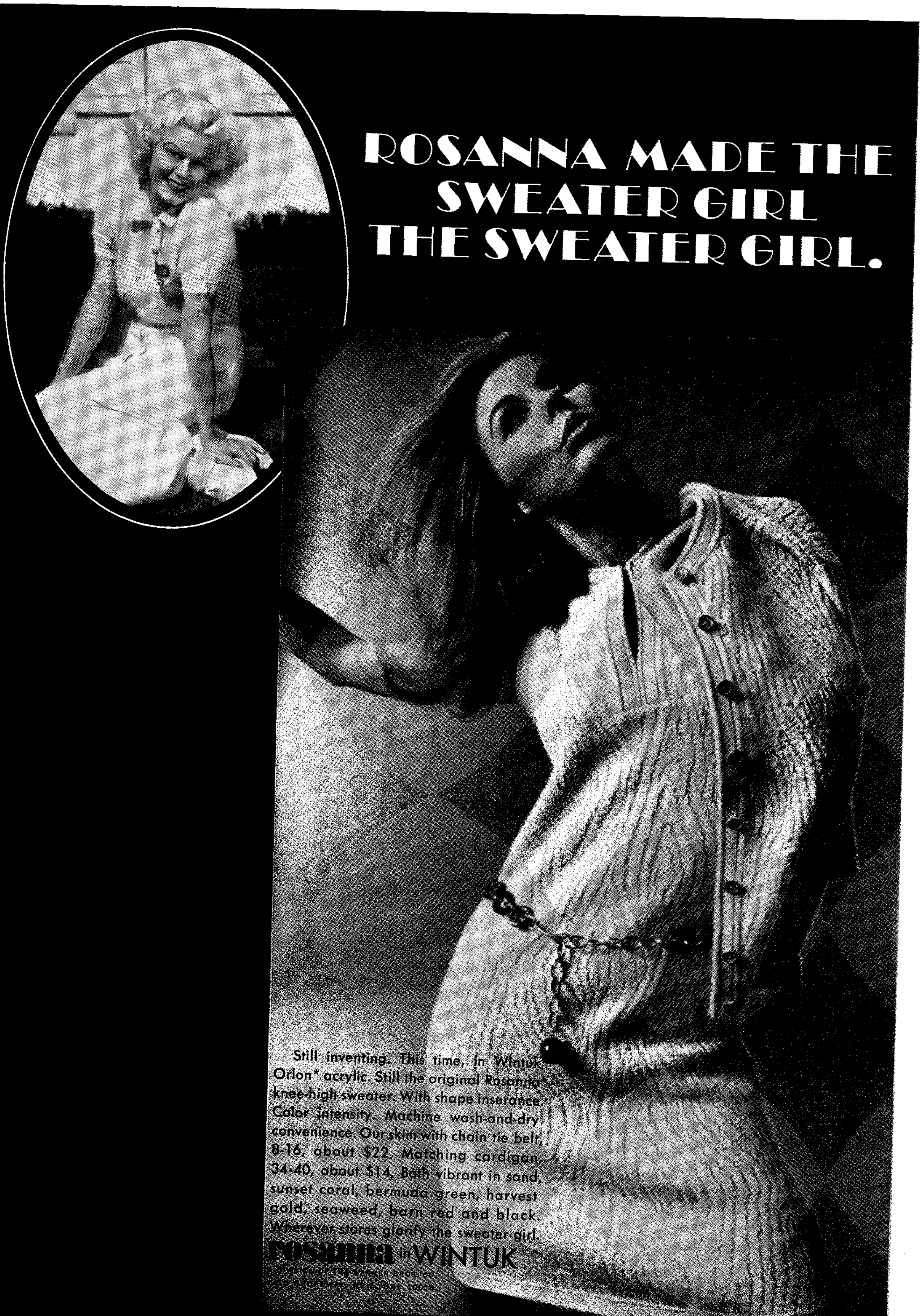

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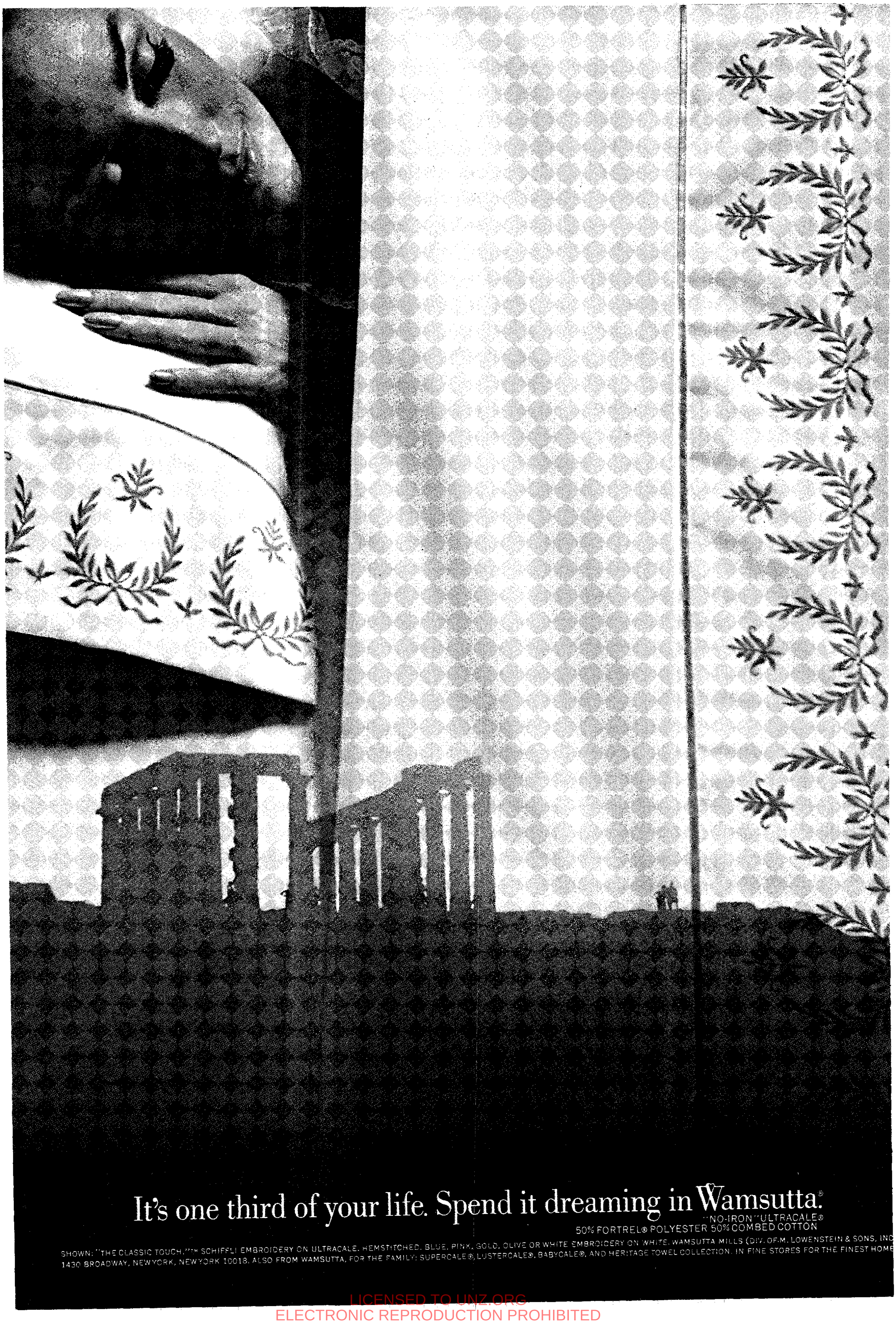
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just cause," after which they will be "rewarded and entrusted with responsible jobs." As for unification with the North, the platform said that this would be "realized step by step and through peaceful means on the principle of negotiation between the two zones, without pressure by either side against the other and without foreign interference." In the interim, there would be free movement back and forth and free communication and trade. The foreign policy of the Front was said to be based on "peace and neutrality," and diplomatic relations were to be established "with all countries, regardless of their social and political systems," on the basis of "mutual respect" and "peaceful coexistence"—although "active support" was to be given to the peoples of "Asia, Africa, and Latin America against imperialism and old and new colonialism," and also to "the just struggle of black people in the United States for their fundamental national rights."

There is obviously something here for everybody, and as a declaration of both policy and ideology the platform has considerably more appeal than anything the Thieu-Ky government or any of its post-Diem predecessors have propounded. It also seems obvious that Hanoi, looking ahead to an ultimate period of negotiations, during which some fighting may continue, is giving its Southern branch office fresh leeway to make appeals of its own and to justify its representation at a peace conference as an independent entity. This is a factor that cannot be ignored, no matter how close the ties may actually be between parent Hanoi and dependent Front. The only way in which the South Vietnamese government can counter the effect of this propaganda is to establish itself as a going concern and then make its own accommodation with both the Front and Hanoi. Saigon, with the help of the Americans, still has an opportunity to rediscover its own bona-fide Southern revolutionary tradition, but at this writing it seems doubtful whether it will be able to meet the challenge unless it stops engaging in the same sort of intrigue and self-serving politics that have impeded its progress for the last five years. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

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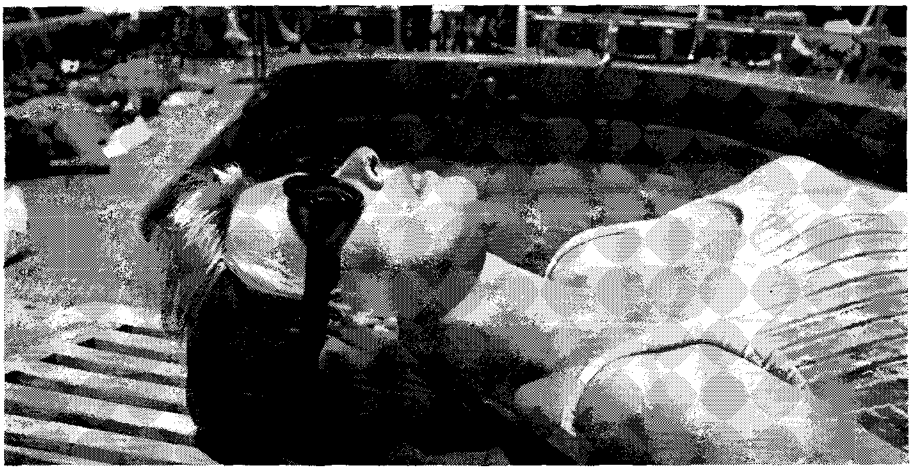

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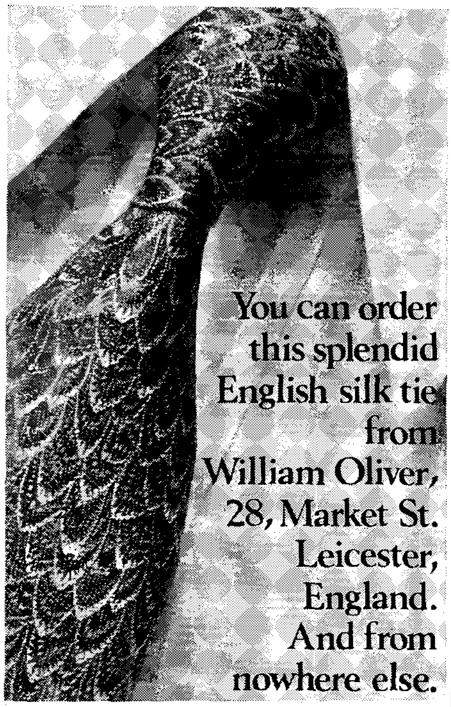

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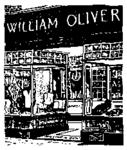

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FOOTBALL

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YOU had to be a Johnny-come-early this year to see football at its best. The professionals, barnstorming and bushwhacking about in a prolonged set of exhibition matches, managed—by sheer dint—to remove from the rolls a great many of our favorite actors, who may or may not be repaired before it is too late. The Jets are still in service, but the Jets without Matt Snell—absent because of a faulty knee—are not really the Jets. And the young men who represent the institutions of even higher learning managed—often by accident—to remove a number of other actors. What of Lindell, the Army quarterback (something he ate, no doubt), who has had to be excused because of an unruly digestive system? What of Dowling, the Yale quarterback, who excused himself by simply rolling over in limbering-up exercises and cracking his throwing wrist?

Lacking Lindell *and* his understudy, O'Toole, Army carries on, with LeDoux, the under-understudy, doing the throwing, with Evans (up, or down, from the track team) and Peduto and Jarvis doing the running, with Kurilko doing the kicking, and with Bevans doing the linebacking. At the moment, two down (its latest accomplishment is Army 21, Boston College 10) and eight to go, Army is bright with what is known as promise. Lacking Dowling, Yale is not carrying on, though that is not the fault of Lawler (up from the junior varsity), who is doing the throwing and scrambling in his stead. Like all throwing, scrambling quarterbacks, Lawler needs a police escort, and Grieco, the monumental linebacker for Holy Cross (Holy Cross 26, Yale 14 last Saturday), speedily discovering that the middle of the Yale line was only a paper Bulldog, made (a) excellent use of that discovery and (b) living hell for Lawler, who, on top of all this, was having trouble with his putative pass catchers. O'Neil, who does the tossing for Holy Cross, throws a long and accurate ball, but then he is up from the baseball team. He is, by the way, on the most-wanted list of two major-league ball clubs. Hill, a Yale running back who got hurt at just *the wrong time* last year, is again in action, burly as ever, but it may be

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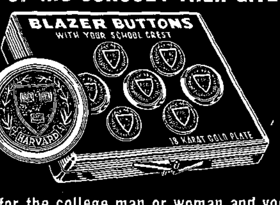

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that the damage he sustained has made him even slower afoot than he already was.

Late last season, Columbia, which is in a better state of health than a lot of other teams this fall, found out that Domres, its second-string quarterback, was really the best it had, and last Saturday Domres made Columbia, sometimes a very sticky performer, look good. Beating Colgate is never an easy matter for any Ivy League team. Columbia waited until the end of the afternoon to come from the rear (17–14), but the point is that Columbia was able to do it.

Bracken, who (like Warren Harris, the defense coach) had so much to do with Princeton's winning ways last year, bunged up his throwing hand before this season began, and he had little to contribute to the liveliest event of last week—Princeton 22, Rutgers 21. Four of his teammates, likewise damaged ahead of the season, contributed nothing at all, nor is it probable that they will again be on public display. Princeton couldn't hold on to the ball, and Rutgers couldn't throw it. The two deficiencies cancelled each other out, which, though it does *seem* unlikely, made for a splendid and stirring afternoon. Princeton had not had spring practice, and Rutgers had, but the difference was not apparent. Mitchell, who is plainly much too small to play football, got all three of Rutgers' touchdowns by wriggling through impossible holes in the line or by scampering around the ends with pitchouts; Savino, the customarily reliable Rutgers quarterback, was aiming his passes at men in the moon. Princeton dropped the ball at embarrassing moments, but Hazen, Miller, and Moore, up to then practically unnoticeable runners, ran most noticeably, and Wayne, who worked at both defense and offense that afternoon, ended the excitement (and Rutgers) by soaring into the air behind the enemy goal, getting one hand under the pass he was pursuing, and somersaulting as he returned to earth with the two points that put Princeton ahead fifty-seven seconds before closing time; Weber, who had been poorly for three seasons in a row, rose from his bed of pain to offer an exhibition of how to run with and throw the ball which set an excellent example for his younger collaborators—Hazen *et al.* My accountant tells me that 2,183 customers walked out before Wayne made that winning catch—the Shea Stadium crowd, at a guess. —J. W. L.

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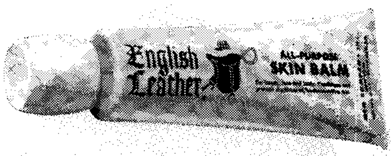

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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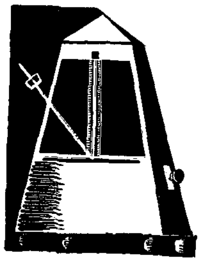
THE most impressive thing about the New York City Opera's new production of that dear old double bill "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," last Thursday night, was the voices. In "Cavalleria," Michele Molese took the honors as Turiddu, with a voice exactly suited to the part—one of those weeping Italianate tenors, light in quality and capable of producing the maximum of pathos without resorting to sobbing and hiccupping. Zoe Papadaki, a mezzo born in Egypt, made her début as Santuzza, and though her initial phrases were hard in sound (undoubtedly owing to nervousness), she redeemed herself later on. She is not a great Santuzza, but she was a believable figure, appropriately prim in costume and reasonably eloquent in her emotional passages. Kay Creed was an acceptable Lola, and Charlotte Povia an equally acceptable Mamma Lucia. David Clatworthy did a good deal of barking as the teamster Alfio, but since he is supposed to be a very tough guy, most of it fitted in fairly well.



"Pagliacci" had what was, for the New York City Opera, an all-star cast. Patricia Brooks was the Nedda, Placido Domingo the Canio, and Dominic Cossa the Silvio. Calvin Marsh, who used to sing minor roles at the Metropolitan and has been in Europe for several years, was the Tonio, and a less familiar singer, Norman Paige, did the role of Beppe. All of these singers sang superbly. For Miss Brooks, Nedda is like falling off a log after her magnificent Violetta. Mr. Domingo was in good voice, and, as might be expected, made a fine, musicianly job of Canio, minimizing the sobbery that is often associated with the role, and nevertheless giving a moving, dramatic interpretation. Calvin Marsh is a new discovery in his present avatar. He is a big fellow with a beautiful, powerful high baritone voice, great assurance, and no end of acting ability. I should pronounce him, without hesitation, one of the finest Tonios since Leonard Warren, and he has a more open, less veiled quality of sound than Warren had. Mr. Cossa proved to be an elegant and dashing figure as Silvio, and he sang with all the lovely tone that has recently come to light in his still very youthful voice. Mr. Paige, a light tenor with an agreeable style, made an excellent Beppe. The scenery, by Lloyd Evans, was pleasant and appropriate in both productions. But here I have got to the end of the admirable points of the evening. The staging, by Vera Zorina, was about the worst I have ever seen anywhere. Never was the stage empty, not even during the "Cavalleria" intermezzo, which was deliberately designed by the composer as a breather before the final tragedy. Fussy ideas, evidently intended as agreeable surprises, were to be found in almost every moment. I am no stickler for strict tradition in these matters, but there is a point beyond which one's regard for the composer's and librettist's intention is outraged. Turiddu, having been murdered offstage, as is proper, was dragged to the center of the stage by Alfio—a totally unnecessary bit of business that diminishes rather than enhances "Cavalleria's" melodrama. In "Pagliacci," Tonio's prologue was sung with the curtain up on a full stage, thus depriving the audience of that sense of expectancy it produces when it is sung before the curtain. There was a plethora, in both productions, of dancing female moppets, who seemed to have been dragged in whenever Miss Zorina thought that there wasn't enough action going on. They even appeared during the intermezzo in "Cavalleria," along with a religious procession. To be sure, dancing kids are cute, but enough is enough. Everything was overchoreographed. Even Nedda's movements in the little play-within-a-play were overdone. Miss Brooks, as nearly everybody knows, is a trained dancer, but to make a pseudo-ballerina out of her, in this remote Calabrian setting, is to arrive at something that looks coy rather than convincing. Then, there was the conducting, by Emerson Buckley. It lacked the propulsion that should have kept the musical line moving, and the chorus was generally sluggish in its response to the baton, and often flat. So, despite the excellent singing by the principals, it was not a night for unrestrained rejoicing.

ON Friday night, Leontyne Price sang Leonora in "La Forza del Destino" for the first time at the Metropolitan. I can write of her performance only in superlatives. All the melt-

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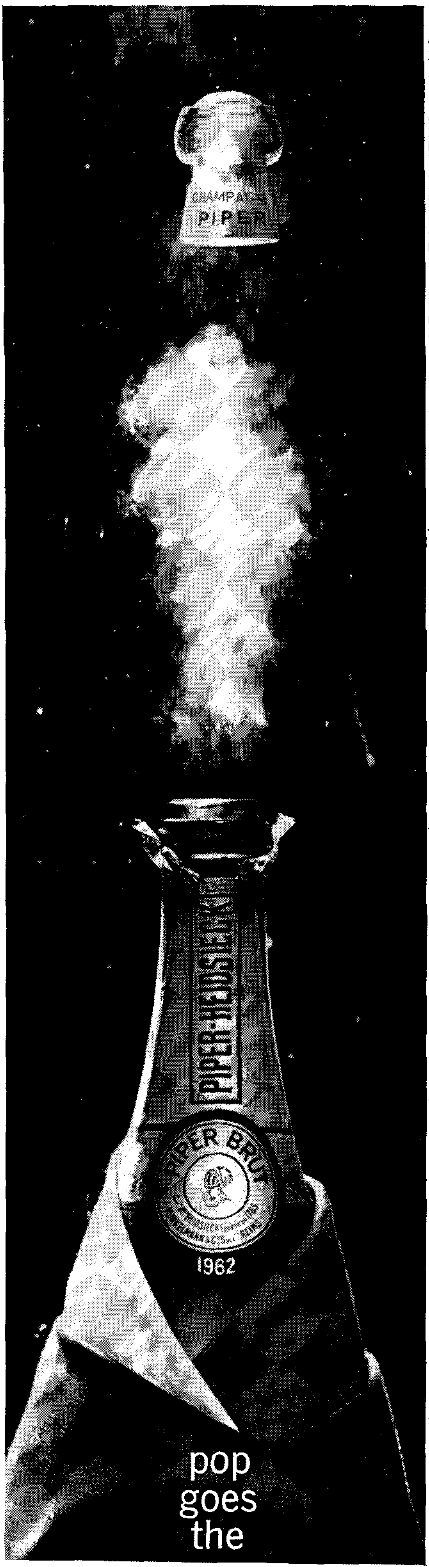
ing high notes, all the rich middle-register tones, and even the low ones were produced with wonderful ease and magnificent effect. There was a sincere absorption in the dramatic side of the role that was truly affecting, and in Act I, Scene 2, Miss Price looked beautiful in trousers—which must be regarded as an extra dividend, considering the proportions of most sopranos who have recently tackled the role hereabouts. To top it all off, "Pace, pace, mio Dio," in the last act, was sung in utterly ravishing style, with high notes that were not only high but rich in texture and easily manipulated from soft to loud and vice versa. This role is one of Miss Price's finest, and that is saying a great deal.

The night, in fact, was one of the Metropolitan's best for other reasons, too. It was one of those evenings when everything in the opera house seems to grow and flower, like a phenomenon of nature. Bruno Prevedi, in superb voice, made a manly Don Alvaro. Robert Merrill, also in superb voice, was the Don Carlo, and, barring a couple of moments in which, for some reason, he seemed uncertain, a better one would be hard to imagine. Ezio Flagello was singing his first Padre Guardiano, and his performance was a distinguished one, noble in bearing and deep and rich in sound. Fernando Corena was the Fra Melitone, a role that his *buffo* talents are ideal for. Nancy Williams made an adequate Preziosilla, and a special word of commendation should be said for Robert Schmorr, who did the minor role of Trabucco to perfection. The scenery was the fifteen-year-old setting by Eugene Berman, which I still find quite satisfactory. Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducted with energy and musicianship.

ON Tuesday evening of last week, I went to see the Joffrey Ballet again. There was nothing new on the program, but there was one item that was new to *me*—something called "Moves," choreographed by Jerome Robbins. "Moves" is a silent ballet—no music, just movement. It is not the first ballet of its type, but it is quite striking here and there. I am, however, a true believer in the wedding of dance and music, and though the work interested me, it never filled me with any of the intoxication I get from well-performed conventional ballet. It was followed by Balanchine's "Pas de Trois," staged by André Eglevsky, in which Sue Loyd, Susan Magno, and Luis Fuente presented some highly en-



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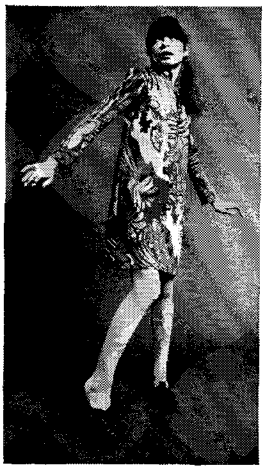

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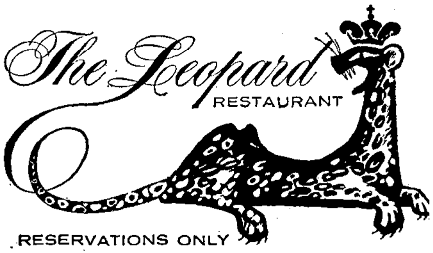

joyable virtuosity, Mr. Fuente standing out in particular, because of his strength and athleticism. Anna Sokolow's "Opus 65" followed. I commented on this beatnik ballet last year, when it seemed to me a vastly amusing excursion into teen-age mores. I did not find it quite as amusing this time. Why? I simply can't explain. Maybe it doesn't wear well. The evening ended with Balanchine's "Pas de Dix," like his "Pas de Trois" a wholly enjoyable piece of virtuosity. The principals were Barbara Remington and Paul Sutherland—both dancers of elegance and admirable technique.

THE symphonic season has been a little slow in commencing. It started on Sunday and Monday nights of last week, when the Vienna Philharmonic appeared in Carnegie Hall under the direction of Karl Böhm. I attended the second of these performances. The program consisted of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony and Brahms' First. The Vienna Philharmonic's incredibly smooth and luscious tone was everywhere present, as was its peculiar subtlety of attack. Mr. Böhm is, of course, one of the more distinguished conductors before the public at present, and he conducted both symphonies with obvious care and attention to tradition. The scherzo allegro of the Beethoven symphony was done with exemplary delicacy. I have, though, from time to time, found Mr. Böhm a rather easygoing rhythmist, and there was a point at the beginning of the symphony's andante at which the first and second violins were not precisely in step. This is, however, a minor matter, and perhaps is related to the rather gentle and affectionate manner with which this orchestra plays. The Vienna Philharmonic differs from practically all American orchestras in that its playing is relaxed and totally undriven. This is, in fact, one of its secrets, and it makes the orchestra supreme in certain types of German and Austrian music.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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SHORT TERM TOPIC LIST
ERRATUM

Topic No. 211 now reads "Airborne Objects. Actual and Fanciful." It should read:

No. 211. "The Soaring Thoughts of Man: Man's Urge to get off the Ground in Literature and Science." (Miss Gushee)—*Addendum to instructions for registering students, Hollins College, Virginia.*

Sort of an "unidentified flying thoughts" project, eh, Miss Gushee?

the spell of the shell

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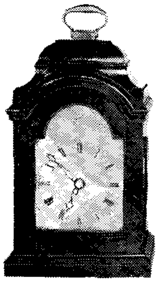

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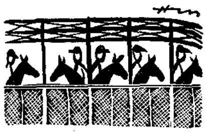
THE RACE TRACK

Damascus Does It



OFFHAND, I'd say that the championship of the three-year-olds and the Horse-of-the-Year honors were decided beyond all doubt or question when Damascus galloped home effortlessly in the Woodward Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday. No test I have seen this season was more comprehensive and no triumph more complete. Ten lengths behind him, Buckpasser passed Dr. Fager a stride or two before they went under the wire. Handsome Boy was fourth, thirteen lengths away. I can't remember when a race hereabouts brought together such a field—the two top four-year-olds and the two top three-year-olds, at weight for age, going a mile and a quarter—or when there was such a spate of predictions, reservations, and arguments over who'd win. As usual, Damascus was the last to arrive in the paddock, and once more he stayed calm and cool, and, if anything, appeared a little bored. Buckpasser, too, looked particularly good, and his behavior while the crowd around him watched him being saddled was as admirable as his appearance. Dr. Fager, I thought, had grown since I saw him a few months ago, and was lighter, but he was still a picture of eagerness. Handsome Boy was also fit and on his toes. Nobody even glanced at Hedevar, a stablemate of Damascus, or at Great Power, a stablemate of Buckpasser—sprinters (some horsemen call them rabbits) who were in the race to set an early pace that would tire Dr. Fager, a speed horse who likes to run in front.

Hedevar, who once did a mile in the remarkable time of 1:33⅕ at Arlington Park, left the starting gate in high gear, but Dr. Fager quickly headed him, and together they went to the six-furlong mark in 1:09⅕ (the track record is 1:08⅗), half a dozen lengths ahead of Handsome Boy. At this point, Damascus, who had been back with trailing Buckpasser, began his run, and in twenty strides or so he took the lead. Ahead by five lengths in the stretch, he doubled that distance in the last sixteenth. Meanwhile, Buckpasser had been moving up steadily, and although he didn't give out with the electrifying burst of speed that won him the Suburban, he overtook Dr. Fager. We might as well face it—Buckpasser

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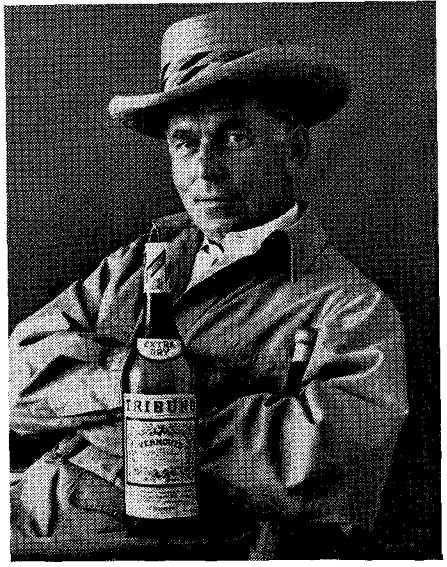

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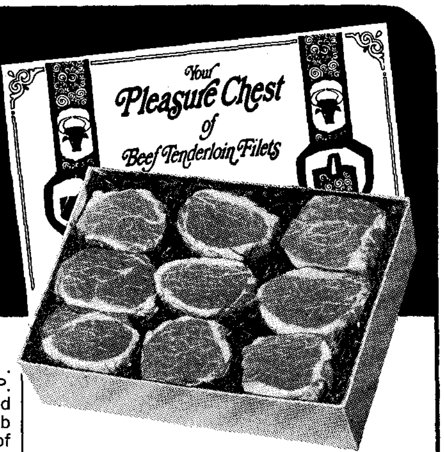

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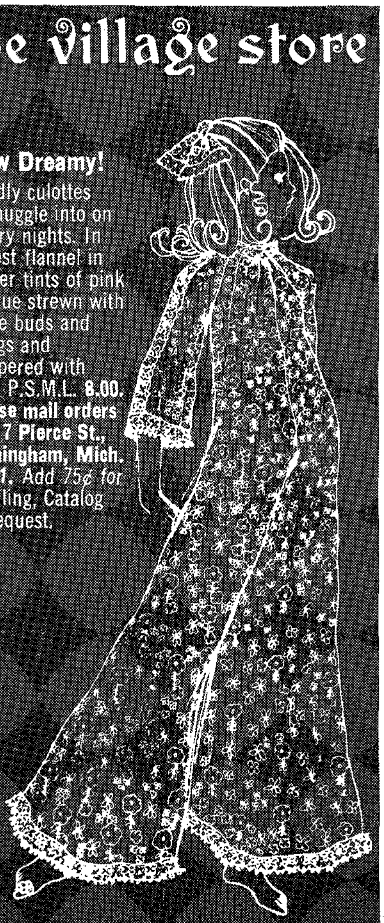

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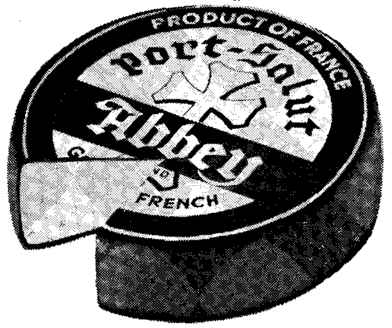

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BERE MANGIARE BENE

isn't the horse he was this time last year. He never did more than was necessary to win, but now you have the feeling that he runs unwillingly. I thought he showed it plainly in his final workout for the Woodward. Last spring, John Nerud, who trains Dr. Fager, said his best distance was one mile. It looks as if he was right. Though the track was still drying out after the rain the day before, the mile and a quarter was run at a smart clip; the fractional times by quarters were 0:22$\frac{2}{5}$, 0:45$\frac{1}{5}$, 1:09$\frac{1}{5}$, 1:35$\frac{3}{5}$, and 2:00$\frac{3}{5}$.

Damascus, as I'm sure you know, is owned by Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft, a daughter of the late William Woodward, onetime chairman of the Jockey Club, in whose memory the race was named fourteen years ago. The colt, a handsome son of Sword Dancer, has won eleven of his fourteen starts this season, ten of them in stakes races, and has collected $723,651 in purses, which puts him at the top of the money-winning list. His trainer, Frank Whiteley, Jr., to whose skill and judgment a very considerable measure of this success is due, hasn't any plans, but Damascus's next start might be in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, at two miles, on October 28th.

AT Atlantic City last weekend, thirteen fillies and mares had a lively scramble in the first running of the Matchmakers Stakes, which offered something novel in prizes. The owner of the winner received $30,000 and a choice of a season to one of three stallions—Hail to Reason, Round Table, and Jaipur; the owner of the second horse got $10,000 and choice of the two that were left; and third prize was $6,500 and the remaining service. Politely, owned by Mrs. Richard C. duPont, who owns Kelso, won in a driving finish from Straight Deal, owned by Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs, who has an interest in Hail to Reason. Gamely, owned by William Haggin Perry, was third.

QUEEN OF THE STAGE gets her biggest test at Aqueduct this weekend in the Frizette Stakes, at one mile. Good luck to her. —AUDAX MINOR

•

The Russians reported the Svirsk badly battered as it left the Yellow Sea port of Dairen where Red Guard party chief Mao Tse-tung ransacked it repeatedly, battled with the crew and beat up the captain.—*Erie* (*Pa.*) *Daily Times.*

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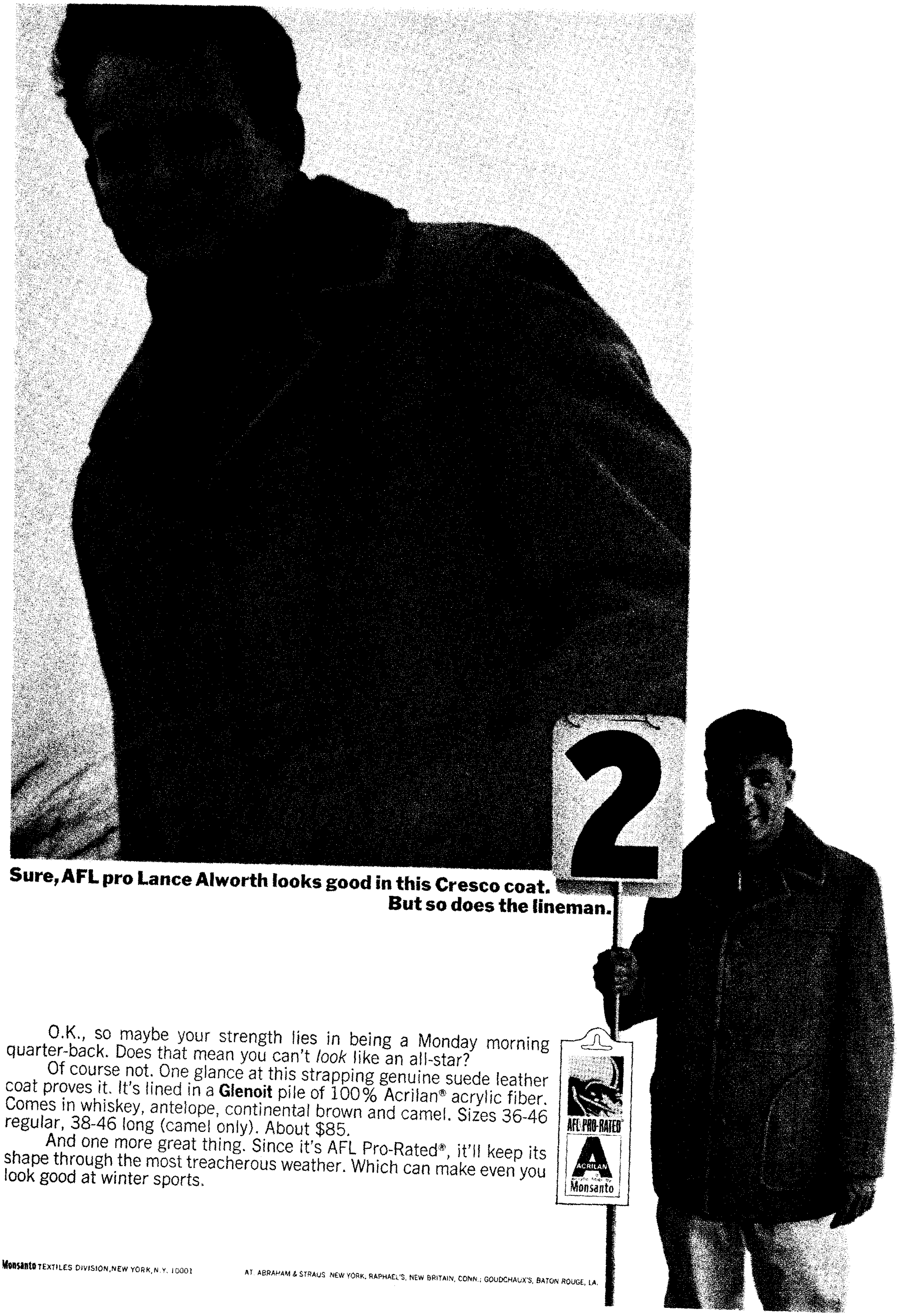

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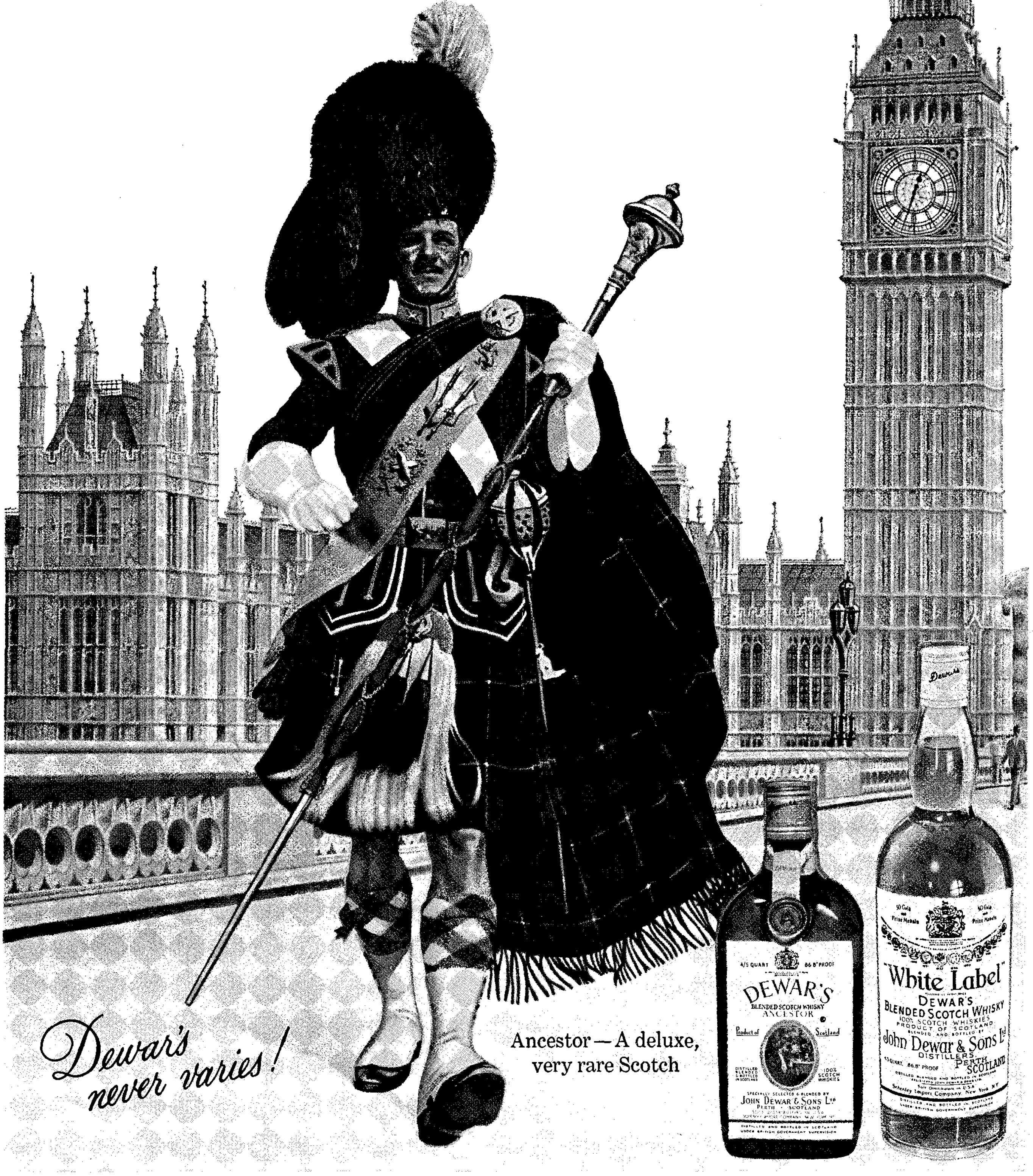
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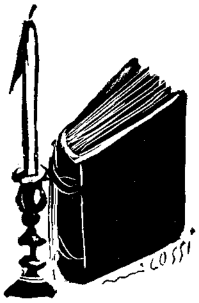
BOOKS

"A Thin, Curly Little Person"



In an early letter to Pamela Hansford Johnson in "Selected Letters of Dylan Thomas" (New Directions), Thomas explains his ideas about poetry. It is a letter from one aspiring young poet to another. Miss Johnson and Thomas had not yet met. Thomas was nineteen.

> Nearly all my images [come] from my solid and fluid world of flesh and blood. . . . To contrast a superficial beauty with a superficial ugliness, I do not contrast a tree with a pylon, or a bird with a weazel, but rather the human limbs with the human tripes. . . . Only by association is the refuse of the body more to be abhorred than the body itself. . . . All thoughts and actions emanate from the body. . . . Every idea, intuitive or intellectual, can be imaged and translated in terms of the body, its flesh, skin, blood, sinews, veins, glands, organs, cells, or senses.

Here is Thomas on himself, at the same age, again writing to Miss Johnson:

> Don't expect too much of me (it's conceit to suppose that you would); I'm an odd little person. Don't imagine the great jawed writer brooding over his latest masterpiece in the oak study, but a thin, curly little person, smoking too many cigarettes, with a crocked lung, and writing his vague verses in the back room of a provincial villa. . . . I am not a particular nuisance, and I smell quite nice. I look about fourteen, and I have a large, round nose; nature gave it to me, but fate, and a weak banister, broke it; in cold weather, it is sufficiently glossy to light up my room. When I am about on winter nights there is no need for the gas. Cough! cough! cough! my death is marching on.

The difference in tone between Thomas theorizing about poetry and Thomas describing himself is not a difference in theme. A split between his notion of the body as a metaphor and the dim view he took of himself as a person always existed, and as the years went by it widened. What started out as charming diffidence ended up as serious self-accusation. Like his feeling for Wales—often hated when he was there and longed for when he was not—his attitude toward the body pivoted ambiguously. Because he held the body in such awe, his own did not delight him. It was the only one he had. As a poet, Thomas was not interested in the institutions of the world and relied on an organic unity between himself and a landscape conceived in biological terms. More than most poets, he was therefore his own universe. What he was most committed to were the poems. He increasingly came to dislike not their subject but their source.

The split was not helped by two obvious problems—a lack of money and a need for alcohol. Thomas's father was a schoolteacher, and the Welsh city of Swansea, where Thomas spent the first twenty years of his life, was not opulent. Poverty became a really grim fact when Thomas married, fathered a family, and tried to settle into some sort of permanent home. The move to the Boat House in Laugharne, the place most associated with his life and work, was made in 1949, when he was thirty-four. In between Swansea and Laugharne, he lived in London, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Cardiganshire, and Oxford. For a person rooted in a particular place for most of his life, a later lack of stability and need for money can be especially excruciating. Yet it would be impossible to say that Thomas drank because of outside pressure. Here he is at seventeen, a newspaper reporter on the *South Wales Evening Post* and an amateur actor playing in "Hay Fever":

> Much of my time is taken up with rehearsals. Much is taken up with concerts, deaths, meetings, and dinners. It's odd, but between all these I manage to become drunk at least four nights of the week. . . . It's a Sunday morning; I've got a head like a windmill.

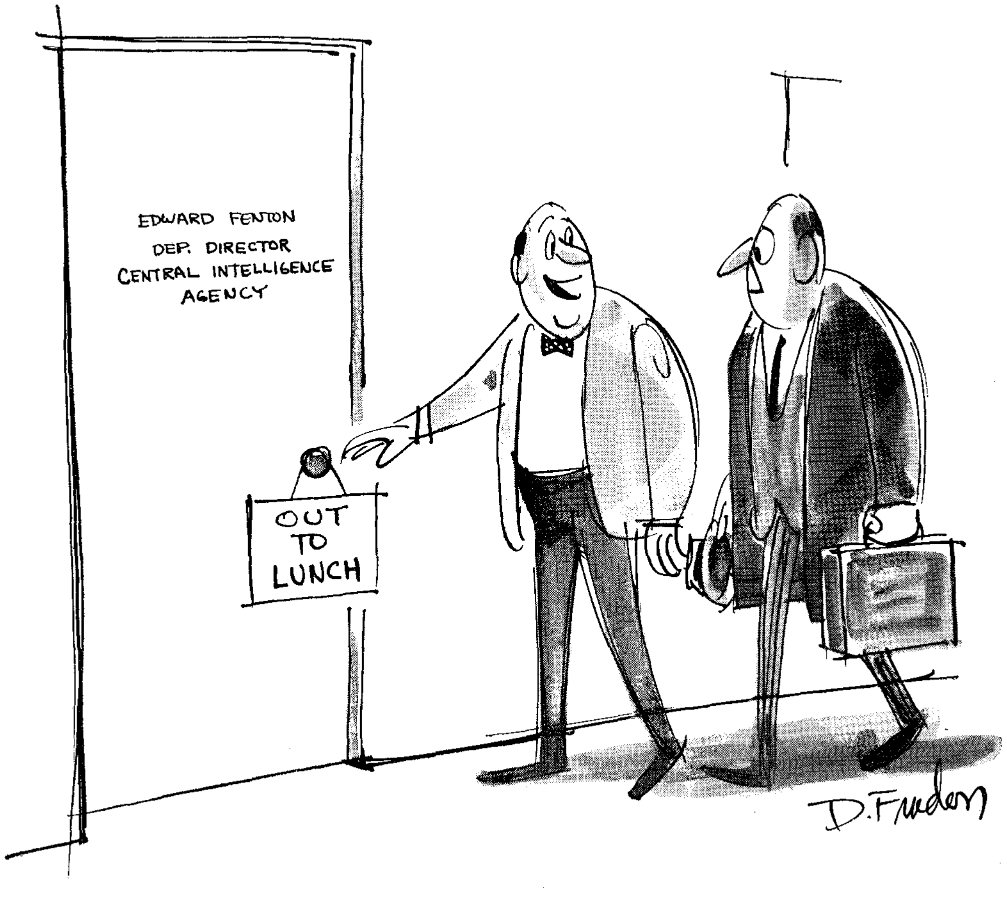
At eighteen:

> I have the villain of a headache. . . . My tongue is fish-and-chip paper. . . . It's difficult to write, because the bending of the head hurts like fury. And my hand ain't what she was.

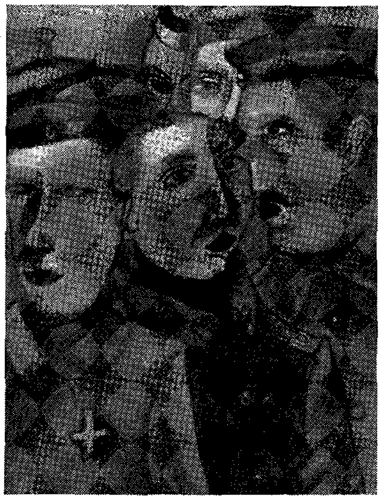
Thomas occasionally escaped from the condition of poverty but never from the sense of it; alcohol became increasingly inescapable.

But the gulf between Thomas the poet and Thomas everything else (reporter, actor, novelist, film-writer, playwright, lecturer, short-story writer), rather than being divisive, was one of the signs of his hold on life. He knew from the beginning just what kind of poet he wanted to be and was:

> I have been writing since I was a very little boy, and have always been struggling with the same things, with the idea of poetry as a thing entirely removed from such accomplishments as



"We're in luck. He's in."



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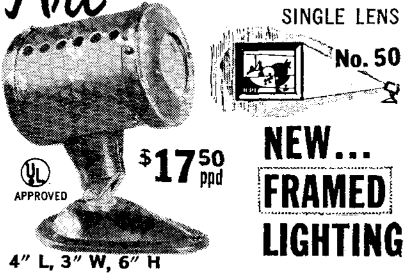

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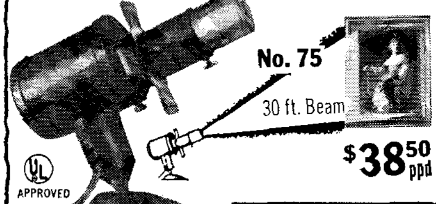

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"word-painting," and the setting down of delicate but usual emotions in a few, well-chosen words. . . . There is always the one right word: use it, despite its foul or merely ludicrous associations. . . . It is part of a poet's job to take a debauched and prostituted word, like the beautiful word "blond," and to smooth away the lines of its dissipation, and to put it on the market again, fresh and virgin. . . . [The artist] is a law unto himself, and . . . has only one limitation, and that is the widest of all: the limitation of form. Poetry finds its own form; form should never be superimposed; the structure should rise out of the words and the expression of them. I do not want to express what other people have felt; I want to rip something away and show what they have never seen.

Thomas, who could write almost anything, kept the idea and the practice of poetry sacrosanct. A natural light-verse writer—the letters are full of enviable examples—he published none, wrote few occasional pieces, and the poems, though they decrease in quantity, show no falling off of pitch or intensity. Thomas remained whole as a poet without compromise, though he may have had to compromise almost everything else to do so. The letters reveal two essential facts: his most productive period as a poet came between the ages of sixteen and twenty; his refusal to allow the journalist, entertainer, and comedian a foothold in the poems was absolute. The decision to separate the obvious talent from the chancy genius was made early.

The baneful self-absorption, the adolescent miseries of the early letters are commonplace. Their intelligence and humor are not. What is rare is the quality of the writing—almost everywhere so remarkable, so natural that in the end the letters, rather than Thomas's published prose, make his second-greatest claim to genius, after the poems. No biography can touch them in immediacy, and nowhere else is Thomas so mordantly funny. In the letters, a personality unfamiliar to the poems makes his most spectacular appearance—the childlike but knowledgeable observer-storyteller with an inexhaustible verbal imagination.

But two notes struck early—little chimes we try not to hear—become peals: guilt and self-disgust. The whining after money is real and terrible enough. At one point, Thomas had a wife and three children to support, no means of income, and the worry of a sick mother and a dying father living on a small pension. In spite of the cold fact of poverty, the apologies, the self-torturing explanations of why he did not get to where he was supposed to be, of why he did not do what he was sup-

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posed to do, finally make a psychological point. Thomas was a dependent person who took on enormous responsibilities he couldn't handle, and there is a childlike need to be taken care of that, when thwarted, threatens him. Self-defeat stamps the letters like a watermark. It is not finally avoidable as a symptom. Recognition was no problem; it came almost immediately. Money did not come with it. That Thomas should have had to mooch his way through film scripts and B.B.C. broadcasts, to depend on patrons to scrape out a living, is deplorable but not unusual. Other poets were and are in the same boat. What is peculiar is not taking on and relinquishing responsibility, or playing out the role of the roaring boy drunk—two typical versions of how poets behave—but the inability to distinguish between the important issue and the peripheral one in a person who is able to distinguish so much. That may have been one way of safeguarding the poems, the most important issue of all. Often, the confusions of drink seem just as likely an explanation.

Drunkenness kept Thomas endlessly open to further apologies and deeper self-distrust. Extremely aware of sham and pretense, he took a very poor view of his own, and his ability to act was weakened by his insight. Emotionally a provincial, he was in every other sense extraordinarily worldly. In fact, part of the charm of his conversation and of these letters is the odd mixture of the adolescent and the wise man, of someone who seems to know exactly what the world is like, only to fall short, time after time, of dealing with it. That defect eventually became a virtue to a large audience, which was awed by his accomplishment and allowed to feel compassionate about his personal life. The "Dylan Thomas legend" was built on that double standard. A spellbinder with a fine comic sense of life's absurdity, the mind and vocabulary of a great poet, and no official armor is a luring combination, especially when it is made so publicly available. Thomas kept literally giving himself away, counting on a reserve that was pure energy sparked by alcohol. Nothing is more attractive than ironic despair to an audience who can enjoy the irony without having to pay for the despair.

Thomas was supremely intelligent but not an intellectual, and abstract concepts get short shrift in the letters. That is not true of ideas, and he is fascinating on everything he touches with the exception of politics, on which he is simpleminded and murky. He is

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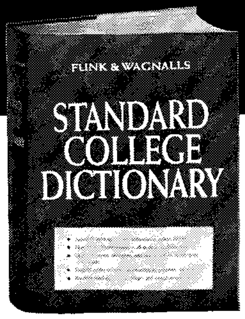

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*U.S. Slang from Yiddish, meaning gall, brazen effrontery.

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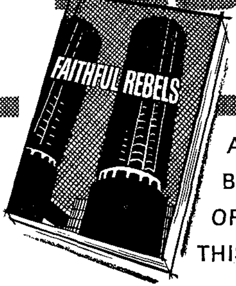

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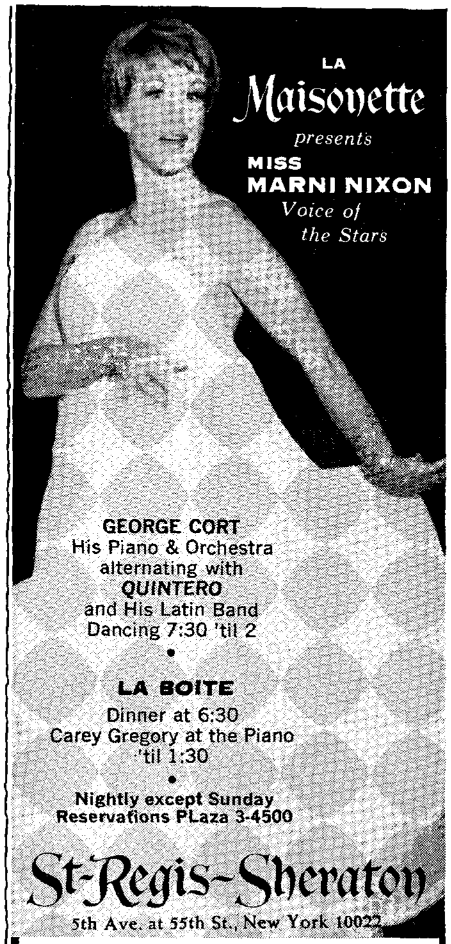
particularly good on the craft of poetry, the dissection of character, the random incident, and landscape. The virtuosity of Thomas's language is hypnotic—an extra dividend whenever he is talking about the arts, because his opinions are so sound. Even when there is a certain brash exaggeration in his judgments, they are never without truth. Here he is on Wagner:

> Wagner moves me, too, but much in the same way as the final spectacular scene in a pantomime. I won't deny, for a moment, that he's a great composer, but his greatness lies in girth rather than in depth; it lacks humour and subtlety; he creates everything for you in a vast Cecil de Mille way; his orchestration is a perpetual "close-up;" there is altogether too much showmanship and exhibitionism about him. His Valhalla is a very large and a very splendid place, but built in the style of a German baronial castle; the tapestries are too voluminous & highly coloured, there is too great a display of gold; while the gods that held dominion over it are florid deities, puffed out with self-importance, wearing gaudy garments and angelic watch-chains. . . . He reminds me of a huge and overblown profiteer, wallowing in fineries, over-exhibiting his monstrous paunch and purse, and drowning his ten-ton wife in a great orgy of jewels. Compare him with an aristocrat like Bach!

Thomas believed that "a born writer is born scrofulous; his career is an accident dictated by physical or circumstantial disabilities." The least attractive motif in the letters—the begging and wheedling—suggests a disability beyond necessity. Something compulsive seems to have lurked behind his difficulties in handling money, in meeting commitments, in living up to promises. It might have been a rebellion in which failure was a more viable criticism of the world he found himself in than success. Thomas saw too much about which there was nothing to do. Independence and success may have meant giving up some version of childhood on which the poems depended and joining the enemy. Thomas never did. He remained true to the person he basically was. Or perhaps it was only by trying to make himself small that he could fit his odd largeness into a world that had no particular pigeonhole to accommodate his particular pigeon. Unlike many poets, he was kind, but, like most poets, he was nervous, thin-skinned, and not adaptable.

Often, in Thomas's conversation, one could hear a tune rather different from what the words implied, orchestrating them somewhere off in the distance. The letters have something of the same effect. Priceless as a record, wonderful to read, they are, as a whole,



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finally chilling. We are enchanted. We are charmed. It takes some time to realize that what we are being charmed into is a nightmare—the history of a wildly gifted and brilliant child, not only stumbling and bumbling his way to the grave but digging it for himself in the process. —HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ANARCHY OF LOVE, by Colin Spencer (Weybright & Talley). Mr. Spencer's first novel is tedious only because it is too long by exactly half. Sundy, in her early twenties, is a fat, good-natured, pretty little girl who dreams of becoming an artist. She lives alone in a little terrace house in Brighton. The house is hers—a legacy from her grandmother—and she has a small allowance from her father, a rowdy, egotistical man. Sundy falls in love with Reg, a boy of about her own age. But Reg, who loves Sundy, cannot decide whether he wants a life of happy bondage with her or of happy freedom with the men of different ages who have diverted him up to the present. Sundy's conflict is between her desire for Reg and her fear of being tied down with a husband and children. They indulge in a series of messy, melodramatic antics—courtship on their own terms—and finally reach their decision. Mr. Spencer, a deft, superficial writer, delineates all his characters clearly and with understanding, but they are too much with us. There is only so much to say about Sundy and Reg and their friends and relatives and associates, but the episodes that make up this book go on and on. It would have been nice to read more about Brighton—the town and the sea.

GENERAL

SOUTH TO THE POLE: THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE ROSS SEA SECTOR, ANTARCTICA, by L. B. Quartermain (Oxford). The Ross Sea Sector is the most easily accessible part of Antarctica from New Zealand, the traditional stepping-off place. (It is possible that the first man to see Antarctica was a New Zealand Maori.) The first established approach to Antarctica was made by Captain Cook when he crossed the Antarctic Circle in the Resolution in 1773. Mr. Quartermain, an Antarctic veteran and a former president of the New Zealand Antarctic Society, begins his history with Cook

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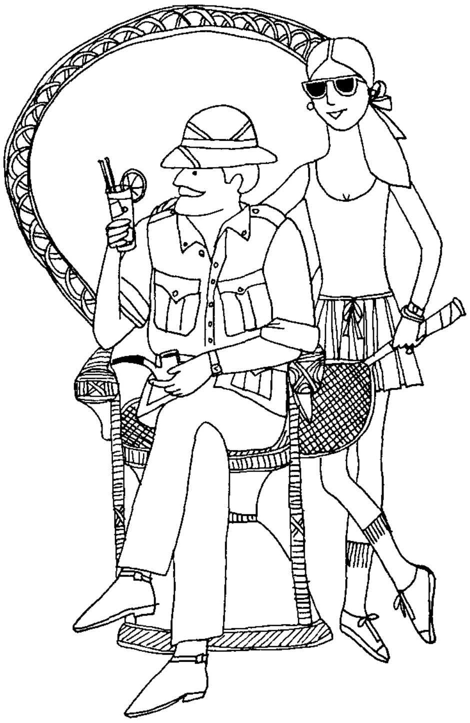

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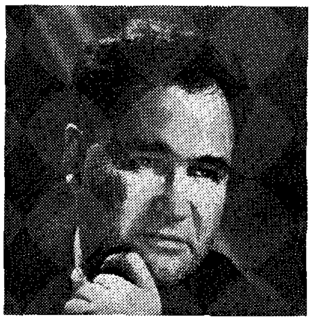
and ends it just before the first Byrd Expedition in 1929. It is an excellent history—comprehensive, reasonably detailed, and written with certainty and warmth. Mr. Quartermain calls the roll and describes the accomplishments of all the great men (Bellingshausen, Wilkes, Ross, Scott, Shackleton), but he also recounts the work of such smaller yet often more interesting men as Carsten Borchgrevink, the first man to winter in Antarctica ("The silence roared in our ears: it was centuries of heaped-up solitude"), and T. W. Edgeworth David, the leader of the group that discovered the South Magnetic Pole, who was so thorough a stiff-lipped gentleman that when he tumbled into a crevasse near camp one day he merely called out, "Well, Mawson, I am in a dangerous position. I am really hanging on by my fingers to the edge of a crevasse, and I don't think I can hold on much longer. I shall have to trouble you to come out and assist me." Illustrated with photographs, watercolors, and maps. Eleven dollars and twenty cents.

THE SPY IN THE CORPORATE STRUCTURE AND THE RIGHT TO PRIVACY, by Edward Engberg (World). This thoughtful, witty exploration goes far beyond retelling oft-told tales of wiretapping, patent piracy, and assorted commonplace nosy procedures, such as credit and security investigations and the administering of intrusive psychological tests. Mr. Engberg describes new requirements—among them the justifiable need for information by large institutions, both public and private, and the genuine need for sociological and psychological research—and discusses, most enlighteningly, the indeterminate legal status of information (chemical processes, marketing schemes, tapes of telephone conversations, results of psychological tests, and such) as property. He closes with a plausible proposal for providing organizations that need it with information about individuals while at the same time protecting each individual's privacy.

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO, by Jac Weller (Crowell). A readable, if fairly technical, analysis of the three great battles that were fought by the Anglo-Dutch and Prussian Armies against Napoleon in the middle of June, 1815, and that are collectively known as Waterloo. (Not to Napoleon, however; in his memoirs he calls them the Battle of Mont



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Saint-Jean.) The author has consulted every important historian and authority who has ever written about Waterloo in an effort to get that battle right once and for all. His book is a round defense of Wellington, about whom most biographers have been rather critical. There are many illustrations—photographs of the farms that saw so much of the carnage on those three days; pictures of the various swords, muskets, and artillery pieces that both sides employed; and maps and drawings of the way the infantry was deployed—and the book ends with a conducted tour of the battlefields. Fascinating throughout, if you are at all interested.

UNNATURAL HISTORY, by Colin Clair (Abelard-Schuman). An illustrated modern bestiary, telling of such familiar legendary beasts as the roc, such unfamiliar legendary beasts as the manticora, and some beasts not legendary at all, such as the rhinoceros, not seen in England until late and dismissed as a fabulous unicorn. Along the way, Mr. Clair scatters a mosaic of facts: in the seventeenth century, Egyptian camels were taught to dance by primitive Pavlovian conditioning; the town of Worms was named after the *Lindwurm* slain by Siegfried; when asbestos was discovered, it was thought to be the wool of the salamander. A book to dine out on.

IRISH JOURNAL, by Heinrich Böll, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (McGraw-Hill). A brief, beguiling travel book. It dates from the nineteen-fifties (Mr. Böll has added a short epilogue), but the fact that Ireland has changed makes no difference. The author is an original creative artist, and his impressions are unique and entertaining, with the same sort of persuasiveness as those of Pissarro or Monet.

THE LAW AT HARVARD: A HISTORY OF IDEAS AND MEN, 1817-1967, by Arthur E. Sutherland (Belknap-Harvard). A history to mark the sesquicentennial of the Harvard Law School. As befits an anniversary work, its tone is benign, yet it is no mere self-congratulatory tract. It traces the evolution of an important national resource—a top-notch graduate school—and describes the problems that American education has faced, some of them solved, some still to be solved, and some maybe insoluble. The author, a graduate of the law school who went on to teach there, is an im-

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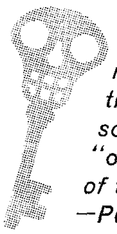
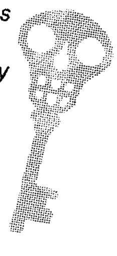
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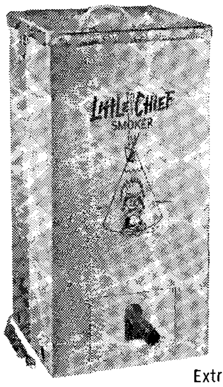
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ERICH SALOMON: PORTRAIT OF AN AGE, edited by Han de Vries and Peter Hunter-Salomon (Macmillan). An album of photographs chosen from the enormous *œuvre* of the late Erich Salomon, the first practitioner of the "candid camera." Salomon was a sort of spy, and, necessarily, a pest. He hid his little camera in his hats, in a sling for an apparent broken arm, in phony hearing devices, and the like, and on various pretenses—all false—he infiltrated the courts and chancelleries of Europe of the nineteen-twenties and thirties. Some of his truly wonderful pictures of history's intimate moments are included here—people like von Hindenburg, Stresemann, Briand, Mussolini, Queen Wilhelmina, General von Seeckt, and Tardieu, all either acting out their historic roles or enjoying themselves in (supposed) privacy. Fourteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

LOST NEW YORK, by Nathan Silver (Houghton Mifflin). This beautiful and stimulating picture book shows the exteriors (and some interiors) of public and private buildings in New York that have been destroyed. The author, an architect, teacher, and writer, overflows with original ideas both about New York's particular aesthetic possibilities and about the architecture of cities in general. He points out the value of each building or group of buildings—utility, beauty, or originality—and he also invites us to see the contribution individual structures made as parts of streets or neighborhoods. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

NOTE: "American Jews in Israel," by Harold R. Isaacs, has been published by John Day. Much of the book's contents originally appeared in this magazine.

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STRASBOURG, France (AP)—If there's truth to the saying that storks bring good luck by nesting in your chimney, residents of Alsace had better watch out. They've put up artificial nests and imported young storks, but still the population of the long-legged birds is off one-third from 20 years ago. Bird experts say bad weather has cut the hatch rate but add that some storks apparently are just flying off to other countries.—*San Antonio (Texas) Express.*

De Gaulle, probably.

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and that nutty flavoured one
and one that's not too dry
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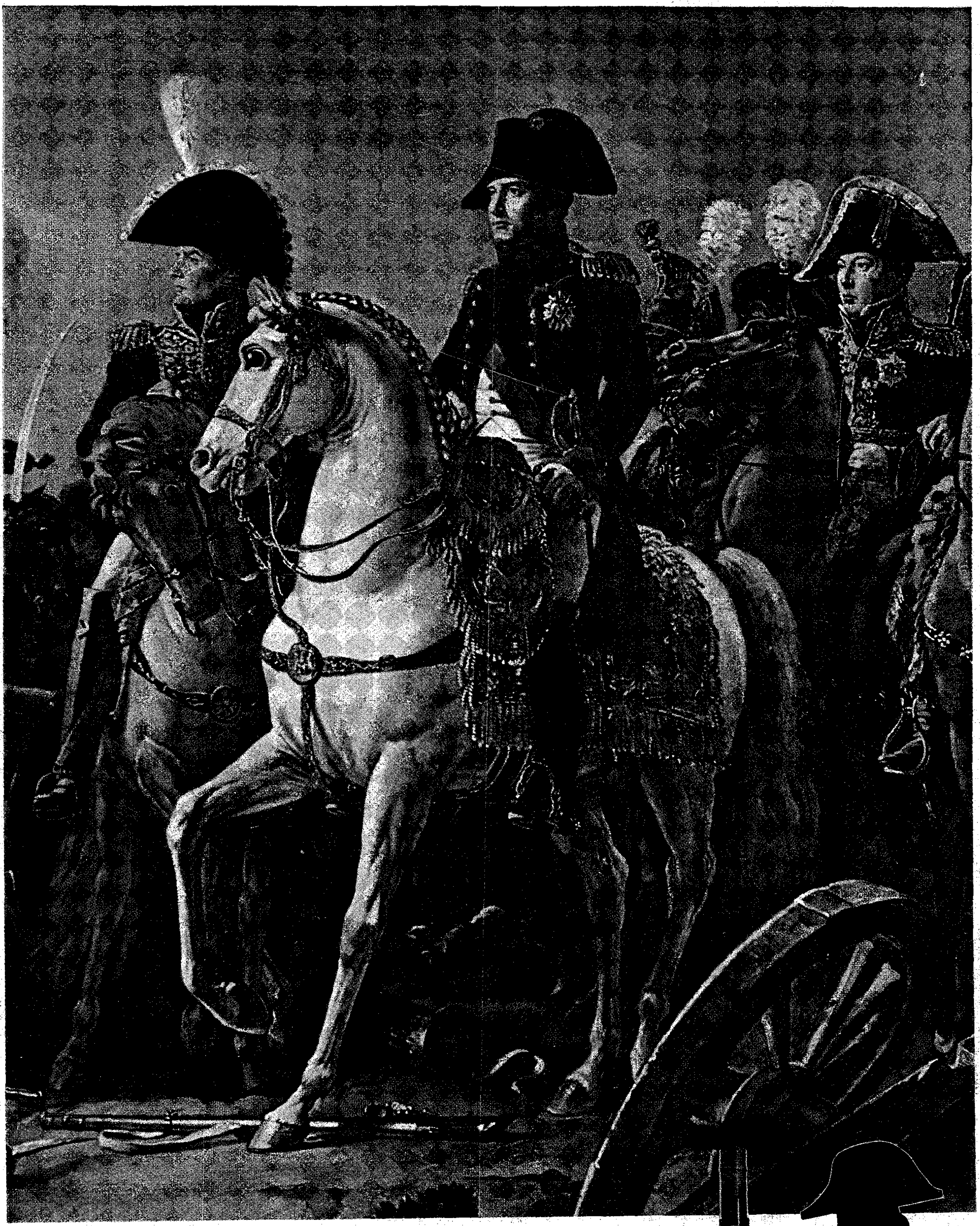

Bataille d'Austerlitz. Detail from the painting by Baron François Gérard (1770-1837). On December 2, 1805, Napoleon watches what has been called the first great battle of modern times, a complete triumph over the far larger Allied armies of Austria and Russia.

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